

THE 1975
JARIBALAYA



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JAMBALAYA

1975



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Richard Scott Paddor, Editor
New Orleans, Louisiana



You need the best ingredients to
make a great Jambalaya.

1975

JAMBALAYA

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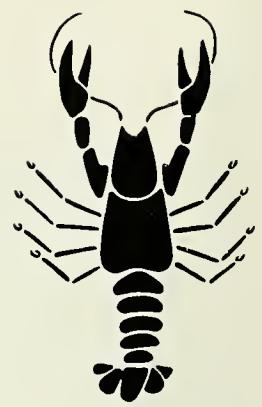
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PROLOGUE

IN COMPILING THIS VOLUME OF THE JAMBALAYA, IT HAS BEEN OUR AMBITION TO REFLECT TRUTHFULLY ALL SIDES OF STUDENT LIFE AT TULANE TODAY. EVERY DEPARTMENT OF THE UNIVERSITY HAS BEEN GIVEN EQUAL REPRESENTATION. WE BELIEVE THAT A COLLEGE ANNUAL SHOULD BE MORE THAN AN INANIMATE CATALOG OF THE EVENTS OF THE PAST YEAR, AND IT HAS BEEN OUR PURPOSE TO PRODUCE A BOOK WHOSE EVERY PAGE FAIRLY GLOWS WITH THE SPIRIT OF OUR ALMA MATER, AND WHOSE EVERY PICTURE RECALLS SOME FOND MEMORY. WE HAVE DREAMED OF A JAMBALAYA SUPERLATIVE — OF A JAMBALAYA AMONG JAMBALAYAS. TO SAY THAT WE HAVE ONLY PARTIALLY SUCCEEDED IS BUT TO RECORD HUMAN FRAILTY. LOOK KINDLY ON OUR FAULTS AND ATTRIBUTE OUR FAILINGS TO LACK OF ABILITY RATHER THAN TO INSINCERITY OF PURPOSE. OUR SUCCESS LIES IN YOUR APPROVAL. LET THE JUDGEMENT BE FAIR. PROCEED.

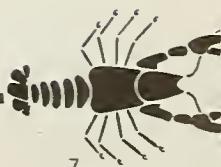


JOHN H. STIBBS

1909 - 1975

DEDICATION

AS AN EXPRESSION
OF OUR HIGHEST ESTEEM,
AND IN APPRECIATION
OF HIS UNTIRING WORK
FOR THE
UNIVERSITY,
WE,
THE 1975 BOARD OF EDITORS,
DEDICATE THIS,
THE LXXX VOLUME
OF
THE JAMBALAYA,
TO
THE MEMORY OF
JOHN H. STIBBS,
DEAN OF STUDENTS, 1951-1975.





JAMBALAYA

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History Of Tulane

Gazing out upon the expansive vista of the Tulane Campus and the surrounding area afforded by a fourth floor window seat in the Howard Tilton Memorial Library, it is interesting to recall the process by which Tulane University grew to its present proportions.

In September of 1834 the university made its "humble but honorable" beginnings as the Medical College of Louisiana, with no definite income, eleven students, a faculty of eight, and no home other than a few lecture rooms in the statehouse. The growth of the infant college, until the War was steady, but not phenomenal. The Civil War closed the University in 1860's and the war's aftermath brought grave financial difficulties. However, with the generous sponsorship of Paul Tulane, a wealthy New Orleans merchant, the University was once again able to thrive.

In 1882, he set up the Tulane Educational Fund to be administered by a 17-man self-perpetuating board. In 1884 the state legislature turned over the property and control of the University of Louisiana to this Board with the addition of three ex-officio members. The University, now a private institution, was named The Tulane University of Louisiana in honor of its benefactor.

Mrs. Josephine Louise Newcomb founded Newcomb College in 1886 as a memorial to her daughter, Harriet Newcomb, who died of diphteria at age fifteen. Newcomb was the first women's college in the country to be coordinated as a part of a university.

Today the University consists of 10 colleges, and is a campus of four locations: the main uptown campus, the downtown medical complex, the Primate Center, and the Riverside Research Laboratories.

The student body of today's Tulane may believe that their difficulties in dealing with the university are only restricted to their era. This fallacy is quickly corrected when looking back and finding that even problems in course selection existed for the alumni — only worse. In 1894 the catalogue of Tulane University said that the College of Arts and Sciences was "not trusting in the ability of immature students or even of parents who have seldom duly considered the subject, the College of Arts and Sciences now offers four courses of study with prescribed branches, each leading to a baccalaureate degree." The clash between the elective system and the classical curriculum characterized the academic philosophy until the turn of the century.

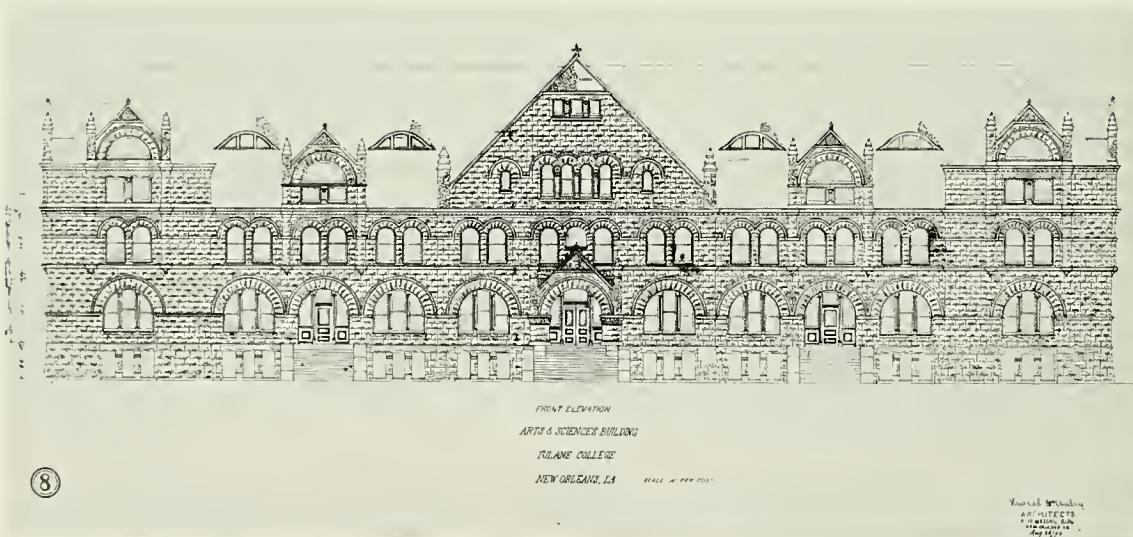
The male student of this period more often than not wore a moustache, his hair parted in the middle and combed toward his ears. His suit was tight-fitting complete with vest, high starched collars, derby hat and high laced shoes. Newcomb's coeds prided themselves on a "Scarlett O'Hara" waist, and long flowing skirts that covered everything except her toes. School spirit meant "shirt-tail" parades, bonfires, pep rallies, tears shed at the loss of a game and dying for the dear old alma mater. Organized athletics came about in 1887 with track being the major attraction as football did not enter New Orleans until the collegiates from the East brought it down a few years later.

Students became a bit more emancipated in the era of the "flapper." Tulane professors had to learn to accept the new coed image — rolled stockings and half exposed thighs — a far cry from the protective long skirts of the earlier years. Inter-collegiate athletics occupied the minds of students throughout the 1920's and 30's with football and tennis the most popular. Sound familiar?

Tulane has seen troublesome times — struggles with poverty, Civil War and Reconstruction, two World Wars and Depression. It has grown because of its founders, faculties and administrators, its benefactors, alumni and students. In this year of 1975, Tulane stands as a composite of its colorful traditions and its modern ideals.

TULANE'S ORIGINAL SAINT CHARLES CAMPUS

By William R. Cullison



Front Elevation, Gibson Hall.
Harrod and Andry, Architects. August 26, 1893.

By the late 1880's, the Common Street campus of Tulane University, as a result of increased enrollment and growing curricula, became inadequate to the needs of the school. Realizing that further expansion within the already congested downtown business district would be difficult (even if it were desirable), university officials began looking for another solution to the problem. Finally in 1891 property on St. Charles was purchased with the idea that the school should move as soon as new buildings could be put up.

In March of 1892, the University invited architects to submit designs in competition for a large "college building" to be constructed on a proposed new campus on St. Charles Avenue across from Audubon Park. According to the requirements of the competition, the projected building was to contain both administrative facilities for the school and classrooms. It was also to cost "around \$100,000" and to be "constructed of brick or of stone, if the difference can be made up."

Despite the fact that plans for only one building were solicited for, it was intended that the new Tulane campus should from the start consist of several other structures as well. Depending upon the exact amount of money raised, university officials additionally planned to put up a manual training hall, chemistry and physics laboratories (these were to be separate but were to match each other in design), a library and a number of others. While it is not so stated in any of the sources presently available, it would appear that the winner of the administration-classroom building competition was supposed to supply the designs for these buildings also. (As it turned out, this is exactly what happened).

For the proposed administration-classroom structure (ultimately Gibson Hall), the university received a total of eighteen designs from twelve different architects. The majority of the designs were submitted by New Orleans practitioners, though there were also entries from as far away as Birmingham and Cincinnati.



Old Tulane Campus on Common Street.
(originally University of Louisiana). 1890.

At the judging of the competition, held May 9, 1892, a committee of university administrators and faculty selected as the winning entry the design that was submitted by the office of Harrod and Andry, a New Orleans firm composed of architect-engineer Benjamin Morgan Harrod (1838-1912) and his young partner Paul Andry (1868-1946). In choosing the winning design, the committee noted that it was "commodious, adapted to the requirements of the situation and a very handsome structure."

Besides Gibson Hall, the final building program for the new campus included four other structures. These were: a physics laboratory; a building comprising individual sections for electrical and mechanical engineering, a machine and carpentry shop and a chemistry lab (by this time, university officials had decided to leave the separate chemistry building to the future and to include a smaller "temporary" chemical lab with engineering); another building housing a blacksmith and tin shop; and a power house. According to the program, the latter three structures were to be grouped together, a situation which soon caused them all to be referred to simply as the "engineering buildings" or the "engineering complex." (It was while drawing the proposals for the additional campus buildings that Andry reworked his original scheme for Gibson Hall; the new design was also presented

and approved on May 26, 1893.

In late August of 1893, the construction drawings for Gibson and the physics lab were completed, and at the bidding held the following month Thomas Nicholson of Chicago was awarded contract for both. Because Nicholson's bids were somewhat under the amount allotted for these structures, Tulane officials immediately began to discuss the possibility of including in the building program the since-forgotten-about separate chemistry laboratory. To find out if the additional structure was economically feasible, the university bid the final drawings for the engineering complex — these were completed a short time later — both with and without the temporary chemical facility.

On December 12, 1893, New Orleans, builder John McNally was found to be the low bidder for each of the two slightly different engineering proposals, and two days later the university's administrators declared the cost differential (\$12,000) large enough to allow for the extra building without a budget overrun. Accordingly, McNally was authorized to build the engineering complex without the temporary chemical lab and Harrod and Andry were commissioned to draw plans for the new one. The contract for the chemistry building, drawings, for which were finished in January of 1894 and bid the following month, went to Thomas Nicholson.



**Illinois Central Railroad Station (Union Station), Rampart Street, New Orleans.
Built in 1891-92 by Louis Sullivan.**

Work was begun on Gibson Hall and the physics laboratory at the end of 1893. By May 1, 1894, both of these buildings were nearing completion as was the engineering complex, begun in the early part of the same year. The chemistry building, begun a few months after the engineering complex, was at this point not so far along. All the buildings on the new campus were finished by the summer of 1894 at which time the university moved from its old quarters on Common Street.

With reference to the layout of the new campus, Gibson Hall was situated near and parallel to St. Charles roughly equidistant from the lateral boundaries of the university property. Some distance behind Gibson were located the physics and chemistry labs (these are now history and the computer center, respectively), one to either side of the campus and quite close to its edges. The latter two buildings also faced toward the campus and quite close to its edges. The latter two buildings also faced toward the Avenue but were placed at a slight angle to the former, giving a feeling of enclosure to the open space created by the three structures and suggesting a typical college quadrangle. As for the new engineering complex, this was situated adjacent

to and behind the chemical lab running toward Freret Street.

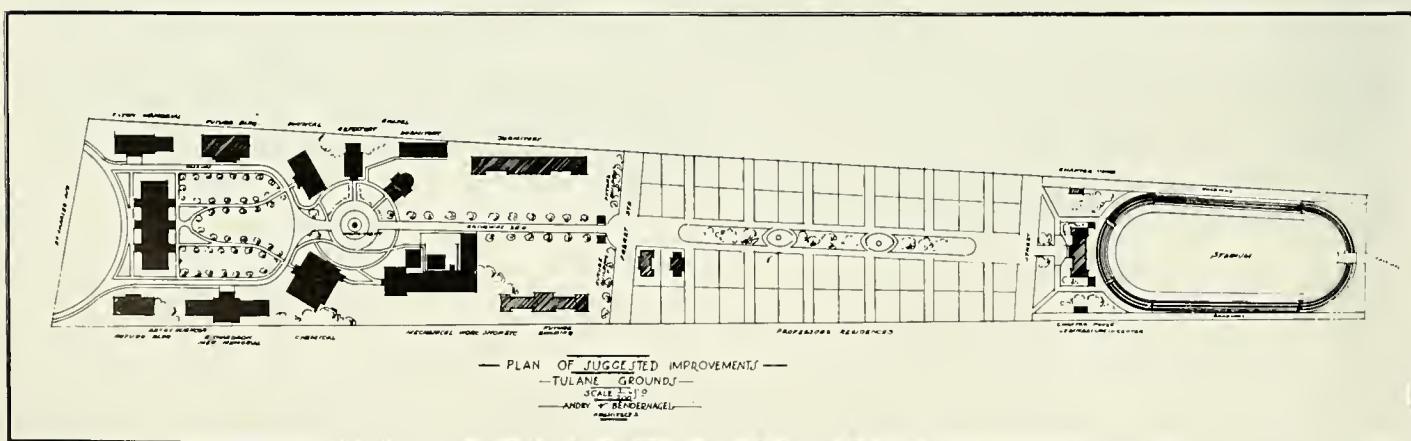
While Gibson Hall was intended all along to occupy a prominent position at the front of the campus, there appears to have been little thought given initially to just where the other buildings were to be located. Indeed there is strong evidence that the other structures were actually designed before their particular locations were determined. It would also appear that at no time during the planning and execution of the initial building program was there serious thought given to any sort of proposal for future university development. While there are today preserved in the Tulane Library several site plans for the original St. Charles campus, these show only structures proposed at various times during the planning of the initial building program and none projected for the future.

As can be seen in the present building, the final design for Gibson Hall was largely based upon Harrod and Andry's prizewinning competition entry. While of rockface stone as originally proposed, the building has, however, no bell tower and its central and end pavilions are less pronounced than in the earlier scheme.

Paul Andry at his drafting table.
1890.



Prizewinning competition
perspective for Gibson
Hall, 1892. Harrod and
Andry, Architects.



**Suggested master plan for Tulane, 1910.
Andry and Bendernagel, Architects.**

At the same time, what in the first design was a random assortment of variously-sized round and segmental arched windows is now at the first floor a continuous row of large identical round arched openings and at the second a series of smaller double round arched openings with triple arched openings in the center of each of the main elevations. As constructed, Gibson also has much less decorations than the competition proposal, the only ornament appearing on the building around the main entrances, in the dormers and in the gables of the central pavilions.

Andry's designs for the physics and chemistry labs are stylistically similar to Gibson, i.e. basically in the style of Henry Hobson Richardson, but a good deal simpler both in form and detail. Built of pressed brick with stone trim, these repeat the latter's rectangular shape, central gabled pavilion feature and neo-Romanesque detail. Their boxish regularity, fenestration (arched windows below, rectangular above) and low hipped roofs were, however, undoubtedly influenced by the old Union Railroad Station on Rampart Street.

The original Tulane engineering complex has been largely added to or otherwise altered through the years and while difficult to pinpoint is nonetheless almost all still standing. The most easily recognized part of the design today is the mechanical laboratory, now the Civil Engineering Building. Constructed, like the rest of the complex, completely of brick, this is a heavy two-story Richardsonian derivative with a high hipped roof and recessed arched entrances, the enormous patterned "voussiors" of which are made entirely of headers. Less well preserved than the mechanical structure but nonetheless substantially intact is the electrical laboratory, now the William B. Greg-

ory Hydraulics Lab. This still retains its original walls, but its high hipped roof and cupola (the latter was patterned after that on the Union station) is now replaced with a second story of recent vintage. The remaining portion of the lab, clearly Richardsonian in spirit, is detailed in a manner similar to the adjoining mechanical building.

Although Tulane's newly-completed St. Charles plant was an improvement over its Common Street predecessor, even it did not meet all the needs of the school. While well equipped with classrooms, it had, for instance, no facilities for non-academic activity — a gymnasium had been mentioned for inclusion in the initial building program but because of financial restrictions had been eliminated — nor any dormitories. (Students from out of town were forced to board with families living near the school). Also conspicuously absent was a separate library. A separate library had, as was noted, been considered early on in the planning of the new campus but as much for lack of books as for lack of money had not been built. (Until such time as a building could be put up, the university's library was to be housed in Gibson Hall). Tulane officials were well aware of the need for these additional facilities, however, and it was not long before they began to plan for them. By 1901, work had begun on the first structure to be put up on the new campus since the completion of the original building program — the F. W. Tilton Memorial Library. This was soon followed by a series of other buildings including a dormitory, refectory, more classrooms and several additions. These however, constitute the second phase of construction on the campus and as such lie outside the scope of this essay.

William R. Cullison is curator of prints and drawings at the Howard-Tilton Memorial Library of Tulane University.



DINWIDDIE HALL





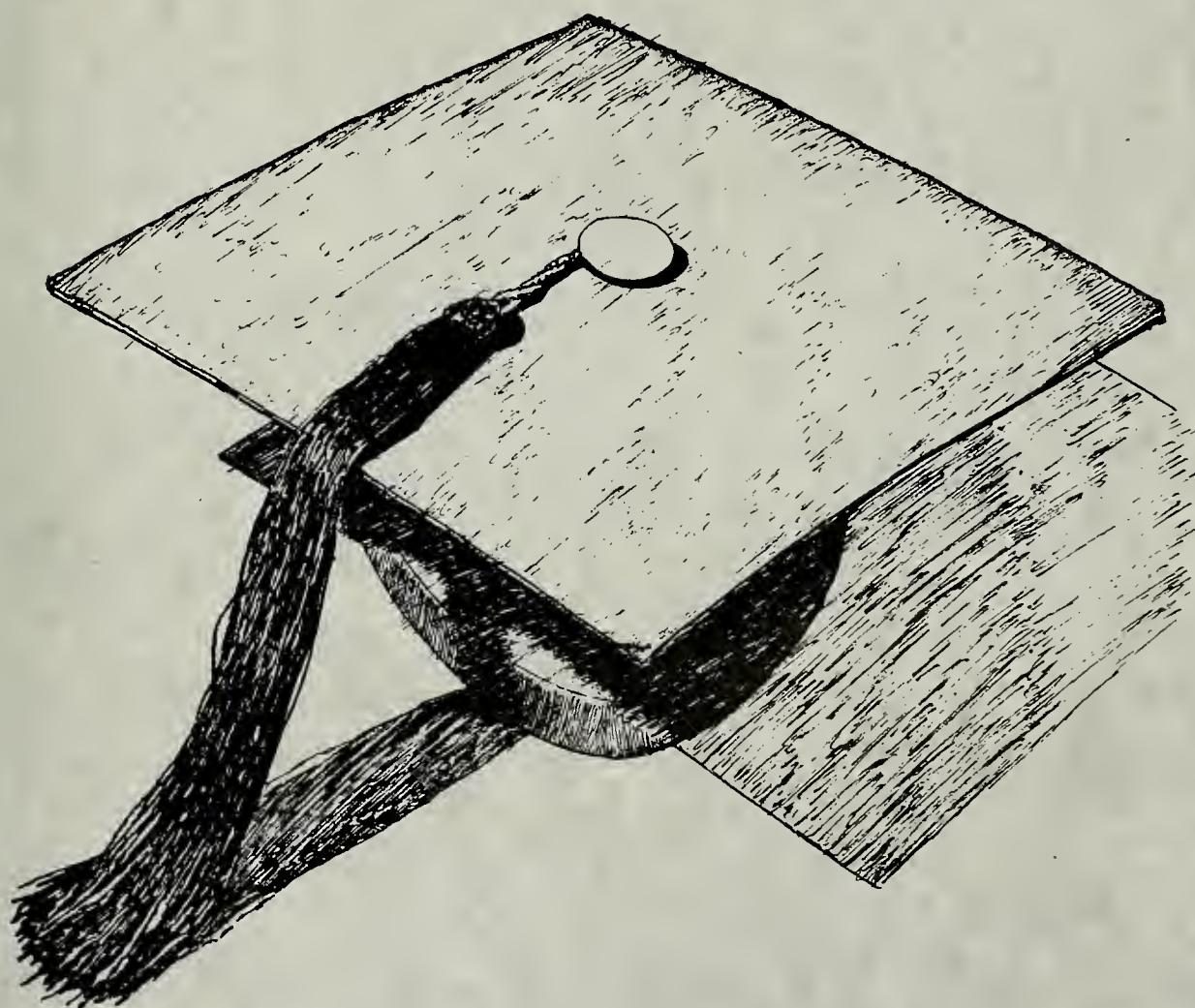
RICHARDSON MEMORIAL





JOSEPHINE LOUISE HALL

Faculty & Administration





Herbert Longenecker

President of Tulane, 1961-1975

Jambalaya Message

1975

... as I approach a new phase in life ...

In 1935, an instructorship in biochemistry at Penn State tipped the scales for me in favor of an academic career and away from either industry or the professional musician's world.

Now, after forty years in university service — two as a post-doctoral research fellow abroad, seventeen as a faculty member and dean at the University of Pittsburgh, five as vice president of the University of Illinois at the Medical Center, and fifteen as president of Tulane — a major change is about to occur and with it, an invitation to contribute a few lines for a student yearbook.

Many thoughts crowd into one's mind in an attempt to respond. Only a few can appropriately be shared here.

Pleasant thoughts stem from:

- the truly outstanding Tulane student body only a few hundred of whom it has been possible to know as individuals each year;
- the dedicated faculty and staff members, and their husbands and wives, whose interest in the student's growth and maturation is unflagging despite handicaps under which they have often had to work.
- successful alumni, contributing to the quality of life in their communities in all parts of the world.
- thousands of loyal friends of the university whose connection is maintained by deep interest in the university's people and programs;
- courageous and dedicated board members whose timeless energies have formulated, guided, and defended, when necessary, the policies of Tulane;
- the respect in which Tulane is held wherever one goes in the world — as one of just 23 private universities in the United States among 59 total major research universities;
- the enormous increases in financial support from both private and public sources for Tulane and the translation of that support into a steady stream of improvements in the university's facilities and programs.

There are a few regrets, too:

- that there was never enough time to know well every one of the splendid and delightful students and faculty and staff members;
- that fiscal resources fully commensurate with the needs and the potential for Tulane's leadership role were unavailable;
- that the increasing financial dependence on public funds will almost certainly diminish Tulane's independence in its future decision making.

Summing up, one thinks of the basic purposes for which Tulane University exists. In Paul Tulane's words, his gifts that brought about the university as we have known it were "... for the promotion and encouragement of intellectual, moral and industrial education ... for the advancement of learning and letters, (including) the arts and sciences ..." His objective in giving, joined by countless thousands of others, has indeed been achieved.

On a personal note as I approach a new phase of life, I am reminded of the words of an anonymous writer who said:

"Youth is not a time of life; it is a state of mind. It is a temper of the will, a quality of the imagination, a vigor of the emotions Nobody grows old living a number of years. People grow old only by deserting their ideals Whether seventy or sixteen there is in every being's heart the love of wonder, the sweet amazement at the stars and star-like things and thoughts You are as young as your faith, as young as your self-confidence, as old as your despair

(Receiving) messages of beauty, hope, cheer, courage, grandeur, and power from the earth, from men, and from the Infinite, so long are you young."



John H. Stibbs

Dean of Students, 1951-1975

For Jambalaya

The Jambalaya has honored me greatly in this 1975 edition. This marks the 25th anniversary of my serving Tulane University as its first Dean of Students. I accept your recognition with deep appreciation.

You have requested some comments from me at this time, and were kind enough not to limit my remarks. I should like to remind you that I have simply filled a necessary position. After all, we need florists, dentists, zoo keepers, and deans of students. I want you to know that in spite of continual crises, such as the big student demonstrations of the late '60's and other campus problems, I have, in my way, enjoyed every minute of it.

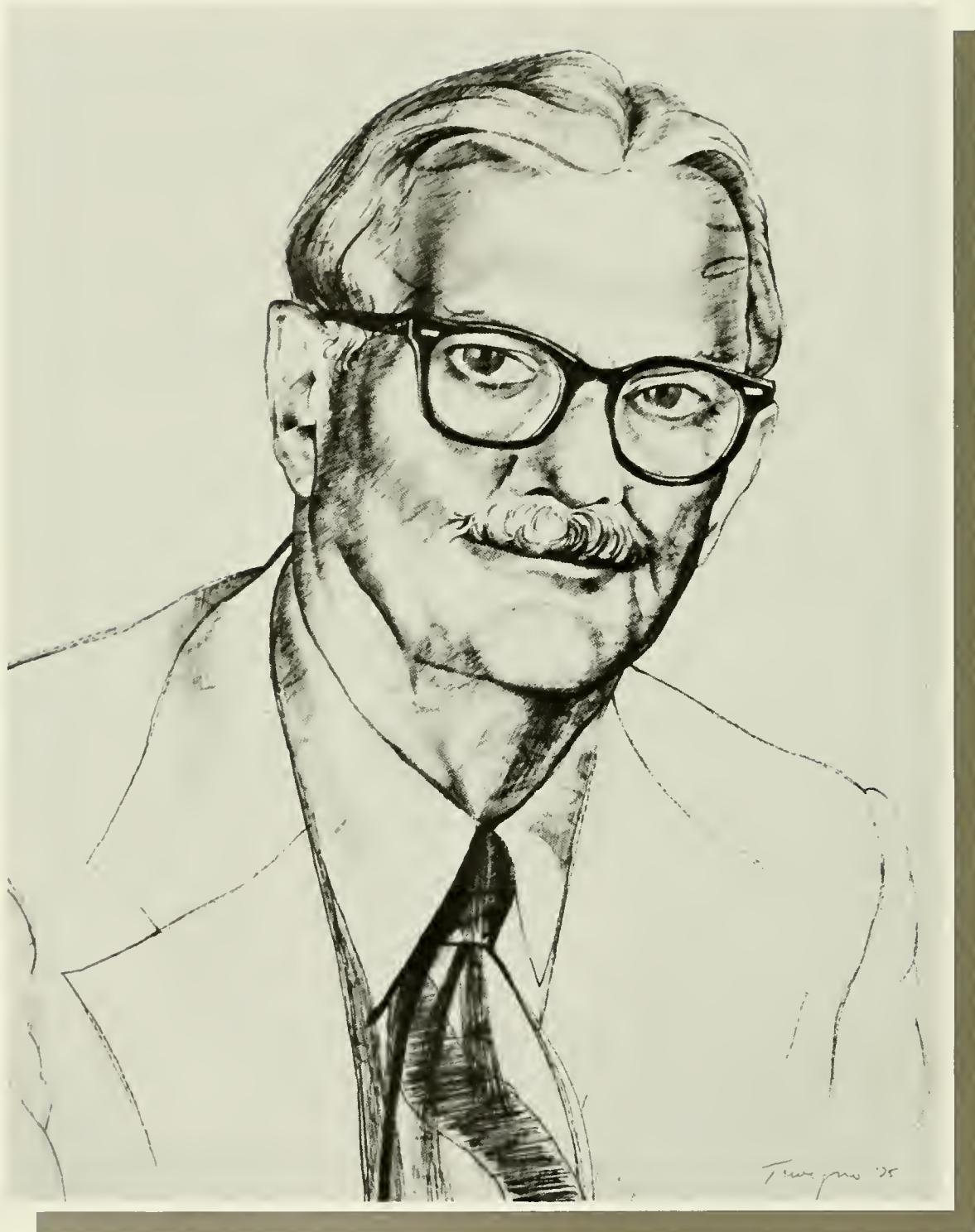
A strange analogy comes to my mind. It is expressed in a line from Kipling, in one of his sea verses. Except for this one line, the poem is hardly worth notice. The ship is at sea, and a cockney Londoner, who is a common seaman with a background of indifferent hard work, falls sick and dies. At the simple burial ceremonies, the Captain orders the canvas shroud with the lead weights to be slipped over the side. He directs the man's friend, another cockney, to say a few words. The friend paused briefly, and then with blunt certainty spoke up, " 'E LIKED IT ALL!"

I want to thank the students of several generations who have become, through a variety of contacts, my close personal friends. I have written and deposited in the library a short volume of memoirs of the twenty-five years of my student deaning. In this volume, I have acknowledged in detail my indebtedness to colleagues and students who have served with me faithfully during these years. I hope this cross-reference will meet to some small degree a responsibility I feel in preparing this necessarily short statement.

During recent months I have learned something about myself — most particularly, that it is not as easy as I thought to leave the post I have occupied for a quarter of a century. I find that I have become involved not only in the "little" world of Dean of Students, but also in the greater problems of the whole University. Without displaying my ignorance, let me say that I have some sense of the awesome problems that stand before us in the immediate years to come. In this University we have a multiplicity of schools, colleges, divisions and service. But what is needed at Tulane is a multiplicity within unity. The alternative is separatism. If we fail to work together, we will retreat into a divided multiplicity — pre-law, pre-medicine, a separate women's college, and football dorm at the Dome. This is not what the students want. This is not what the members of the faculty want. Both students and faculty want to be a part of a united Tulane University.

A collegiate institution, like a civilization or a work of art, is something put together. The ingredients, of course, must be there. If you would be first rate, the ingredients must have quality. At the college or university, the quality student is essential — certainly not the sorry fellow who won't work and wishes himself in the Virgin Islands, or some other faraway place. But with all the ingredients, and with quality in each, there has to be a fusion. Arnold Toynbee has written about the "Second Challenge" that causes a civilization to draw together in strength and grow in stature. The mystery of the Taj Mahal, Michelangelo's David, and the Mona Lisa, in each case, a wonderful fusion of ingredients into a unity. This feeling of unity, this University spirit, is a great and wonderful thing. It can be promoted; it should be worked on at all levels. **AND WE OUGHT TO BE ABOUT IT!**

Let me turn again to the field of letters, this time to John Milton. His deep interest in education and the driving force of goodness in man should be an inspiration to us all. His powerful ringing words of faith should challenge our thinking, as we plunge forward in the work that lies ahead at Tulane. Milton's mighty statement should guide us and inspire us with confidence as it did those who had to meet the searing problems of the Cromwellian Era, "There is no power human or from Heaven that can war against the good in man!!"



Robert A. Scruton

Director of Security, 1960-1975

Foreword: The editors of the Jambalaya asked me to write a story about my job at Tulane because I am retiring January 1, 1975. Here it is

Auf Wiedersehen

by Robert A. Scruton

I'm turning in the badge at 62. It is flattering that many students and professors have asked me to stay on. But 26 years in the infantry, 3 shooting wars, and 16 years as Tulane's Security Director are enough. I don't rebound from long hours and lost sleep like I used to. It's time to change the guard.

The increasing demands of the job can be measured by the increasing number of Ma Bell's instruments I have in the office and my home. I started out with one in the office and one bedside. Now I have nine in the office and three in the house. They all ring more or less constantly. Most of the problems are human ones; mine is a "people job." I do almost as much business over my home communication center as I do in the office — that's a lot of humanity. But after all, Tulane is a city inside a city.

My first human problem came on a sleet ing winter morning in 1959. The bedside phone rang at 3 a.m. and Fred, a freshman, said he was in jail. He confessed to a few of Pat O'Brien's "Hurricanes" and to sassing the cops. He needed \$100 cash to get sprung. Could I help?

"Do we have a hundred in the sock?" I asked my wife.

"You can use the house money," she said.

So I took the house cash, went to the jail, sprung Fred and brought him back to his dorm. He paid me back in a couple of days and I got a call of thanks from his father. Somehow it made me feel good and worthwhile. Fred, a Tulane Law School Grad, is an attorney in the city now and tells me he'll return the favor anytime.

Word of the new "service" spread fast. Soon I was a fixture at the lockup, getting the kids sprung. Most charges were minor, what you'd expect from youngsters in a swinging town. Hell, I'd done the same thing for my GI's when I was a company commander. I've seen a lot of jails and they're no place to stay any longer than you have to. I guess I've sprung 3,000 frightened people in my time at Tulane, including professors and staff. It was hard on the sleep but good for the people. As I said, mine is a people job.

Not all the calls for help were so uncomplicated. One midnight in February 1960 the bedside phone rang and the desperate voice of a girl said: "Colonel Scruton, I'm going to kill myself in a minute. I'm just calling to give you my name and where you can find my body." She gave me the address of a motel on Chef Menteur.

"Will you talk to my wife just a little, honey?" I said.

She talked to Leila for 30 minutes — long enough for me to get to the motel. She hung up just as the manager and I rushed into her room. She had a chance to swallow only a few pills. I put her into the car and raced her to Health Service, where Dr. Trickett waited to pump her out. Just as we were leaving the manager said: "Hey, she owes eight bucks rent! And keep it out of the papers, will you bud? Ain't good for business."

So I threw him the rent and kept it out of the papers, and Paul Trickett pumped her out. But the real life-saver was Leila. That girl would have died without a woman's voice to allay her. When you're very young and a love affair goes sour, it often seems that suicide is the only way out. Leila often helped in similar emergencies and wild rides to motels on the outskirts of the city. When she died in 1965 I lost not only a wife but a member of the team. Yet I am a lucky man; my present wife, Leona, is a lady of endless patience and understanding, often reminding me that, though I have no kids of my own, I have a big family at Tulane. Amen!

Although I did not know it then, doing all this for others was to be a big help to me in the years of student turbulence ('69 and '70). By that time I had an image of going out of my way to help others. The kids respected me, even liked me, though I always did my damndest to get them a stiff lick of Dean's discipline when they got too far out of line. We understand each other very well. In 1963 they promoted me to General and were later to give me their top prize — the John H. Stibbs Award, named in honor of Tulane's first Dean of Students.

I had a lot of other things to do besides being helpful, in those early years at Tulane. I had to learn my way around the thicket of committees and how to deal with the traffic chaos. I've never really licked that one. I've found that everyone is in favor of traffic enforcement except when it is applied to them. Then you get denounced. It is necessary to understand this "people principle" in order to maintain serenity while you're being denounced. I have a good professor friend who gets tickets. Then we play a game. He comes to my office and denounces me for 10 minutes while I listen serenely. Then I say:

"That will be ten bucks. Make out your check payable to Tulane." We're good friends. He's also a philosopher.

And there were other things to do. I had to get my cops — the Greenies — around to my way of thinking, a philosophy of campus law enforcement, and I had to learn how to cope with the numerous panty-raids of the era. One thing I learned about those affairs was that unless you can stop them before they get really going, you may as well relax and enjoy it. We haven't had one for quite awhile — "streaking" may be "in" these days — and I very much hope the kids don't stage one in honor of my retirement.

There was a really nasty problem in those days. A large con-fraternity of outsiders, who today would be called "gays" but were then known by a less gentle term, had infested the campus. Some would alight from trains and head straight for one of our facilities which shall be nameless. They couldn't wait! It was a sticky wicket. But after all, Tulane is a city within a city.

Getting more money out of the Administration was another tough problem, like staging a successful raid on Fort Knox. But I managed to wheedle better pay for the Greenies, radio equipment, and a patrol-car ambulance — the celebrated Car 6. When we got our first car we stencilled it up all policey looking and then the question came up what number we'd call it.

"Why don't you call it car 6," a Greenie Sergeant said. "Then everyone will think we've got lots of cars and the campus is well-policed."

So Car 6 it became. We've had seven Car 6's in my time, but only one at a time. The seven sixes have transported about 11,000 ill and injured to medical help all over the city.

I had enough to do in those early years to keep me on 80-hour weeks, but the truly ugly problem didn't hit me until 1967. As the national and city crime rate soared, our unfenced campus got its share. Drugs. Muggings. Attempted rapes. Robberies. The campus actually became dangerous. Along with the pros of football in the Stadium came pros of another kind. More and more often the Greenies were in Criminal and Municipal Courts, testifying against those they had arrested. I reorganized my department to cope in 1968, and we're still coping. It's a tough situation.

Yes, tougher than '69 and '70, our years of student unrest.

I'm not going to say much about those years. Perhaps in the 1980s some historian, armed with the perspective of time, should write that story for the archives.

I'll say only this — for me it was another kind of combat. Those marching, hollering, demonstrating kids — the "enemy" as some called them — were my friends. You don't tear-gas your friends. You don't bring in the riot squads. In fact, you disarm your Greenies to make sure that no tragic accident occurs. You overlook a lot of things and you don't make petty arrests. You have to know that the kids were frenzied by the articulate persuasion of a very few. You keep the cool and you have to find the right words — exactly the right words — to tell the kids. There was an incident, one of many, that makes the point.

A Greenie was accused of rapping the knuckles of a freshman at one of the flagpole demonstrations. Right away a cry went up. Police brutality! Police brutality! Rapidly a great caucus assembled in the then "occupied" University Center. The alleged victim got up and shouted that a Greenie had knocked the sh— out of him.

"I don't see how you say that," I said. "You still seem to have a lot left in you."

It brought down the occupied house. I don't know how I found just the right words. They may have made up for all my mistakes.

Still, there was a lot of tension, including 408 bomb threats. In one stress period I never left the campus for 30 days. It was the one time my Leona complained.

"When are you coming home?" she'd demand over the phone. "I'm tired of being alone!"

So we compromised. She'd come to me in the office with one of her gourmet meals. She is unquestionably the finest cook in New Orleans, as those who have tasted her food, including students, can vouch. (The Underground Gourmet would give her five stars, a Generalissimo of cuisine!) And along with the food she'd bring me a stiff bourbon, my pills, fresh clothes, and lots of wifely advice — a real member of the team.

We're near the end now. I've saluted the big generals in my time — MacArthur, Eisenhower, Bradley, Patton — and won a collection of the better combat awards. But I do not think I saluted the generals with the same sincerity that I now salute the students of Tulane. And that award they gave me — it's right up there with the best I got for another kind of combat.

Well, that's it. Some say I should write a novel about this, but I do better with the shorter stuff. So — briefly — Auf Wiedersehen — to the students, the staff, the faculty, the Administration — and the Greenies who loyally serve the University.



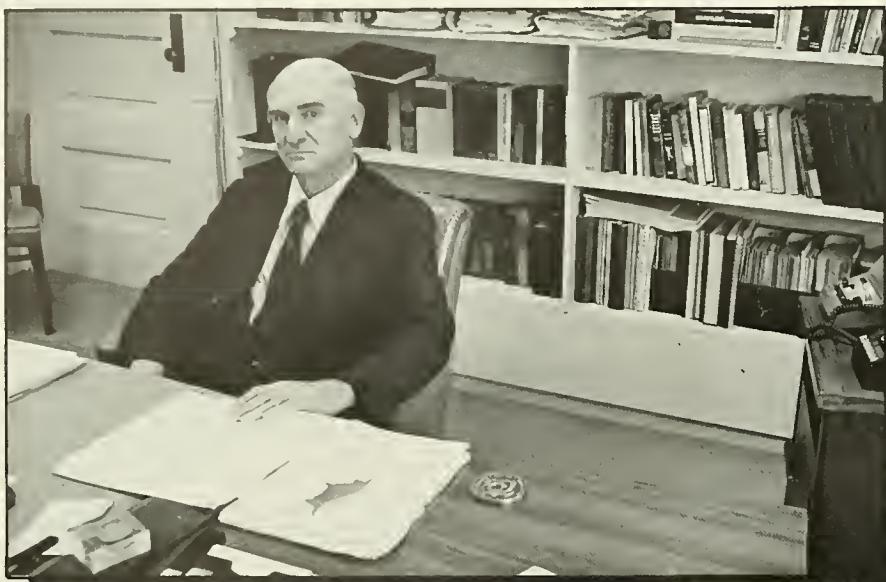
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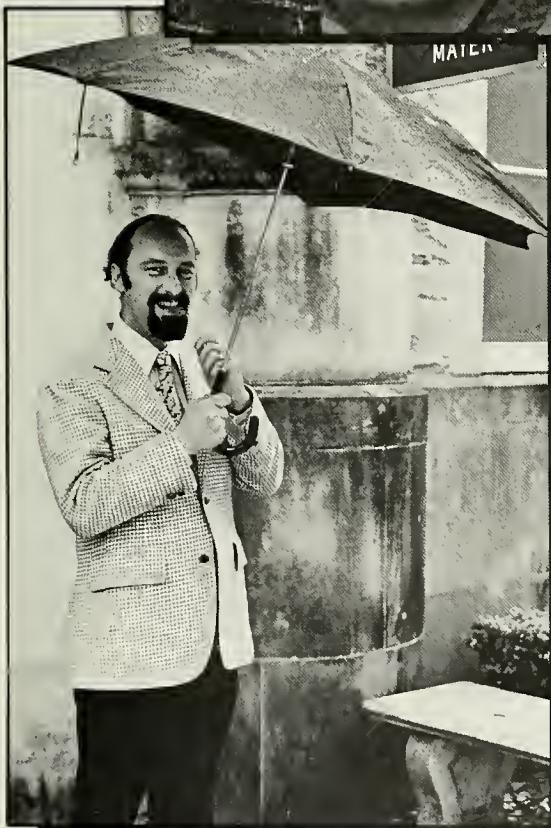


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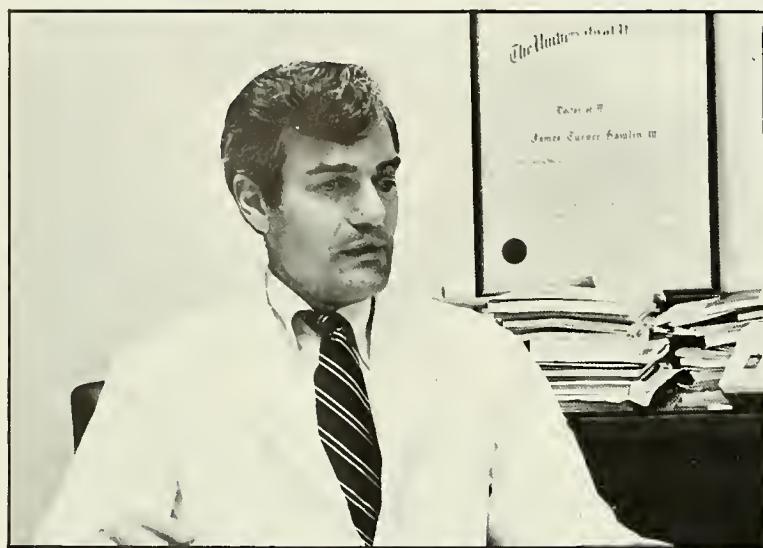
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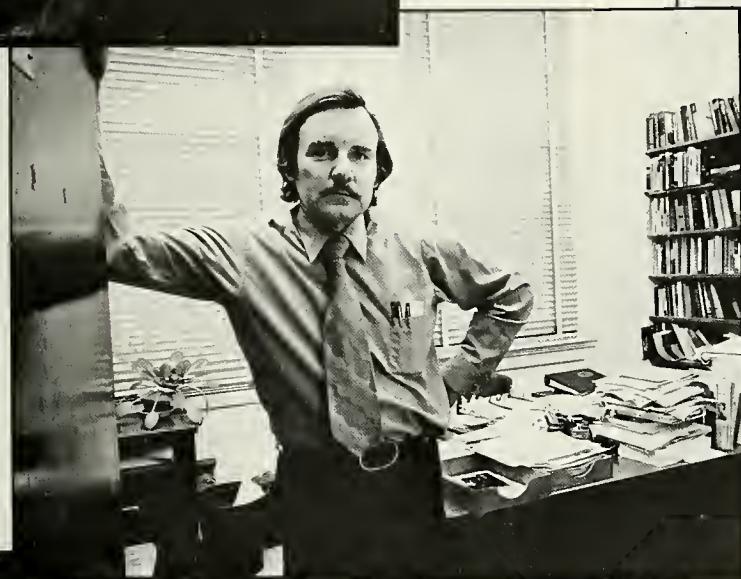
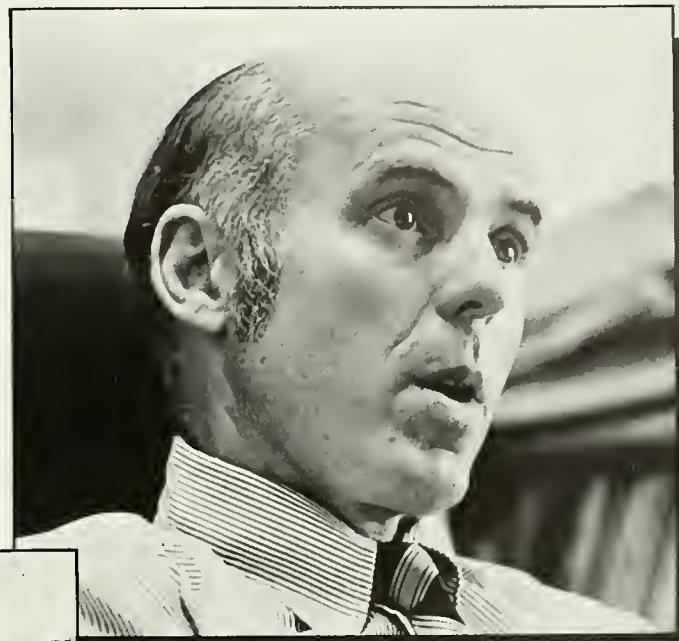
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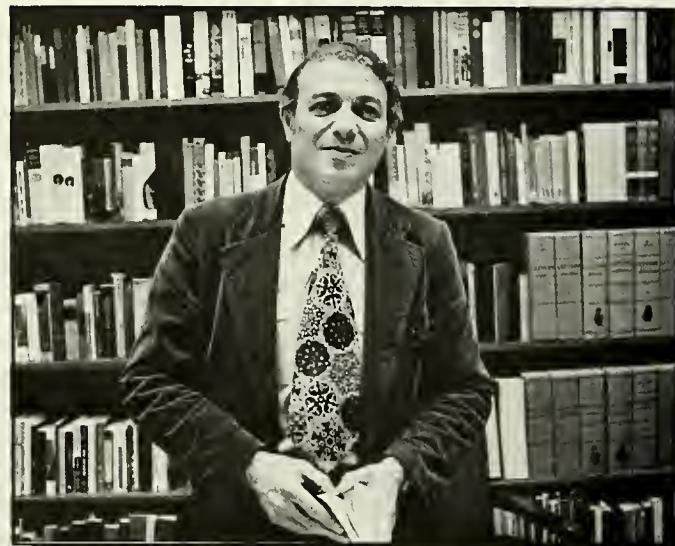
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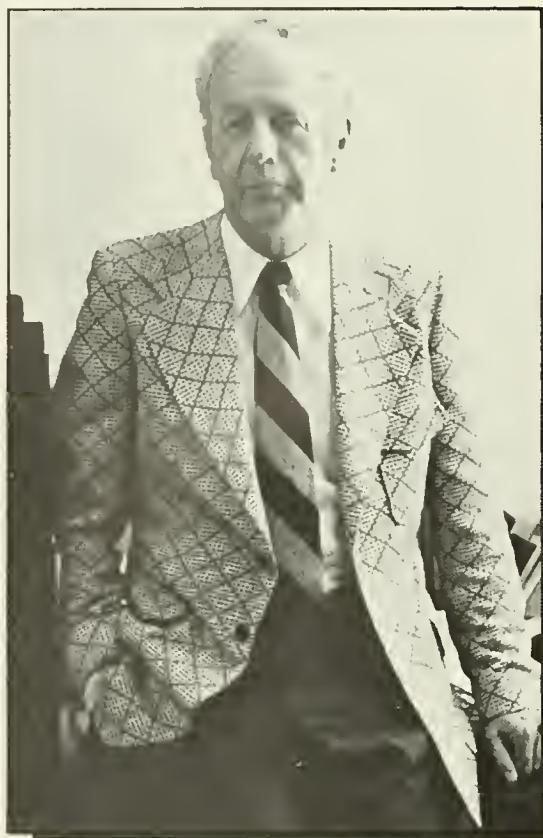


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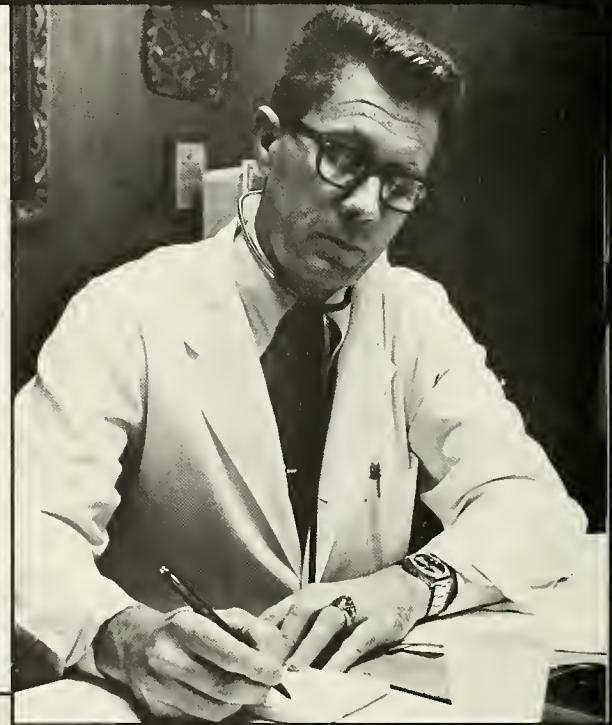
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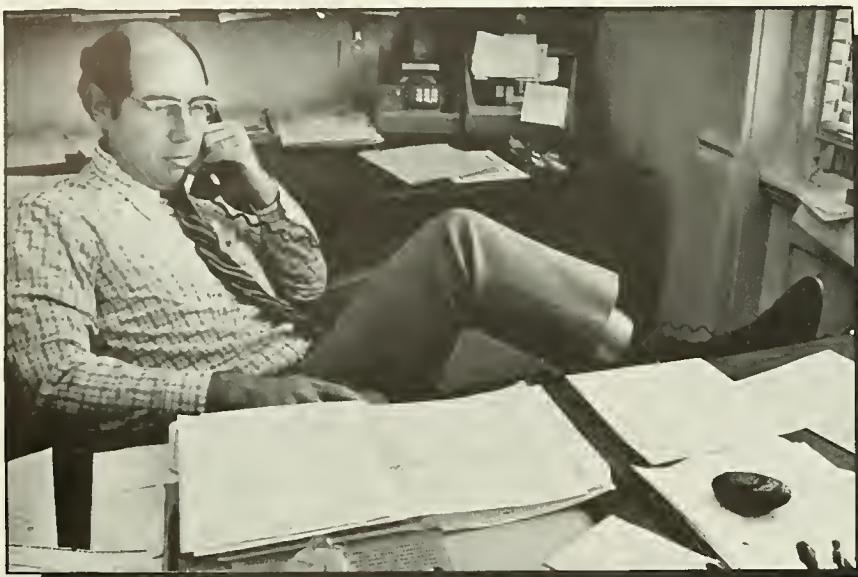
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THE NEW PRESIDENT: FRANCIS SHELDON HACKNEY



We sit in the dark green, mahogany-lined conference room adjacent to the President's office in Gibson Hall. Myself, the editor, and a photographer — wondering if there will be enough light for photographs, wondering if the tape recorder will work, wondering "what he'll be like." He's late. The conference room is somehow imposing — with its long antique table, its huge antique bookcase filled with antique books. One wonders what important decisions have been made here, what crises have been met. Probably none.

There is a shuffle of feet outside the door, some last minute instructions as to what time tomorrow's meeting is scheduled can be overheard. Clarence Scheps, executive vice president, opens the door, closely followed by someone who grabs my hand saying, "Hi, I'm Sheldon Hackney." He is a tall man, perhaps six feet four inches; he moves with the grace of a natural athlete. He is dressed in a sports coat and slacks, and is wearing a tie that could have been designed by the technicolor department of Walt Disney Studios. We sit down.

Francis Sheldon Hackney was born on December 5, 1933 in Birmingham, Alabama. His voice still bears

traces of his southern heritage. At forty-two, he is a man who looks thirty. He received his B.A. in 1955 from Vanderbilt, his M.A. from Yale in 1963, and in 1966 was awarded his doctorate from Yale University. Since 1965 he has been at Princeton University, first as an instructor, then working his way up the tenure ladder to full professor in 1972. That same year Sheldon Hackney was named Provost of Princeton, attaining that high office in the short space of seven years. At the ripe age of thirty-nine, he was among the finalists in Princeton's search for a President.

He has published extensively; in 1969 he authored his first book, *Populism to Progressivism in Alabama*. For that effort he was awarded the Albert Beveridge Prize by the American Historical Association for the best book in American History published in the year 1969. Numerous articles and an edition on contemporary problems followed. He counts among his friends and advisors C. Van Woodward of Yale and Arthur Link of Princeton — two of America's most important historians. Barely forty, he stood (stands) on the edge of a highly rewarding, successful, academic career. He could have easily succeeded Link at Princeton in a prestigious chair. He is an academic

success and, by all standards, still several years away from his "academic prime." This past spring, Sheldon Hackney accepted the post of President of Tulane University, effective July 1, 1975. Not only has he shifted his focus from teaching and writing to administration, but he has done so at a University that finds itself in grave financial crisis. From the comfort of academia and the financial comfort of Princeton to the trials of administration and the money squeeze at Tulane, Hackney has altered the course of his professional life.

places in the South, not many private institutions of higher education that have a chance to really become great universities. The South needs a great university, I think. Tulane is one of the places that has a chance to make it, I think primarily because of its tradition as a very strong university, one with very high standards, able to attract good students and good faculty. All those things are under pressure because of the financial situation at the moment, but, because the tradition is there, and because New Orleans is such an attractive place, and because I think that potential



I wondered, "Why administration, why Tulane?" I questioned Hackney on this point. "Well, first, the Princeton situation is not all that comfortable. They run a much richer operation than Tulane has and they're faced with the decision of running a less rich, that is a less sumptuous, educational program, or finding new revenue. The Tulane situation is, I think, very similar." Hackney continued, explaining his reasons for switching to administration and for coming to Tulane.

"What attracts me, well, one can start with the fact that Tulane is in the South. This is a less tangible reason. I'm from the South, I've been interested in Southern history professionally. I have thought for some time that it would be fun for me to come back to the South and to try to do something, to make some contribution in the field that I know best, which is education and/or history. There are very few places in the South, I think, where a significant difference can be made to the region's future. Private universities happen to be the thing that I know best, I guess, because I went to Vanderbilt and went to Yale and then to teach at Princeton and they are all very similar kinds of institutions. There are not many

sources of support are also there, Tulane has the chance to be truly great."

Somehow all this talk about greatness is almost believable — coming from Hackney, that is. The reason that it is perhaps believable is because Sheldon Hackney recognized the major problems of private higher education in this country. This recognition does not, however, presuppose that he has the answers to such problems.

In a speech to the Tulane Board of Visitors on April 3, 1975, Hackney outlined these problems and defined them as "... the unfortunate confluence of demography, inflation, recession, and history." He is correct when he asserts that, "Throughout our history Americans have ascribed an almost magic quality to education. We have looked to school to provide access to the word of God, the rules of law, and the duties of a citizen in a democracy." In addition to these traditional expectancies, Americans have correlated higher education with higher income and a better standard of living. Hackney continued, saying that fewer people are going to college now, partially because of the costs involved and partially because of a reversal in the growth trend. College-age popu-

lation will actually decrease in the next fifteen years. Rising costs due to inflation, and parents' inability to afford a private university for their children have taken their toll on the university's ability to be financially solvent.

Should we, I asked, because of these different crises, change the basic notion of the liberal arts education to something more "job oriented"? What, in essence, should our goal be? Hackney finds Robert Goldwin's viewpoint very congenial. Goldwin, special assistant to the President with responsibilities as liaison to the academic community, argues that in this rapidly changing world of future shock, the only kind of education that makes sense is education for an indefinite future. Learning how to learn, he said, is a skill derived from a liberal education, and it is the most important skill one can acquire. Quoting Hackney, again from his speech to the Board of Visitors: "Undergraduate education should focus on developing the capacity for critical thought, the capacity for defining and evaluating options and for making decisions . . . Between the formal and informal curriculum, students should almost by accident be stimulated and challenged by exposure to the broader culture, different systems of thought, and the highest standards of excellence."

Finding myself satisfied with Hackney's overall view of higher education, its problems and goals, I am still wondering, "What kind of President will he be?" Much can be determined from the kinds of personal relations Sheldon Hackney keeps. Lest I make the same mistake Dr. Hackney made, I choose to talk about his wife, Lucy, first. In the acknowledgement in his book on progressivism in Alabama, Hackney writes about Lucy, "To my wife, who will see the humor of being mentioned last, I owe much that can not be noted here. Nevertheless, my appreciation of her fund of understanding, her vitality, and her painfully proper sense of priorities should not go unrecorded." Lucy Judkins Durr married Sheldon Hackney on June 15, 1957. Beyond being a June bride, there is little about her that is traditional. Lucy left Radcliff to marry Sheldon before she was graduated. Ten months later she bore their first child. This spring, well into her thirties, she will graduate with a B.A. from Princeton. Her main interest is public affairs. She was manager of George McGovern's presidential campaign in the Princeton area. She maintains, as does her husband, an active role in the American Civil Liberties Union. There is the distinct possibility that she will enter Law School once the family is settled in New Orleans — Fall, 1976, perhaps. She will not be the traditional wife, solely supportive of her husband. In describing her, Dr. Hackney said, "Lucy is very interested in public affairs in general and politics. I suspect that she will pursue those with a lot of her time. Lucy has her own activities and her own life and will lead those."

What is emerging in this portrait of a President-elect is a man who is entirely contemporary. Much unlike his predecessor, Sheldon Hackney is a student of the 1960's, and all that that turbulent decade represents. For Tulane he is a radical departure from the leadership of the past, unlike it in age, education, personal belief and personality. This difference is highlighted in a comment Hackney made to me in response to a question about what caused student activism in the 1960's. "The student 'revolt' must be looked at through social history. The unrest is unexplainable unless you connect it to the real issues that students were mostly organized around — civil rights and the war. But that's not all it was; I think basically what was also happening then was a real effort to reorient institutions to reflect more the current realities of the status of young people. Young people were achieving more and more freedom — economic, political, social freedom — except in colleges where they were still in a dependent status on the institution, *vis-a-vis* the faculty, *in loco parentis*, etc. There was bound to be some shakeup, some readjustment of that relationship, and what is emerging is really a different ethos, a different atmosphere in which the student lives which governs the relationships of students and faculty. The inclusion of students on policy-making and decision-making boards is an example of this change. I think that's good; you get better decisions that way. Basically, it is a sociological readjustment that has taken place and I don't think that basic values that young people were trying to express have changed."

Hackney's formative years as a teacher were in the middle of that period of conflict in American universities. He brings to Tulane a sensitivity — recently acquired — to people, to students, and to issues. Issues which are current — contemporary, if you will — and are at the heart of this ever-emerging concept of what a university is. This sensitivity will surely find its way into policy. Out of this sensitivity grows Hackney's view of a university as he expressed it to me: "I think very much about a University as a community of trust in which people can live and work together with the sort of human relationships, common purpose and common identification that I think is ideal in society. One of the functions of a university is to demonstrate to people who come through it, the students who pass through it, transiently in a way, that that sort of existence is possible and is worth striving for."

In the midst of Hackney's enthusiasm, his sensitivity and commitment, the question still remains — can he do it? Tulane has many problems. The University's endowment is small — and its reserves funds are dwindling. The University can meet only so many more years of deficit spending. Because of the money squeeze, good junior faculty are looking for jobs elsewhere, academic programs are suffering and

tuition has just gone up \$400.00 for 1975-76. With all these problems, can Sheldon Hackney make Tulane the "great" University of which he speaks? And can he do it in an economically and politically pessimistic time?

I think he can. Hackney will bear the heaviest of burdens and walk the thinnest of lines — but it can be done. He must create a positive attitude in the faculty — something which has been non-existent in the demoralizing atmosphere of the past five years. He is looked to by students as a young president, one not so far removed from them in either age or philosophy. Student demands for a greater voice in the decision making processes are likely to continue.

To be sure there will be many circumstances that Hackney can not control. The University is already committed to the new Medical Complex and its enormous costs. It was originally planned to have this teaching hospital make money to offset the annual deficit of the Medical School. Many in the local medical community question this.

Hackney will have very little or no control over Federal and State aid policy to higher education. Though he is for state aid to Tulane, one can hardly be sanguine about the prospects for substantial state governmental aid. Tulane's relationship to the State of Louisiana is a very delicate one, characterized by tax-exempt status, legislative scholarships and who knows what else.

There are, however, many areas where Hackney can exercise substantial control. This is where the difference will be made. Hackney must exercise strong, positive academic leadership. He has expressed the sincere desire to be a part of a revitalizing process — the internal revitalization of Tulane. Perhaps Hackney's strongest attribute is his openness and candor. He impresses me as being the kind of man who will tell things as they are, even if they will be unpleasant to the listener. His enthusiasm, his youth, and a proven capacity for work, will aid him in his task.

A very important sidelight to this story of Sheldon Hackney is the story of how and why he was offered the job in the first place. In offering Hackney the job of President, the Tulane Board of Administrators has made the move for change. Largely, this new attitude can be attributed to two men, Edmund McIlhenny, Board chairman, and Gerald Andrus, chairman of the Selection Committee. There is a new force emerging on the Board, different from the leadership of the past. McIlhenny, Andrus, Lanier Simmons (the Board's only female member) and Bill Monroe are members of this new force. What makes Hackney's chances for success good are these people who, hopefully, will support the new President when the tough decisions need to be made. One would suspect that the Board is ready for change and a progressive administration, or they would not have gone to

Hackney in the first place. It can be said that a new president with fresh ideas and a progressive outlook, and a Board willing to act positively and progressively, will combine to make Tulane as strong as it once was. This spirit of cooperation between President and Board will be directly related to Tulane's ability to "come back." We are in for an exciting time at Tulane.

In closing his speech to the Tulane Board of Visitors, Hackney compared the University to the elegant bridges of an architect named Maillart.

"Maillart bridges are simple elegance functioning at the most practical level to facilitate traffic across a chasm. They are a fitting metaphor for a University whose vitality depends so much upon the bridging of internal gaps and whose social function is to connect people to ideas and ideas to reality.

"If I am right, Tulane can be that sort of an elegant educational sculpture. It is certainly not immune from the problems of private higher education, but it has great strengths as well. In the first place, it is a University, with the advantages that can accrue to diversity. It has a heritage of high standards that distinguish it from other universities in its region. There is about it a marvelously beguiling regional ambience and tradition, aided by all of the attractions of one of the continent's foremost cities. Yet, it is an institution which draws and sends students nationally and has a national reputation. In the coming shakeout of higher education, Tulane may shake, but it will be mainly from the reverberations of people crossing bridges."

This kind of language makes one enthusiastic about the University's future. Yet we would be foolish to make the mistakes of the past — the mistakes of inaction. Tulane must not only shake from people crossing bridges but must shake to its heels internally if we are to merit support from the outside community. Do-nothing deans and department chairmen, lethargic and disinterested faculty, arrogant and short-sighted alumni must shake in this revitalization process. Apathetic students must, perhaps more so than any other group, shake themselves to an awareness of the University's plight. A great university can stand these tests. It will not happen by itself and it will not happen over night. Socrates said, "Time in its ageing course teaches all things." But for Tulane, time is short.

About the author —

Jim Cobb is a 1974 graduate of the College of Arts and Sciences, Tulane University. While at Tulane, he was student representative to the Tulane Board of Administrators for the years 1972-73, 1973-74. Additionally, he was student representative to the Board of Visitors from 1971-74, addressing that group in 1971 on Tulane and the Community — Some Responsibilities." He will enter the Tulane Law School in the Fall of 1975.

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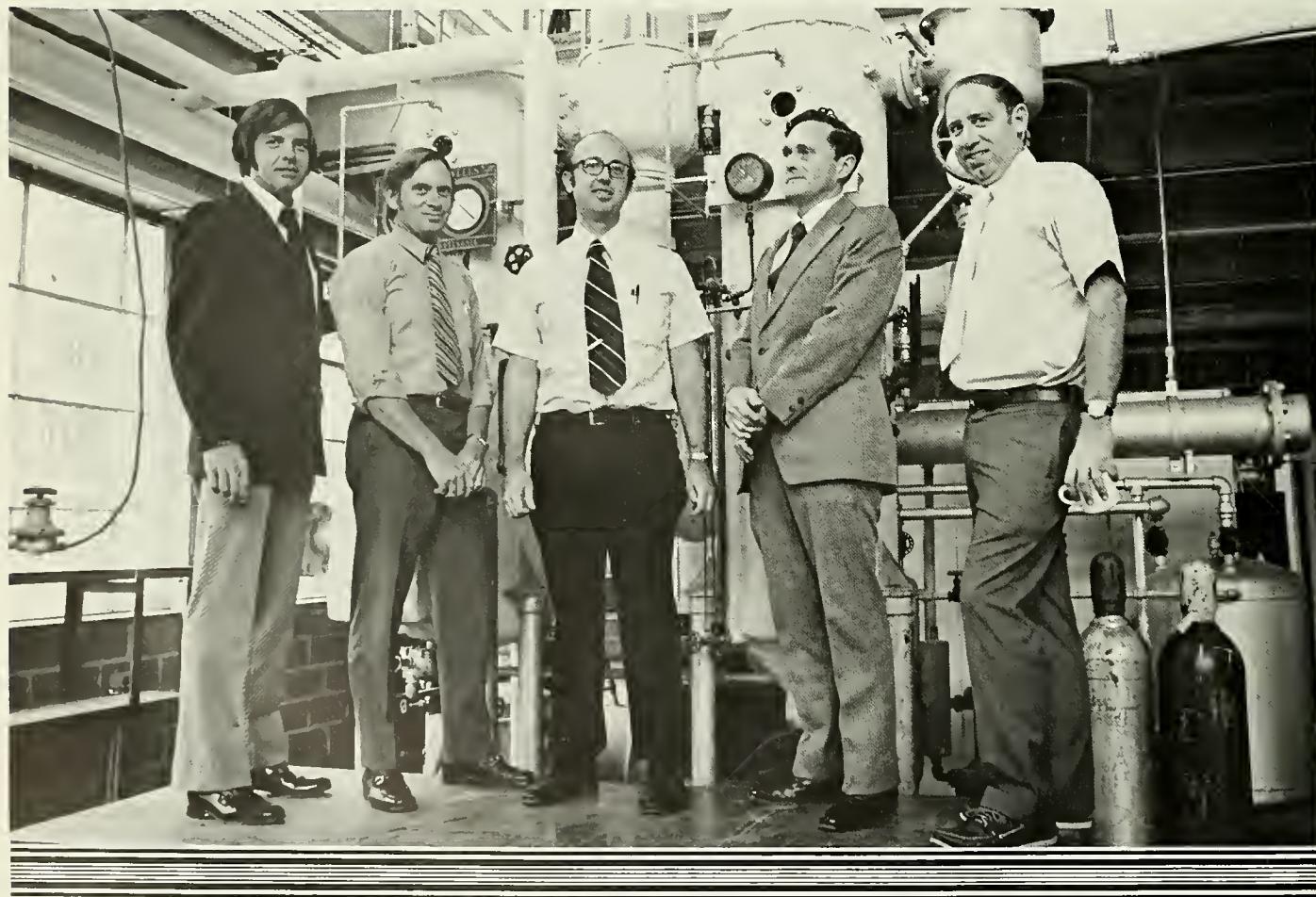


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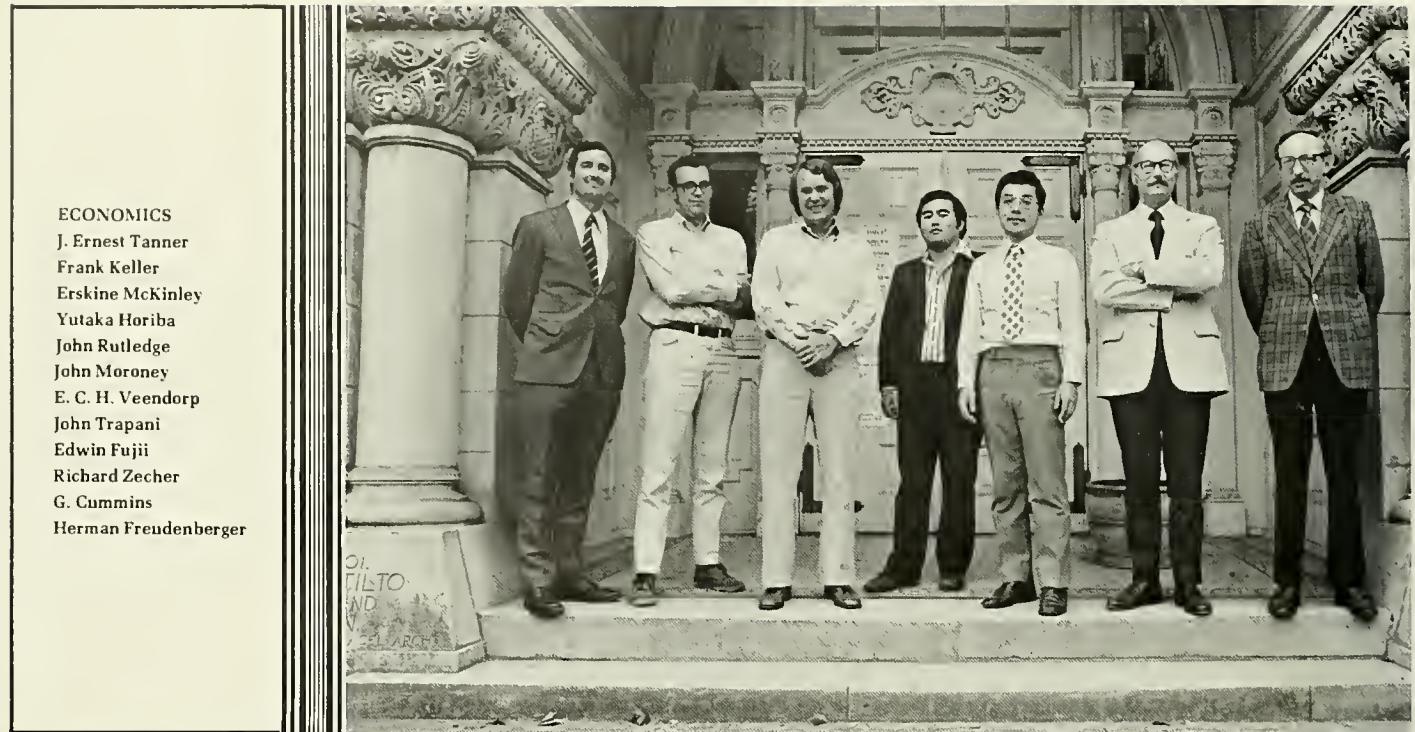


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C. L. Peacock
R. D. Purrington

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Ina McD. Bilodeau
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Lawrence Dachowski

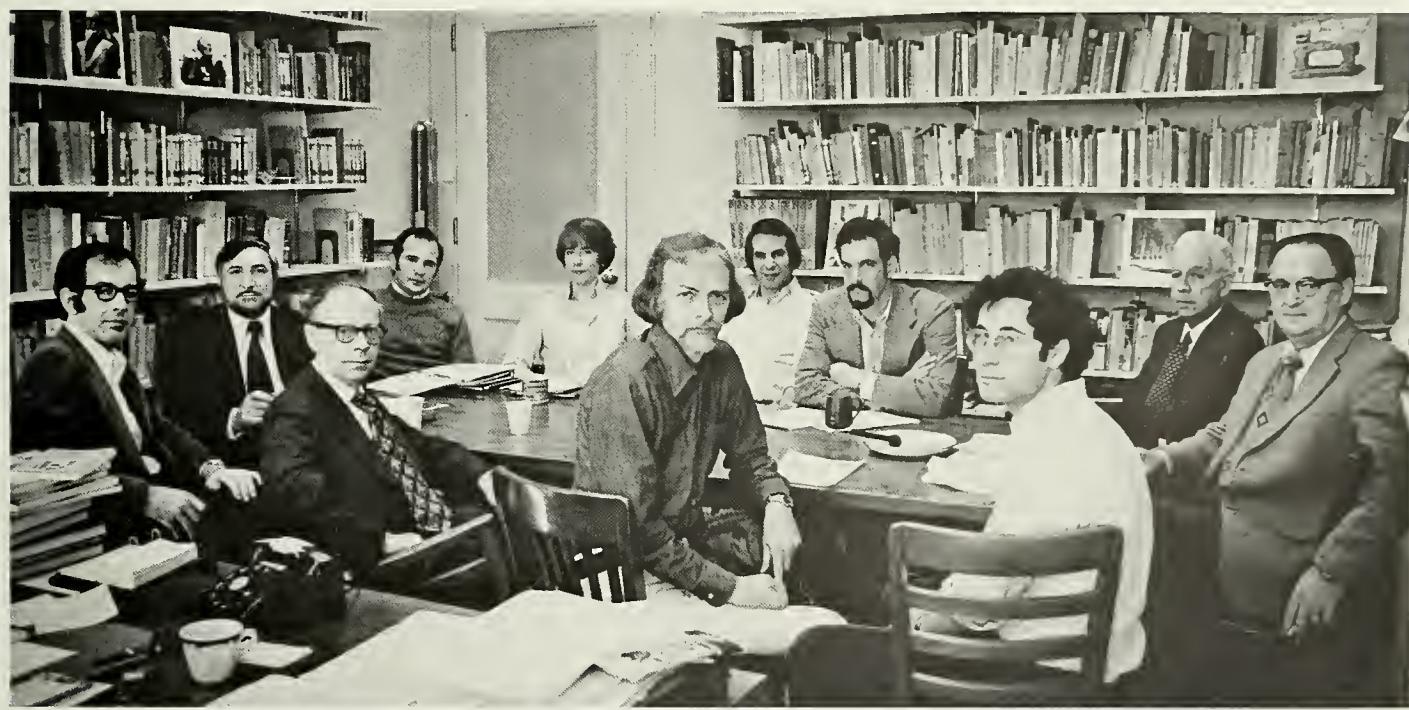
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Jack Cowles
G. Carr Garnett
Kevin Hoggard
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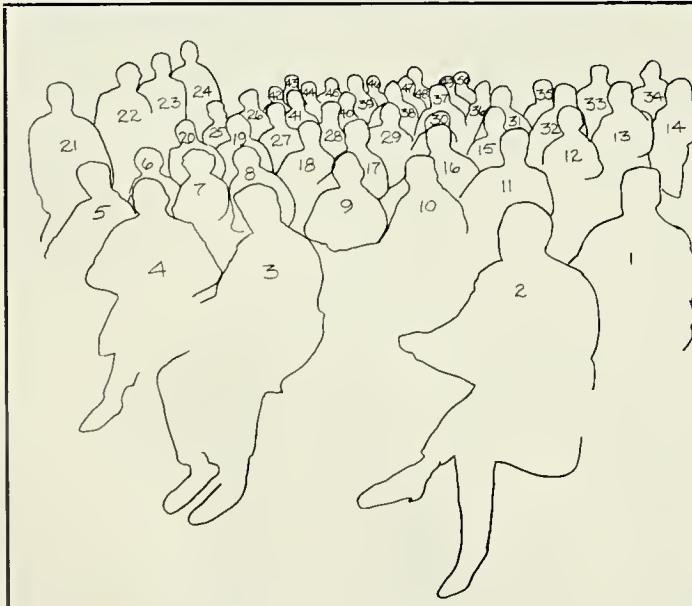


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Robert Force
Hoffman F. Fuller
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Alain A. Levasseur
William A. Lovett

Luther L. McDougal III
Leonard Oppenheim
Christopher Osakwe
Vernon V. Palmer
Billups P. Percy

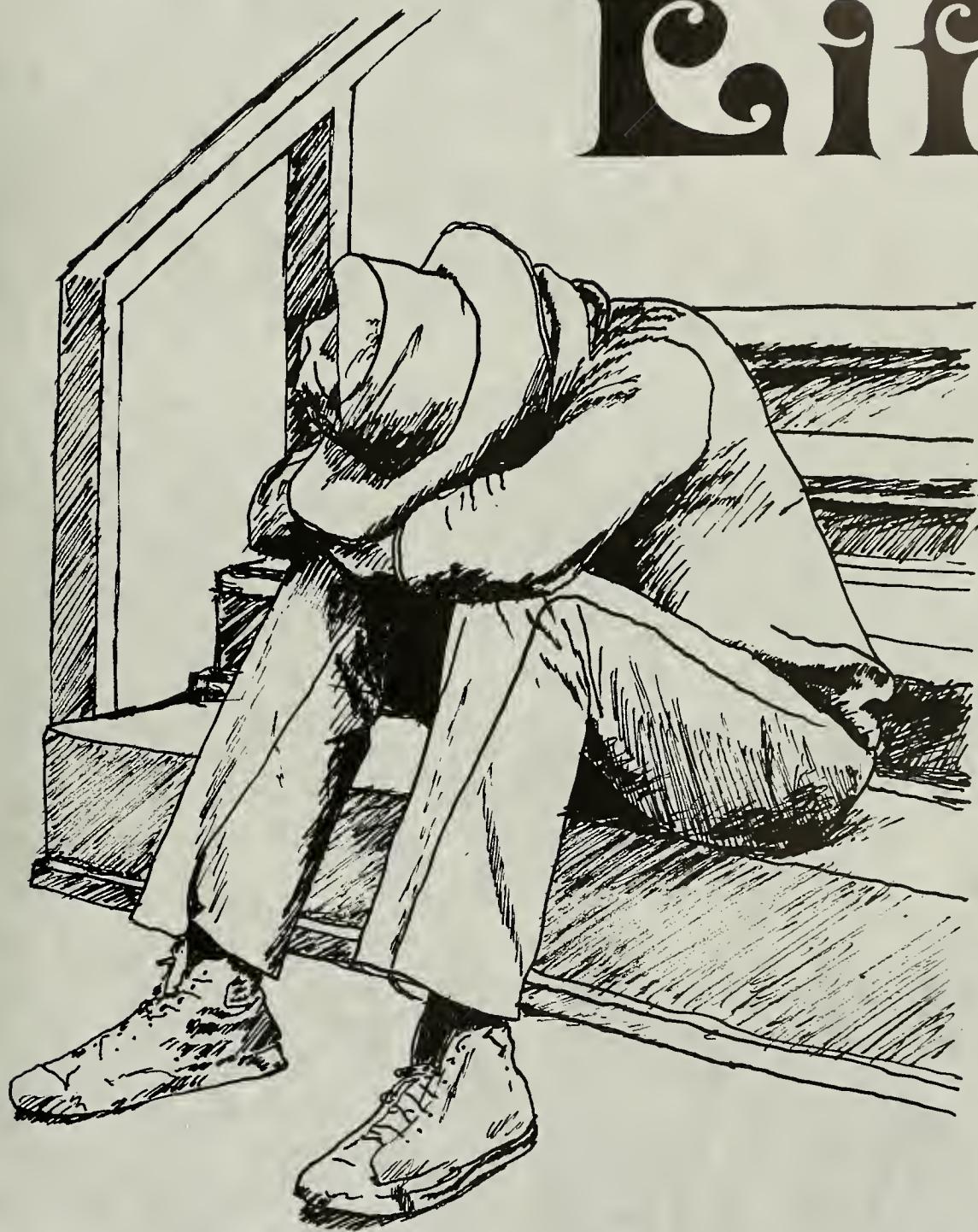
John L. Peschel
Clinton W. Shinn
Ferdinand F. Stone
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Wayne S. Woody



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5. Jerome R. Ryan, M.D.
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9. George A. Adroney, Ph.D.
10. James E. Muldrey, Ph.D.
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12. Fannie Mae Lemann, M.S.W.
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27. Laurence D. Fairbanks, Ph.D.
28. Eugene Hamori, Ph.D.
29. Michael L. Michel, M.D.
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32. Manie K. Stanfield, Ph.D.
33. Jeanette Laguaita, Ph.D.
34. Charles E. Linke, Ph.D.
35. Frederick Lee, M.D.
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40. Hannah B. Woody, M.D.
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42. Krishnan B. Chandran, D.Sc.
43. Mary Frances Argus, Ph.D.
44. Norman R. Kreisman, Ph.D.
45. Jorgen U. Schlegel, M.D.
46. Melanie Ehrlich, Ph.D.
47. Dr. Larry P. Feigen
48. Paul Joiner, Ph.D.
49. Joseph Pisano, Ph.D.
50. William D. Postell, Jr., M.S.

Campus Life



UNIVERSITY CENTER





UNIVERSITY CENTER

BRUFF COMMONS





THE QUAD



ENTERTAINMENT



BOB WOODWARD

SEPTEMBER 20



ROD SERLING

NOVEMBER 7



ROYAL LICHTENSTEIN CIRCUS OCTOBER 30



JANUARY 24
DAVID
STEINBERG



JACKSON BROWNE

MARCH 2

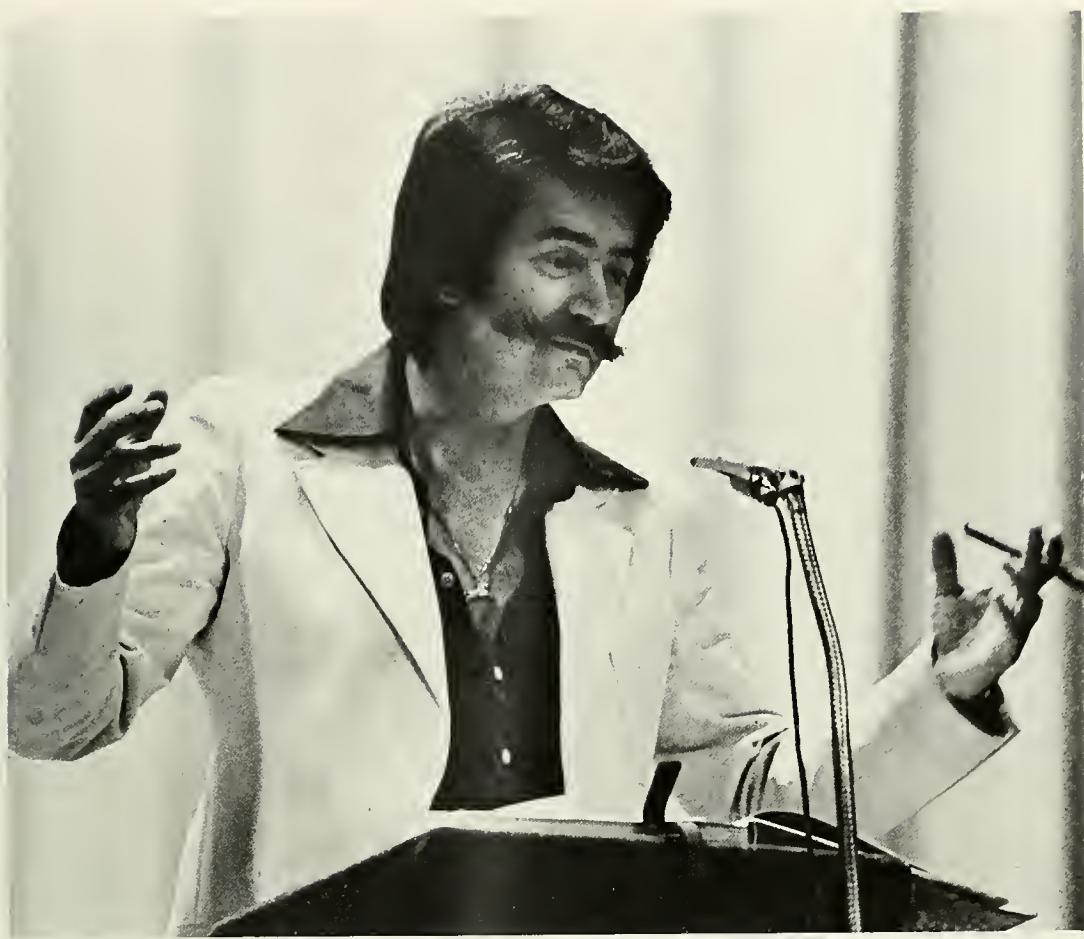


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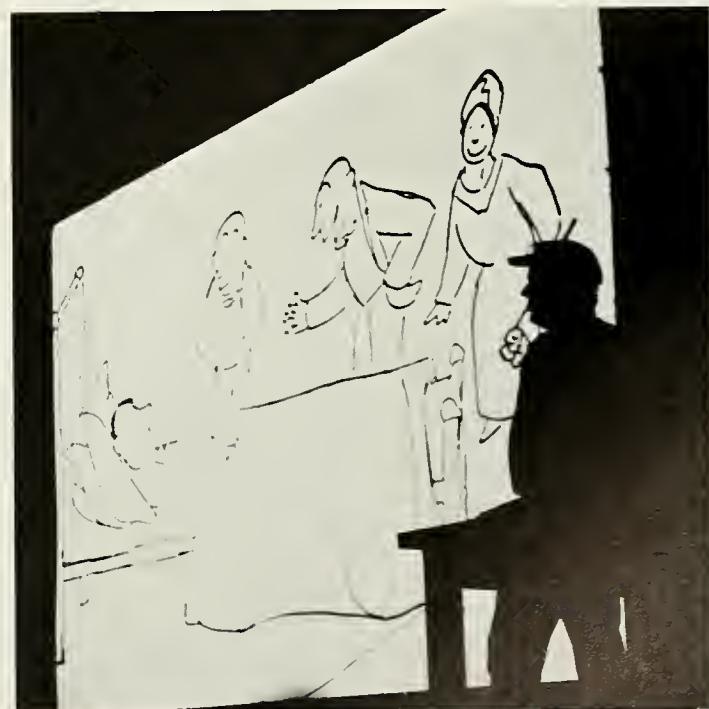


OCTOBER 24

LEROY
NEMAN



WILLIAM WINDOM
FEBRUARY 26



NEW ORLEANS SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

OCTOBER
17

FEBRUARY
28



CAMPUS NITE PRESENTS:
COMPANY



FEBRUARY
18-22

THE DAY

NOVEMBER 1



FORD

GERALD

APRIL 23



DUSTIN HOFFMAN

APRIL 19





LEONARD NIMOY
&
DEFORREST KELLY

APRIL 25



NIKKI GIOVANNI

FEBRUARY 27

JULIAN BOND APRIL 7



A. C. T.
GOSPEL
CONCERT
JANUARY 28



TULANIANS

APRIL 10, 11, 12



BALLET

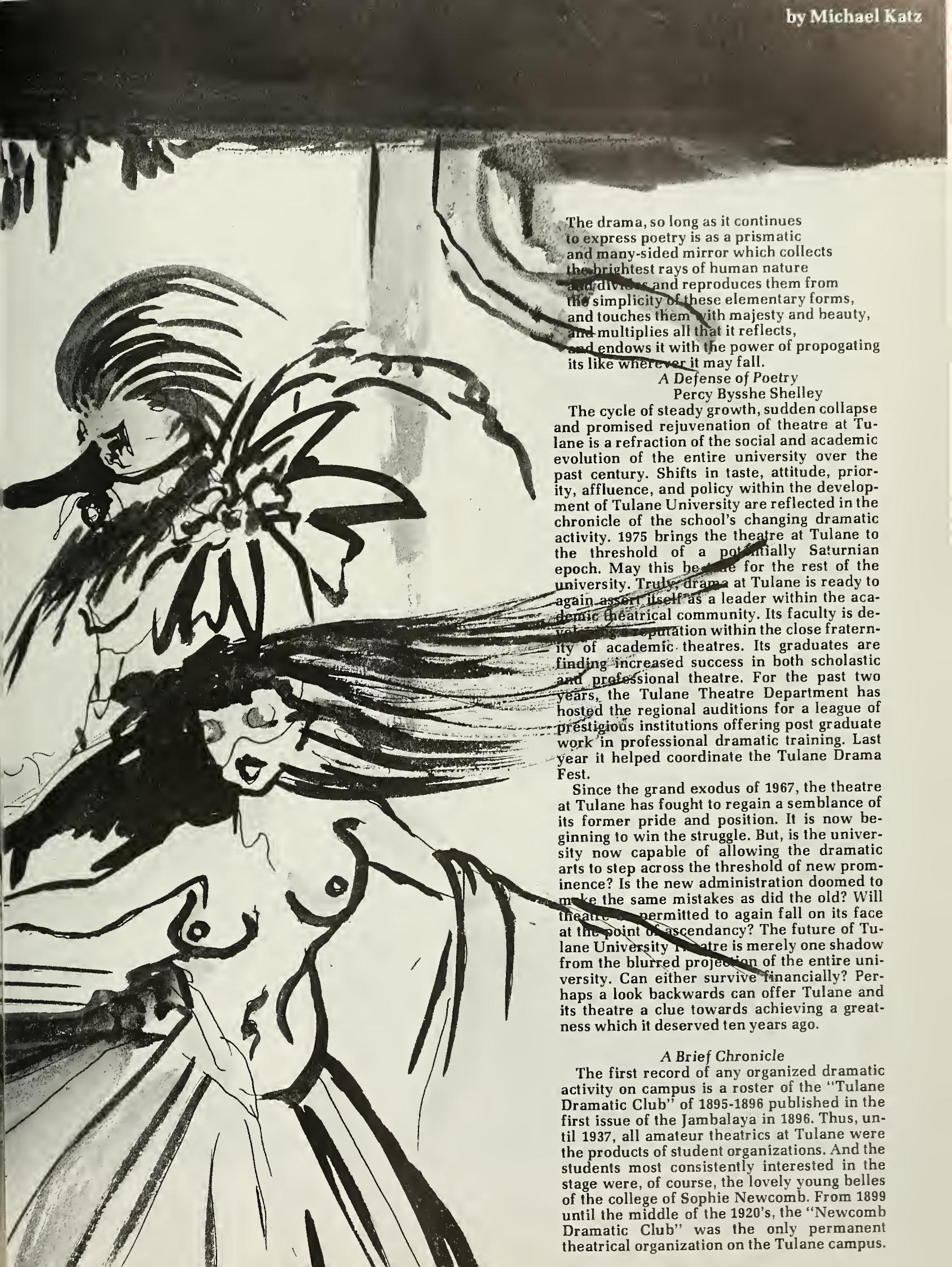


MUSIC



TULANE UNIVERSITY THEATRE





The drama, so long as it continues to express poetry is as a prismatic and many-sided mirror which collects the brightest rays of human nature and divides and reproduces them from the simplicity of these elementary forms, and touches them with majesty and beauty, and multiplies all that it reflects, and endows it with the power of propagating its like wherever it may fall.

A Defense of Poetry
Percy Bysshe Shelley

The cycle of steady growth, sudden collapse and promised rejuvenation of theatre at Tulane is a refraction of the social and academic evolution of the entire university over the past century. Shifts in taste, attitude, priority, affluence, and policy within the development of Tulane University are reflected in the chronicle of the school's changing dramatic activity. 1975 brings the theatre at Tulane to the threshold of a potentially Saturnian epoch. May this be the for the rest of the university. Truly, drama at Tulane is ready to again assert itself as a leader within the academic theatrical community. Its faculty is developing a reputation within the close fraternity of academic theatres. Its graduates are finding increased success in both scholastic and professional theatre. For the past two years, the Tulane Theatre Department has hosted the regional auditions for a league of prestigious institutions offering post graduate work in professional dramatic training. Last year it helped coordinate the Tulane Drama Fest.

Since the grand exodus of 1967, the theatre at Tulane has fought to regain a semblance of its former pride and position. It is now beginning to win the struggle. But, is the university now capable of allowing the dramatic arts to step across the threshold of new prominence? Is the new administration doomed to make the same mistakes as did the old? Will theatre be permitted to again fall on its face at the point of ascendancy? The future of Tulane University Theatre is merely one shadow from the blurred projection of the entire university. Can either survive financially? Perhaps a look backwards can offer Tulane and its theatre a clue towards achieving a greatness which it deserved ten years ago.

A Brief Chronicle

The first record of any organized dramatic activity on campus is a roster of the "Tulane Dramatic Club" of 1895-1896 published in the first issue of the *Jambalaya* in 1896. Thus, until 1937, all amateur theatics at Tulane were the products of student organizations. And the students most consistently interested in the stage were, of course, the lovely young belles of the college of Sophie Newcomb. From 1899 until the middle of the 1920's, the "Newcomb Dramatic Club" was the only permanent theatrical organization on the Tulane campus.

The first lasting male dramatic organization was the "Tulane Dramatic Society" of 1922. With implications more than prophetic, the club split in 1925 over parliamentary procedures into the "Tulane Dramatic Guild" and the "Tulane Dramatic Society". The first recurring motif: politics disrupts a healthy interest in the dramatic arts at Tulane.

In 1935 not only did the students squash the civil war, but the men of Tulane finally managed to fuse with the women of Newcomb, giving birth to the "Tulane University Players." This, in turn, set the stage for the first quantum leap in organized dramatics at Tulane.

From its inception, Tulane theatre found little difficulty in recruiting both faculty and students in its expanding dramatic curriculum. The splinters in the feet of those anxious to tread to boards, however, was that there were hardly any boards convenient for treading. The second recurring theme in the rise and fall of Tulane dramatics is the lack of adequate facilities. Until 1953, productions were rehearsed in locations with such exotic names as "the crypt" in the basement of Newcomb Hall, the St. Charles Hotel, the Carrollton Avenue Baptist Church, and the "Y-hut." And, when the music department wasn't using it, the theatre staged productions at Dixon Hall. Possibly from frustration over no place to call home, Dr. Lippman, a faculty member of the Theatre and English departments, decided to affiliate Tulane theatre

with LePetit Theatre du Vieux Carre during the 1947-1948 season. The inconvenience of distance and the reduced chances of students securing important roles soon put an end to this long-distance romance.

After a new faculty director named Paul Hostetler produced a few plays in the dingy workshop located under the stands of the defunct football stadium, the university decided to convert the space into a permanent proscenium playhouse in 1953. This facility is still used today under the auspicious title of the Phoenix Playhouse, a name optimistically bestowed upon it after 1967. Only seven years raced by before Tulane decided to offer the drama department another office. The next building provided the department with its first permanent classrooms, workshop, costume shop, and offices. In 1960, the old Bruff Commons Cafeteria was converted into an arena theatre. Appropriately enough, the first play performed at the new modest theatre was *Waiting for Godot*. It was not a smash hit in 1960. Thus, the two overused facilities for theatrical productions available to Tulane students of the dramatic arts are presently a converted football locker room and a renovated cafeteria. Impressive, isn't it?

The culmination of academic prominence for the theatre at Tulane began in 1958. Dr. Robert Corrigan was hired as a new faculty member by Tulane. He brought with him the concept of preceding each major theatrical production with a lecture by an eminent





dramatic scholar. Corrigan also brought the *Carleton Drama Review* to Tulane. Those monographs delivered by invited scholars were compiled in a new publication called the *Tulane Drama Review*. During the next ten years, it became one of the most respected and innovative theatre journals in the United States. Also within this decade, the Tulane Theatre Department educated and employed some of the men that directly influenced the completion of American Educational theatre today. Thirty years after Dr. Monroe Lippman instituted two courses in theatre within Tulane's department of English, Tulane's Theatre Department was world renowned.

What happened? What had been accomplished in print the faculty wished to put on the stage. The motif of second rate facilities returned. Also that old demon politics came back to haunt the halls of the old cafeteria. The university was not rolling in cash in 1967. A few years prior to this time, a good portion of impressive English faculty had departed the Gothic halls of St. Charles Avenue because of inadequate monetary support. A similar situation saw the architecture department transplanted. Still, Tulane made plans for building improvements. Learning this, the theatre faculty, with laurels in hand demanded consideration for a home to augment the two overused converts. The administration had priorities. Theatre was not one of them. Richard Scheckner, the new ed-

itor of the flourishing "T.D.R.," Dr. Lippman, and the rest of the faculty left for more receptive and supportive educational institutions. In the fall of 1967, the *Tulane Drama Review* changed its name to *The Drama Review*.

A Biased Conclusion

History doesn't repeat itself; the people who talk about it do. The years from 1967 to 1974 were ones of interrupted rejuvenation. Political power plays within the Theatre Department's administration often hampered its renewed vigor. Student polarization based upon personality and philosophical clashes also stunted its progress. And yet all these destructive tendencies, usually attributed to the revolutionary impatience of the late 1960's and early 1970's, could not stop Tulane's dramatic establishment from progressing.

The university now has the opportunity to correct the blunders of 1967. If it throws its support in the direction of one or two academic disciplines that possess the potential to bring prestige and a returned prosperity to this institution, Tulane can survive. One perfect investment would be its Theatre Department. The Dramatic Arts of Tulane University are the most visibly promising priority the new administration can support. And with its precarious financial future, Tulane must make even its lowest priorities count.



PEER GYNT



by Henrik Ibsen presented by Tulane University Theatre Oct. 7-13
8:00 pm Ticket Information: 865-6204 Arena Theatre





SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL



BY RICHARD SHERIDAN · NOV 14-17
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Madelaine Adams
Dale Allen
Mark Alexander
Steve Benzell
Pam Burton
Michael Britt
Diane Castleneuva
Stephanie Cochran
Sharon Conyer
Barry Corum
Susan Csillagi
Stella Curtis
Bill Dorris
Georgia Dupre
Amy Dyer
Randy Falk
Dixie Fields
Pat Galloway
Jim Goodwin
Clark Hancock
Adee Heebe

Lucinda Huffman
Heidi Junius
Michael Katz
Andi Kislan
Will Leckie
Patrick Lee
Abbe Levin
Gary Leviton
Ken Lowstetter
Julie Martin
Fred Mayer
Mary Anne Meadows
Trish Meginniss
Bernie Messar
Frank Moon
Peggy Moss
Sabina Negrea
Bob Newman
Rosemary Ozanne
Richard Paddor
Robert Paddor

Kathy Paul
Henrietta Perkins
Pam Poole
Greg Ptacek
Claire Richardson
Mark Robinson
Eric Sarver
Mike Siegler
Mike Sullivan
Linda Lee Stump
Bob Swasey
Marcia Tietgen
Gemi Todd
Mary Beth VanOehsen
Claudia Vasilovik
Peter Webb
Wynne West
Frank Wilson
Julie Yuspeh

Tulane University Theatre



Calvin Hill
Dallas Cowboys



William Manchester
Historian



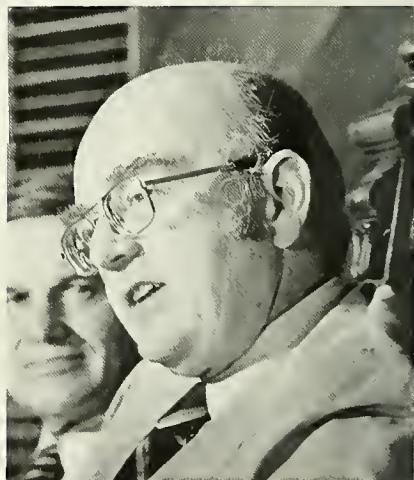
Jim McKay
ABC Sportscaster



Henry Duncombe
V.P., General Motors



Jacob Javits
Senator, New York



A. J. Meigs
Prof. of Economics,
Claremont College



DIRECTION

THE NEW
AMERICAN
DREAM

DIRECTION '75

by Gerald Snare

It is somehow amazing that twenty different panelists in five programs on five separate subjects should in a variety of ways address themselves to the same problem: the myth of the American Dream. A New American Dream, as the discussions gave it shape, seems largely the Old one tattered and patched with newer attitudes which are, oddly, mythic in their own way. The DIRECTION staff had a dream, equally tenuous though slightly different. They dreamt that such a variety of views should somehow cohere. The dream came true. Whether it was Calvin Hill debunking the myth of the sports hero, or Lawrence Altman reminding us that "the old family doc" does not really give the best health care, we all discovered that the old comfortable assumptions were not so comfortable anymore.

SPORTS IN AMERICA

Jim McKay began prophetically. He had an informal ease about him and a quiet enthusiasm for sports' peculiar kind of heroism. His manner itself accentuated a dilemma everyone spoke of in the course of the evening: he had, after all, reported the balletic excitement of Olga Korbut and the tragedy at Munich during the same week of the Olympics. Which was this greatest of all sports gatherings, a triumph of brotherly competition or a high-priced chauvinistic extravaganza? The answer didn't come easily. McKay wondered which sports experience we would

really prefer, the calm and terribly British sportsmanship of the London to Brighton antique

auto race, witnessed by more than a million people, or the "dim and sordid view" of 21st Century sport depicted in a new ABC special, "Roller

Ball," where the object of the game is the destruction of its participants. Calvin Hill, with a manner which belied his muscular frame, took up another dilemma. "When we see sports personalities," he said, "it bothers us to find they're human." In what amounted to a plea, he compared the "pampered, amoral" super-stud image of the football player to the flawed reality of his humanness, something of the same distinction

Bruce Ogilvie noted in describing the sport-hero as an essentially isolated man, trapped by the myth of his own success. The comfortable myths took a beating with Ogilvie's disquieting analysis:

Does sport help you with your manhood?

No. Does sport competition produce more responsible citizens? No. Does sport cultivate honesty? No. Does sport release in an acceptable way our innate aggression? No, it exacerbates it. We began to wonder about the value of the whole enterprise. But Patsy Neal, in her





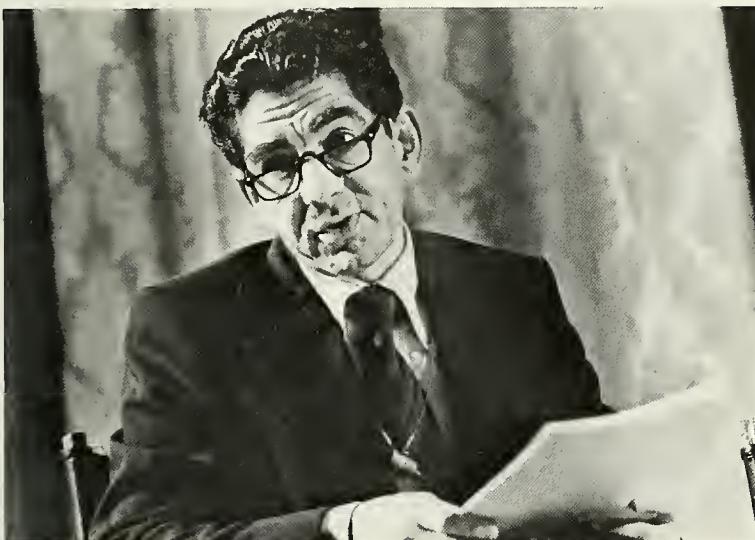
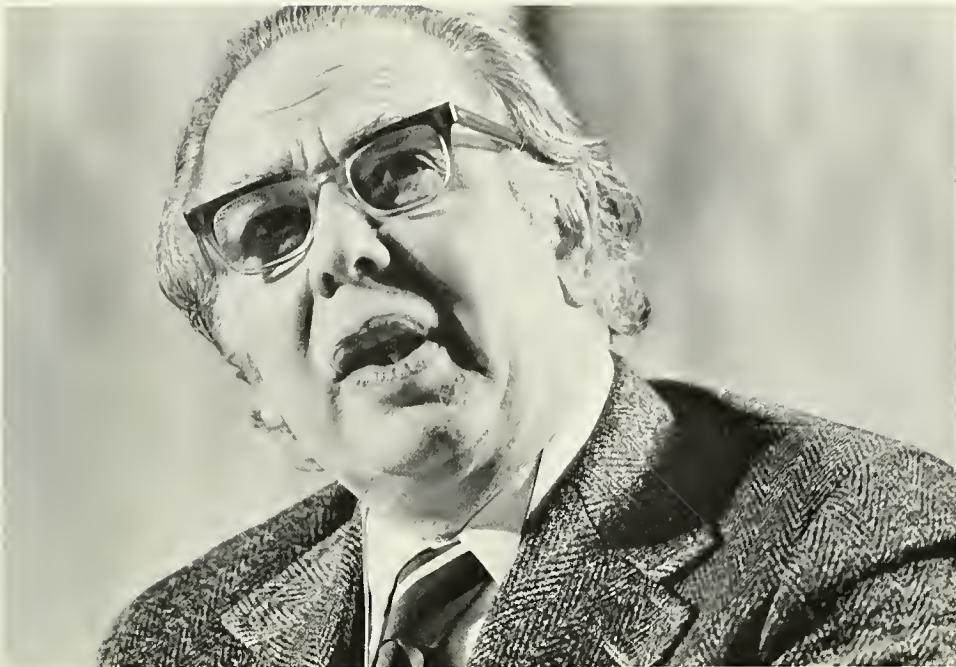
countryish sincerity, redeemed competition as an "individual happening," a deeply personal experience. Even so, that valuable part of sport was seen to suffer with a change in attitude — the demand to win. She described the effects of the new emphasis on women's sports as both boon and bane. The element of play soon disappears when teams must win, and winning costs — money for recruiting, money for athletic scholarships, money for travel, money for television. The old vision of sport as a part of the college educational experience will soon have to accommodate itself to the harder realities of hits cost and to the suspicion that college athletes are not drawn into academic life but alienated from it. Roone Arledge readily admitted that he had a hand in the dilemma as President of ABC Sports: "We have made a huge mountain out of sports." Citing a hundred-fold increase in his own television budget for sports over the past fifteen years, he gave his own assessment of a disquieting problem. It is true, he said, that sponsors want the best teams — one could smell money in the air. But, he enthused, the television money keeps many sports alive and encourages international rapport. There were anecdotes about Olga Korbut, about Averill Harriman and Nikita Kruschev hugging each other as Valery Brumel broke the world high jump record in Moscow, about the American ping-pong team in China. But we had the sense through the discussion that the dreamy myths had given way to an amiable, though tough-minded, apprehension of the realities. Perhaps that's what Ogilvie meant to cultivate when he said, breathing health and witty confidence, that sport is essentially a reflection of the value system of our society.

HEALTH CARE AND SOCIALIZED MEDICINE

When Lawrence Altman began with a series of questions, one could sense that any answers might be problematic. They were. John Veneman said as much: "It is a mistake to think there is A Solution to health care problems." The problems are essentially political, he opined, and political problems are settled, not solved. The evening's discussion seemed to bear out the vexing rationality of Veneman's point of view; indeed, the settlements proposed depended wholly on the politics and social view of the proposer. Malcolm Todd, President of the AMA, opted, perhaps predictably, for the status quo. Veneman was skeptical of government meddling with private enterprise.

And even Ernest Saward, a champion of Health Maintenance Organizations, thought that competition would produce a more organized health care system than government could. Only Jesse Steinfeld, who was clearly outnumbered, would opt for the Kennedy-Korman Bill and suggest that government might help more than it hindered our present medical progress. Yet even with his quietly angry statement that the "mechanism for payment has organized our health system," his real bogey-man turned out to be the American lifestyle. Todd chimed in: Society has failed to provide much of what is necessary in health





care. Saward agreed in observing that health services change only when there is social change. One could sense the panelists diplomatically searching for a kind of settlement in vast abstraction. While everyone seemed to agree that costs were high, the argument turned to who should do something about it. The government clearly took the worst of it, as we heard the virtues of private competition generally extolled. But if the panel preferred to let the profession heal itself, one was left to wonder if that opinion, like so many others offered during the week, was also based upon a myth. Altman knew the "old family doc" was not a Marcus Welby, M.D. And Steinfeld knew that "the emergency room is the place for the family physician" for one of every five American families. Our assumptions about who gives health care, who deserves it, and who pays for it became somehow less assured. And while there were specific proposals, especially by Steinfeld, the discussion led back to the questions Altman had first put. There was one clear answer, however, and it was the same as Ogilvie had given the previous night: health care systems reflect the different values of the country and so do the political medicines offered to cure their ills. Perhaps the over-conciliatory tone of the discussion was, after all, precisely the attitude necessary for settlement. The confident demand for positive answers had itself become disquieting by the end of the evening.

THE ECONOMY



Where there may have been tacit agreement among the discussants on health care, there was mostly disagreement among the panelists on the economy. And the disagreements went deeper than disparate opinions. One had only to look at the demeanor of the panel: Henry Reuss, perpetually smiling or grimacing (one could scarcely tell which), confident, ever quarrelous in debate, ever adopting that sense of political moderation that quiets a disagreement without really settling it; Henry Duncombe, aloof and reserved, assuming the unassailable position of a quiet and reasoned response to the noise of tax reform; Leonard Woodcock, with the reserved agitation of one used to several generations of labor wars; and Herbert Stein, a professorial politician, urbanely witty, able to quash an argument with a deft turn of the hand. Over such demonstrable disparities in outlook and deportment, the animated and chatty A. J. Meigs had to preside. The discussion began quietly enough



through some brief opening remarks before the sparks flew: Reuss presented a panoply of Congressional possibilities; Duncombe preferred the virtues of self-reliance to governmental problem solving; Woodcock reminded Duncombe the government had fed, not eaten, private profits; and Stein observed the flat economic ignorance of Congress. Meigs leaned back. The sides had been drawn.

After Duncombe had conjured up the avaricious spectre of federal controls, Woodcock remonstrated with "Why are you always trying to scare us?" Stein's deft hand came up and turned Woodcock's agitation with a witty remark. To the complaints of Reuss and Woodcock of the increased tax burden on the lower 80% of Americans and less to the upper 20%, Duncombe went back to blame Washington with a "runaway ex-

pansion" of government demands and of its appetite for a greater portion of tax money.

After the fire came the conciliation. Stein supported the free-market system and wanted Congress to support it. Reuss, less than willing to slaughter the sacred cow, agreed. Even Stein and Woodcock approached harmony when they agreed on the dangers of short-sighted and quickly conceived solutions to the long-term problems of inflation and recession. There was, then, something of a settlement, as inspecific as it was, but no solution.

One could not help but be annoyed at the vagaries of the subject itself and of the unpleasant necessity of a slow-moving compromise. After what was said, only the most hardy and optimistic could believe the old American myth, that if there's a problem, we can solve it.



FOREIGN AFFAIRS

John Stoessinger's opening remarks made the perfect transition from Economy to Foreign Affairs. The problems were here: Kissinger, Indochina, the Middle East, detente, NATO. But in the place of settled answer,

Stoessinger gave us a kind of warning: in foreign policy decisions, the questions never deal with right and wrong, but with right and right and wrong and wrong. In what could be scarcely more unsettling, we were cautioned to empathize with the problems rather than to expect clear and workable solutions. The practical man of strong opinions was in for a time of it this night.

The note was thus sounded. And Stoessinger, with a flare for drama, heralded the new Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse: Oil, Inflation, Famine, and Population. Perhaps only Jacob Javits, with the practical hand of the politician, would be able to deal with such a colossal vision in less than apocalyptic terms. He spoke about Congress asserting its powers in foreign policy decisions — the scope was comfortably limited. But Arnaud de Bouchgrave and Hans Morgenthau saw farther. For de Bouchgrave, one cannot afford to deal with an apocalypse without a fundamental change in attitude. And Morgenthau, a little more pointedly, decried the Metternichian attitude of America's constant support of the world status-quo. To him, the





U.S. is always on the wrong side of history. So the direction was established and the specifics of world policy were to be discussed in this context.

Yet within the semi-accord about the scope of the discussion, there was fiery discord about the particulars, especially Cambodia and Israel. De Bourchgrave contended that as all foreign policy is interlinked, the abandonment of Cambodia would surely result in a loss of confidence in U.S. policy elsewhere. Stoessinger and Javits saw the same. But Morgenthau damned the enterprise. The fire soon got hotter. De Bourchgrave began quietly enough, in his intense and somewhat opinionated way, to report that Arab leaders, principally Sadat and Assad, admitted to him in private that they didn't really care to dismantle Israel. The quiet suggestion brought a warm reply. Morgenthau, with the skepticism of his years, pointedly suggested the public and private declarations of these men were at odds, wondering where they might be inclined to lie more, in public or in private, or in both places. The audience laughed. De Bourchgrave didn't. He wondered if Morgenthau had traveled in the Arab world recently. Morgenthau allowed as how "some Jews take more chances than other Jews." He was convinced that the ancient animosity of the two peoples was beyond repair. De Bourchgrave demurred.

But while this interchange stirred the audience and panelists the most, the final statements, this time in agreement, should have struck more ominously. When Javits suggested that in this new world declarations of war are passé, he had really touched on a central issue which both Morgenthau and William Manchester, who concluded the series the next night, saw as the most crucial. National governments have not been able to face, let alone solve, the problems visualized in Stoessinger's *Four Horsemen*. When Morgenthau thus declared that the nation state as a principal of political organization is obsolete, panelists and audience were silent. One could not escape the feeling that we were all being drawn again into that vast historical and apocalyptic context which began the evening. The specific proposals, and there were several offered, seemed finally rather too confined to the events of the past several weeks, almost too mutable to be very effective. And one could finally understand what Stoessinger meant when he asked us to empathize with the problems, to feel that curious anxiety over choosing between right and right and wrong and wrong.

AMERICA IN PERSPECTIVE

William Manchester summed it up. It seemed as if he had heard the dilemmas, the unanswered and unanswerable questions, the myths, and the anxieties of the previous evenings. He had thought over a whole spectrum of opinion in a comprehensive way. He had reflected. And in his undramatic way, he tried to communicate the inherent contradictions of our recent past with his wordsmanship. One had to listen to the craft of the man.

Perhaps his quotation from Henry Adams was the point of his reflection: "The greatest challenge to the United States is the velocity of its history." We are, Manchester noted, the only nation to equate this high speed change with progress. And this satisfaction at progressiveness has done a great deal to foster a curious kind of delight in the rejection of nationalism and isolationism: we were reminded of transnational corporations, of our continuing support for the United Nations, and of the nature of American foreign policy in which, as de Bourghgrave remarked the previous evening, decisions about any one country inevitably affect other countries.



And yet, Manchester went on, this progressive attitude, this sense of "chronological snobbery," ironically has likewise fostered a chauvinistic nationalism in the nations of the Third World, even in the "archaic national tribalism" of the U.N. The ironies and contradictions compounded as the evening went on. We knew what Manchester meant about the "bright star of technological promise tracked by the dark star of global destruction."

He paused. The inherent contradictions in our sense of progress are, perhaps, a good index to what he called the American Vision: an open society, sanctifying the right of the individual to be different, "suffering dissent to the last limit of sufferability." But the American Dream, like progress, has two sides to it. While we can contemplate with pleasure the legacy of openness — mobility, a passion for egalitarianism, a system susceptible to change from within — we can also observe the other legacies, with regret — violence, the loss of personal privacy, the occasional demagogue, the vulcanization of society. Where American visualize an

egalitarian society, they also discriminate by sex, color, and religion, cultivate a "generational apartheid," and exacerbate cleavages. They visualize sex without secrecy and guilt, and at the same time open the privacy of the bedroom to research. Where there is freedom to bear arms, there is also the harvest of great, personal violence.

In his speech, as in all the programs, we were constantly pressed to see the American Dream not as a fraud, but as a particular, partly-real fantasy, where the visions of the good are always attended by the realities of the bad. Perhaps Manchester was speaking for all twenty of his colleagues when he said, "If there has to be a Number One, America is probably the best." The statement meant more than met the ear. For in the interrogative nature of DIRECTION, we had, at the very least, met with a dialogue which would never allow us the complacency of dogmatism. And that may be the better part of the New American Dream.

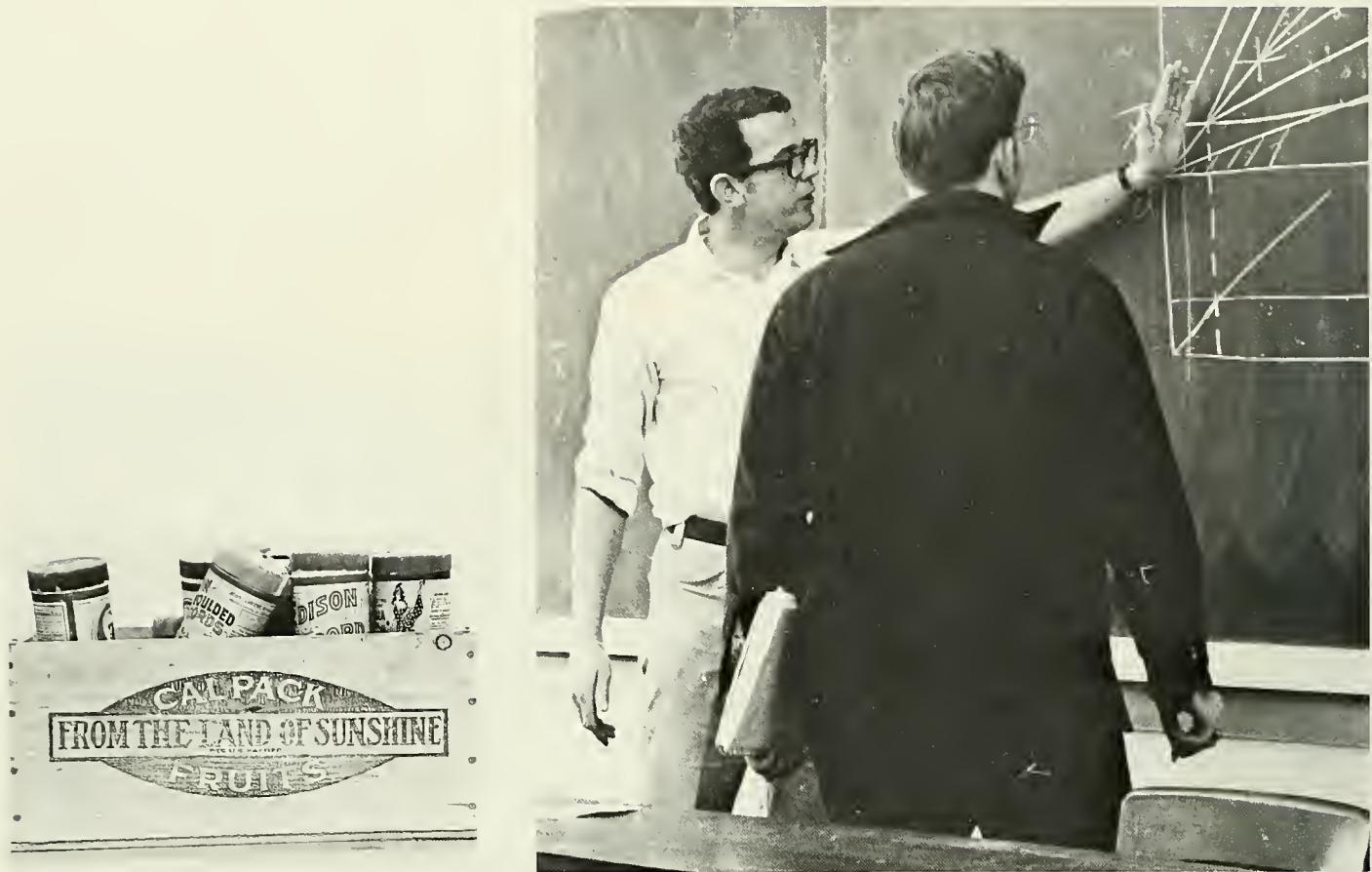


DIRECTION '75

Brian Zipp — Chairman
Alan Krinzman — Speakers
Lawrence Doyle — Vice-Chairman
Caro Uhlmann — Finance
Doug Hertz
Peggy Kaufman
Adee Heebe — Public Relations
Ernest Back
Phyllis Karsh — Secretary
Jennifer Lehmann — Treasurer
Annamerle Zwitman — Hospitality
Kenneth Katzoff — Administrative Aide
Katy Alley — Tickets
Carol Harkins
Frank McRoberts — Security
Lawrence Fleder — Special Projects
Jeff Turner
Neil Lichtman
Kathryn Kahler — Program Editor
Dr. Gerald Snare — Faculty Advisors
Dr. Stephen Zeff









NEWCOMB POTTERY



Lamp base and lamp shade, with additional metalwork.
Pottery base with flower design outlined in black.
Decorator Esther Huger Elliott. 1901.

Increasingly prized by museums, collectors and student's of the field, Newcomb Pottery ceramics considered to be among the finest of the art pottery produced in this country during the span from 1896 to 1940. In the period when the Arts and Crafts movement flourished in America, the Newcomb Pottery received a host of awards at various national and international expositions. These awards include a bronze medal from the 1900 International Exposition in Paris and a gold medal award from the Panama Pacific Centennial Exposition in San Francisco in 1915.

The Pottery was a semi-commercial adjunct to the Newcomb Art Department. It was the only art pottery of this era directly associated with a college. When the Pottery was begun Newcomb College was a scant decade old, and the Art School had been in existence for only five years.

The idea of the Pottery was largely conceived by Professor Ellsworth Woodward, then head of the Art School. Woodward's ideas were rooted in those of the late nineteenth-century Arts and Crafts movement in England and America, ideas that focused on the beauty of hand-crafted objects and the dignity of creative work.

Throughout the entire period most of the designs were based on the flora and fauna of southern Louisiana. In some cases the representations were very realistic; in others they were abstract and stylized. Acacia, camphor berries, crayfish, freesia, jasmine, laurel, rice, tobacco flower, willows and wisteria are among the many natural forms used as a point of departure for the designs. Though there was some variation in color, the two most favoured colours for the body of the vases and pots were a soft green and a muted blue. In almost all of the late work the bodies of the vessels are glazed a rich, deep, matt blue.

The earliest designs were usually freely brushed on in blue, green and yellow underglaze colours over the natural cream colour of the clay. The whole was then given a transparent glossy glaze.

By 1905 most of the designs had become more formal and abstracted, reflecting the taste for bold designs characterized by the geometric phase of the art nouveau. Outlines were defined by incised carved lines which were filled with black underglaze. Other underglaze colours were used on the decorated area. The outside body was thus coloured and the inside usually remained the colour of the clay body. Again, a transparent gloss glaze covered the whole.

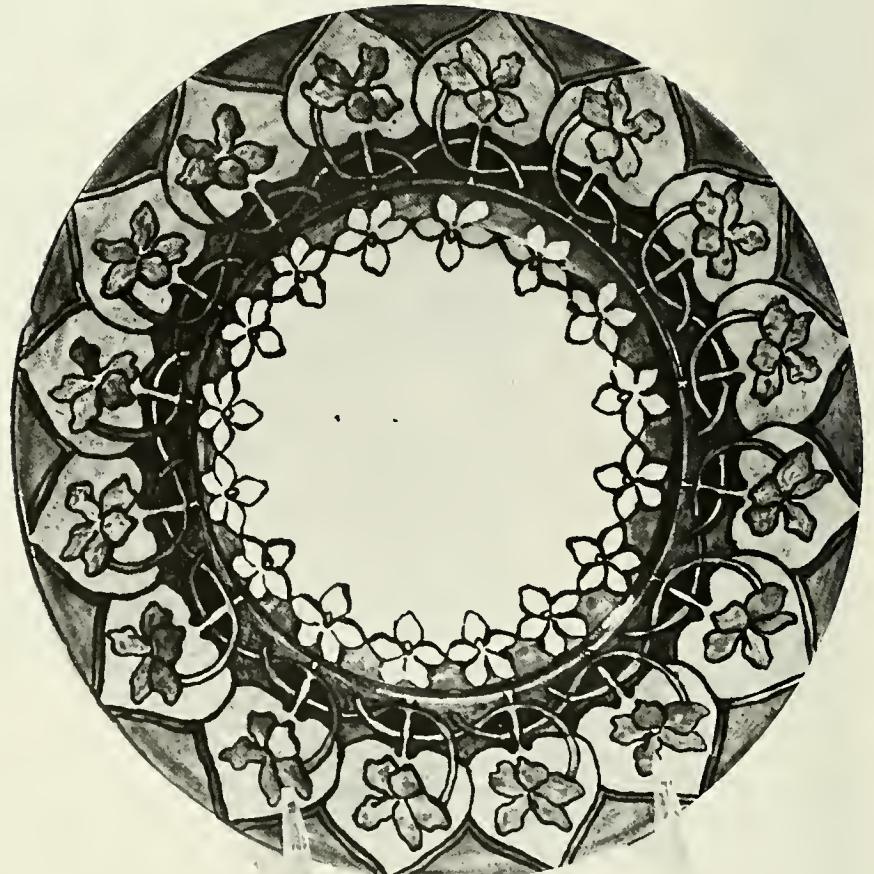
In the period 1910-1920 low modeled relief designs were introduced. These were often very naturalistic. It was probably around this time that Sadie Irvine introduced the evocative and much-beloved "moon and moss" motif. It was around 1910, too, that matt glazes rather than the glossy finishes were introduced. From this time on they were used almost exclusively. The underglaze colours were sponged on, often giving a soft stippled effect.



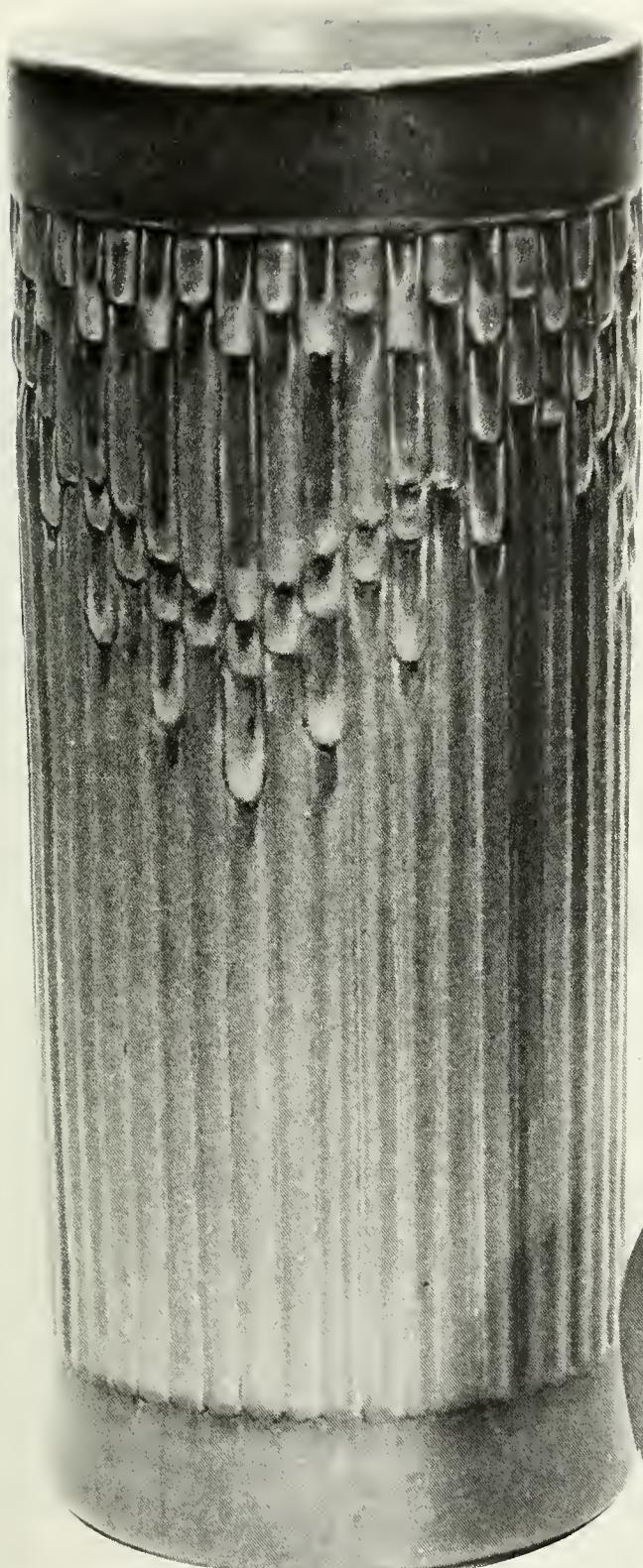
Coffee pot with incised abstract tree or floral design, matt grey-blue glaze. Decorator unknown, Joseph Meyer potter. 1905-1915.



Vase, painted design of flowers, jonquils, of colored glazes with glossy overglaze. Decorator Amelie Roman, potter Joseph Meyer. 1895-1905.



Plate, painted design of flowers, probably violets. One of the earliest pieces of the pottery collection. Decorator Katherine Kopman. 1895.



Vase with abstract design in relief borrowed from fireplace design in an "old Spanish mansion". Matt blue glaze. Decorator Anna Francis Simpson, potter Joseph Meyer. 1920. Small vase with abstract design, blue matt glaze. Decorator Sadie Irvine. 1920.

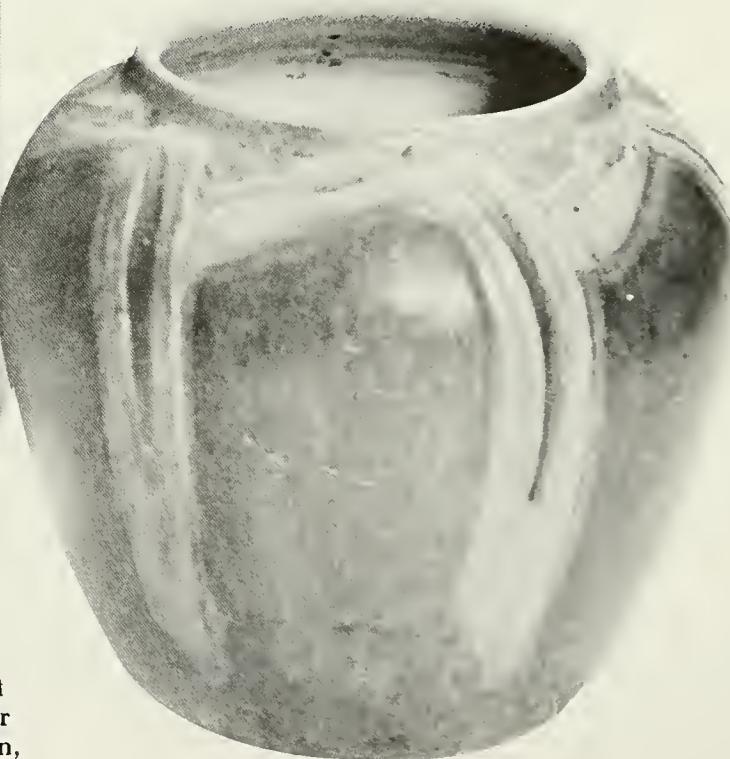
By the mid-twenties, and into the nineteen-thirties, some of the designs again were more abstract, keeping step with the taste for the "moderne". Some designs have the faceted and syncopated feeling of Art Deco. In the late twenties and early thirties some of the pieces continued to be modeled in low relief, but these were left uncoloured.

Several of the people who had been responsible for the direction of the Pottery had retired by 1940, and few students trained in the Art Department were joining the Pottery. New and different ideas on the education of artists were being introduced, and it was decided to close the Pottery.

For a time, the Newcomb Guild was set up to provide an outlet for both student and faculty work. However, unlike Newcomb Pottery, the pieces of Newcomb Guild pottery were each the work of a single artist from beginning to end. Thus, the closing of the Pottery effectively marked the cessation of production of the highly distinguished Newcomb ceramics.

(As a note of interest, the college's collection of Newcomb pottery is currently on display in the Art Building).

Jessie Poesch





Majestic Maya stucco head from Honduras.

MIDDLE AMERICAN RESEARCH INSTITUTE

Tulane's Middle American Research Institute celebrated its 50th anniversary this year. Founded in 1924 through a gift by the late Samuel Zemurray, a member of the University's Board of Administrators and President of the United Fruit Company, it is internationally known for its impressive record of research and publications on the humanities and social sciences of Mexico and Central America. It has sent many major archaeological and ethnological expeditions into the field and has sponsored field research as well as archival and library studies in anthropology, sociology, history, economics, political science, geography, linguistics, art history, and language and literature. Many Tulane students, along with students from other universities, have taken part in these expeditions.

The first expedition, under the direction of the late Frans Blom, accompanied by Oliver LaFarge, later a Pulitzer Prize novelist, covered 1200 miles of travel by foot, horseback, and sloop from Vera Cruz to the Tuxtla Mountains, to the later famous ancient site of La Venta, then to ruins in Chiapas and across the rainforests into Guatemala. The trip is described in a Middle American Research Institute volume work, *Tribes and Temples*. The second expedition, in 1928, traversed nearly 1500 miles through highland and jungle, following unmapped trails from southern Mexico across to northern Guatemala and ending in northern Yucatan. A Tulane student, Webster McBryde, who later became a famous geographer, and to whom Tulane in recent years awarded an honorary degree, took part in this trek. This was long before landing strips for aircraft or roads had been built in the area; the expedition lived completely off the land — hunting, fishing, and trading with the Indians — and they had almost daily adventures.

In 1930, Mr. Blom took two Tulane students in architecture with him on an expedition to Uxmal, Yucatan, where they made drawings, photographs, and stucco casts of an ancient building to be reproduced as a museum at the Century of Progress Exposition in Chicago.

On my return from the armed forces, we began to plan another expedition, and in 1947, accompanied by Ray Marino, a Tulane undergraduate in geology, carried on excavations at Zacualpa in the remote highlands of Guatemala. Ray and I lived in a dirt-floored, windowless Indian hut in a valley inhabited by about eleven Indian families — without running water, plumbing, or electricity — boiling our water and for a long time cooking our own meals, washing our clothes, and keeping house in addition to our daily excavations from sunrise to late afternoon. We dug in an ancient city that had been occupied for 15 centuries — from about 500 B.C. to the sixteenth century A.D. — and established the first archaeological chronology for this area of the highlands. Later we moved to Utatlan, the ancient capital of the prehistoric Quiche kingdom in Guatemala, and excavated there to fill out the archaeological record up to the time of Alvarado's Spanish conquest. Some of our experiences are recorded in a book, *They Found the Buried Cities*.

In the 1950's excavations were begun at the ruins of Dzibilchaltun in northern Yucatan, under the direction of the late Dr. E. Wyllis Andrews IV, who had joined the staff of the Institute. The project was co-sponsored by the National Geographic Society and supported by generous grants from the National Sci-

ence Foundation and the American Philosophical Society. Digging continued for 15 years and revealed the largest and longest-inhabited city ever discovered in this region — occupied from long before Christ up to the Spanish conquest in the 16th century. They included extensive scuba diving in a cenote, or natural well, 145 feet deep in the center of the site, and excavation, repair, and restoration of the now-famous Temple of the Seven Dolls.

In 1968 excavations were shifted to the rainforest of Southern Campeche in order to link the Yucatan record with that of the prehistoric Maya in Guatemala. Many Tulane students in anthropology, together with students from other universities around the country, took part in the explorations and excavations. Among the exciting discoveries in Yucatan was that of the Cave of Balankanche, where in long-sealed caverns deep underground the field staff recorded an archaeological shrine of almost a thousand years ago, and watched a native Indian ceremony to placate the Rain God to whom the shrine had been dedicated.

Last year and this year we have been excavating in the semi-desert state of Jutiapa in Guatemala. These investigations are still under way. This is hot, dry, cactus, cowboy country, where everyone rides a horse and carries a lasso; it has been, until now, almost unexplored archaeologically.

M.A.R.I. has published or has in press 41 volumes of research reports, plus the 16 volumes of the encyclopedic *Handbook of Middle American Indians*, which it assembled and edited for the University of Texas Press.

Under Blom's directorship, and with the aid of a grant from the Rockefeller Foundation, the Institute assembled an excellent library of Middle American books and documents. Since 1942, aided by additional grants from the Carnegie Corporation and the Ford Foundation, this library has now been expanded to include all of Latin America in what is now part of the Howard-Tilton Library at Tulane; it is one of the best collections of its kind in the world.

The Institute also maintains a small museum gallery on the fourth floor of Dinwiddie Hall, and study collections of many thousands of native Indian archaeological artifacts, modern Indian costumes, and other specimens of arts and crafts from many parts of the world. These are used constantly by Tulane classes in archaeology, anthropology, and primitive art. In spite of the fact that there is usually at least one article about it in the Hullabaloo every year, relatively few Tulane students even know of the museum gallery or the Institute's program. Seniors and alumni who happen to wander in by accident are constantly expressing amazement that in all their years at Tulane they did not know of the Institute's existence. I hope that this short message will help to correct that situation, and I cordially invite all Tulane students and their families and friends to visit our museum gallery.

I retire at the end of this year. My successor, Dr. E. Wyllis Andrews V of Northern Illinois University, is a veteran of many years of archaeological field-work in Yucatan, Guatemala, El Salvador, and various parts of the United States. For three years he was Director of our program of research in Yucatan and Campeche, Mexico. I am sure that he will welcome student participation in future expeditions.

Robert Wauchope
Director



Plaster cast relief from site of Palenque, Mexico
—Maya culture.



Native Maya costume from Guatemala.

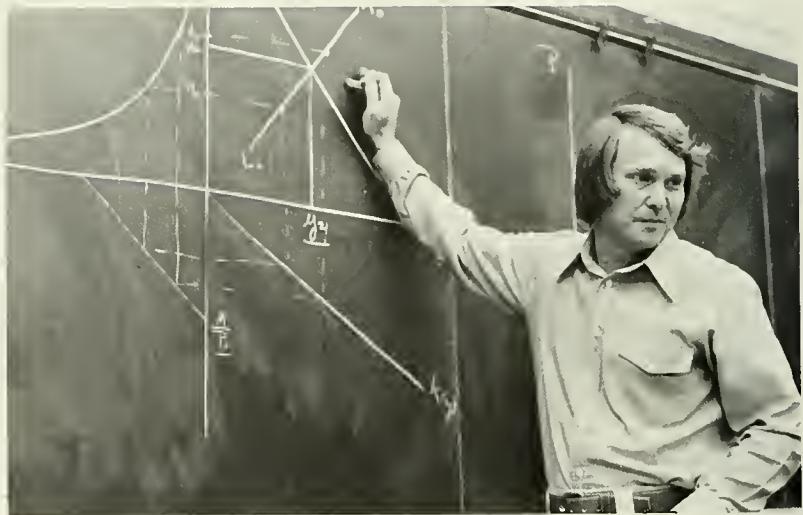
Ceramic urn from Oaxaca, Mexico — Zapotec culture.

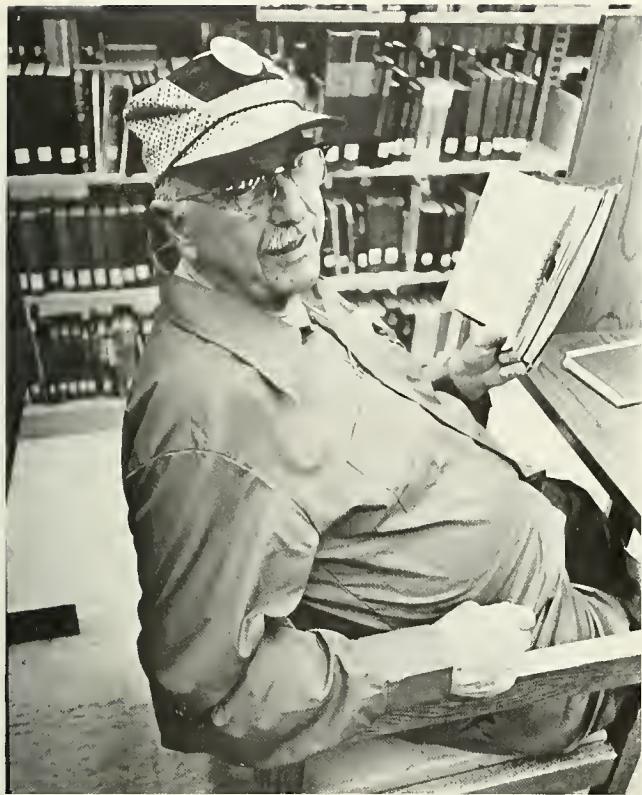


Reconstruction of tomb at Comalcalco — Maya culture.

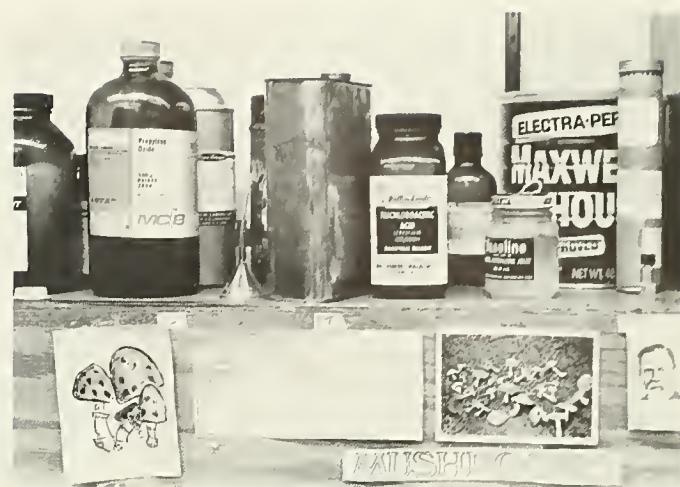
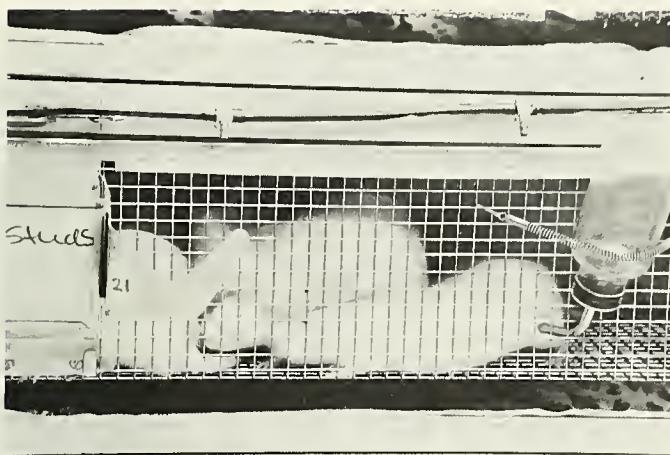


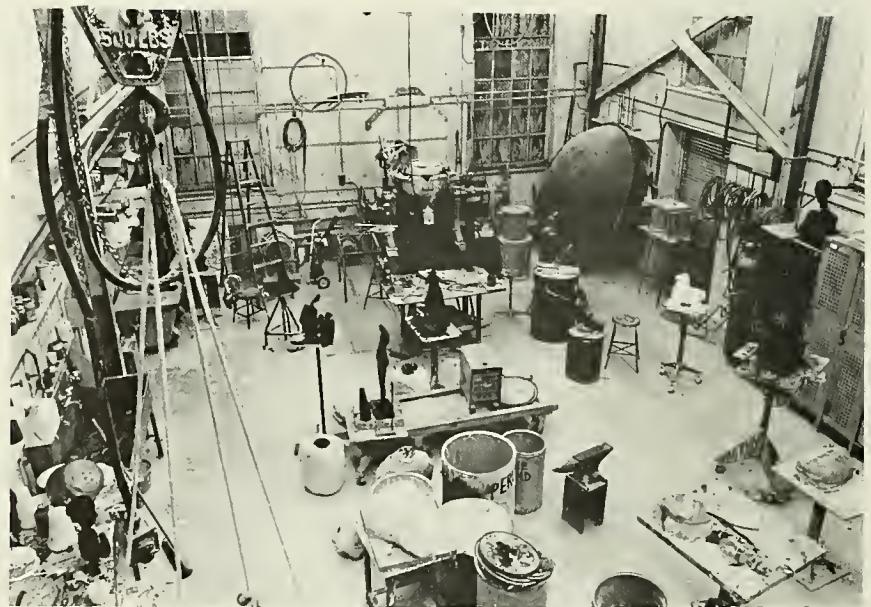
ACADEMICS













ALL MUST WEAR
NEWCOMB SWIM
SUITS, A CAP &
THONG SANDALS.

STREET SHOES
PROHIBITED AROUND
POOL, IN SHOWER
AND DRESSING ROOM.

BOBBY PINS &
BANDAIDS REMOVED
BEFORE SWIMMING.

SWIMMERS DRESS
IN POOL
DRESSING ROOM.

SHOWER BEFORE
SWIMMING.

DO NOT GO IN TO
WATER BEFORE
INSTRUCTOR OR
GUARD IS PRESENT.



To the Ladies





Emily White



Lucinda Huffman



Anne Craighead



Janice Simmons



Denise Butler



Caro Uhlmann



Beverly Briggs



ATHLETICS

ATHLETICS; GONE FOREVER?

By Nate Lee



Imagine you are an athlete. If you have gotten this far, now imagine you are an athlete at Tulane University in Intercollegiate Athletics. There is a fond terminology for your kind. You are a jock. This rather creative, metaphorical, nomenclature can have different connotations. The most common of which is associated with Desenex. You are used by the school or a certain body therein, under their own justification, as a promotion for the school and a means of keeping alumni close to their alma mater. You are made to sleep, work and eat together with the other jocks, and are blamed, just as a racial minority, or any other group subject to prejudice, for the actions of those associated with you as jocks. The mere association is a loss of your own identity as a person, student, or individual, but you are used to that, being part of the team, the machine. You are sometimes paid to attend school so you can entertain its students with your weekend gladiatorial enterprises. If you are lucky and perform well, you might get thumbs up and you will be able to live . . . until next week.

Now imagine you are a student, not participating in Intercollegiate Athletics. You might be wondering how you ever got tickets for the BIG ONE with LSU. You are probably disappointed that the same clique of people up there that control athletics, moved your football team downtown. And you wonder frequently why the club sport which you like to participate in, gets so little money compared to the sports which you

only watch.

The football team was something like Hurricane Carmen. Its overwhelming power was talked about, its furious arrival was anticipated anxiously, but all that showed up around Tulane was a weak gust of wind. A few freshman athletes at the beginning of the year received some degree of publicity and a little punishment as they took out their pre-game hypertension a little too emotionally on some students in Monroe Hall. This began discussion on abolishing the athletic dormitory system and dispersing the athletes around campus.

Instead of the previously held "first come, first served" system for distributing tickets to the football game with LSU, a new system of using a lottery was established.

The move to the Superdome was an issue of continuous controversy throughout the year. Most of the students, did not, do not, and will not want to travel down to Poydras Street to watch the Green Wave splash around. The move even drew satirical comment from President Ford.

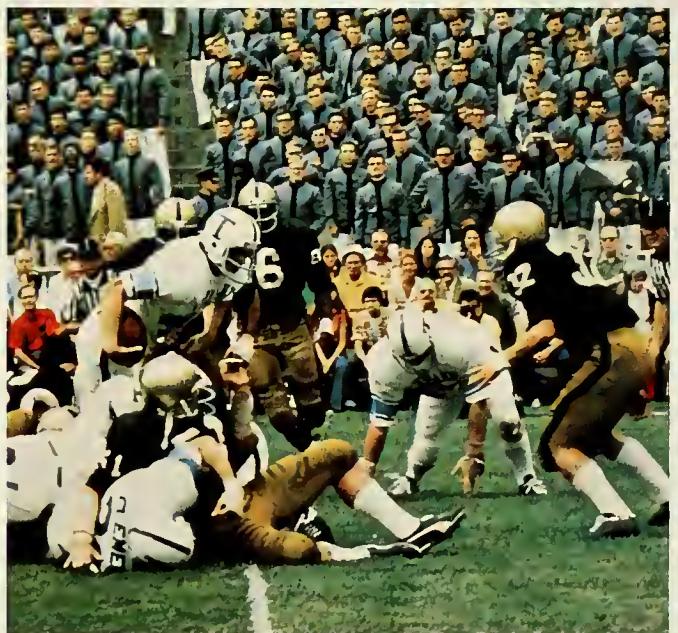
Title IX was introduced to the campus. It merely stated that Universities must also supply money for women's intercollegiate sports. However, decisions weren't made, though as to whether this applied to Newcomb and if so, where the money would come from.

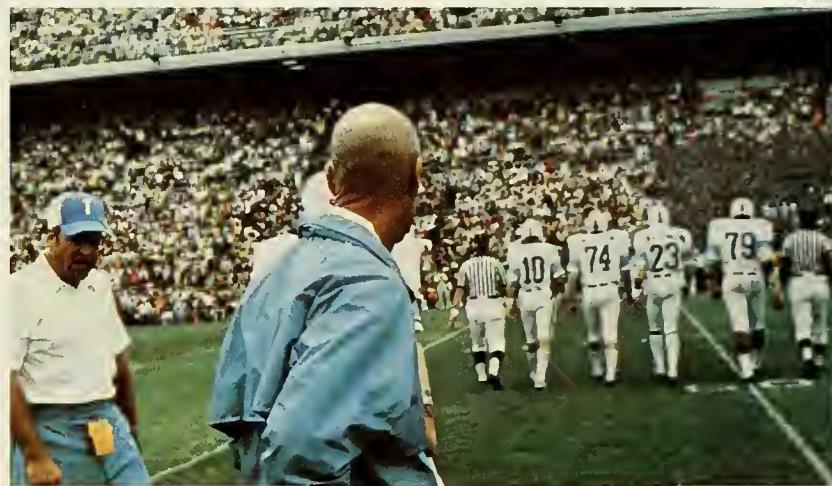
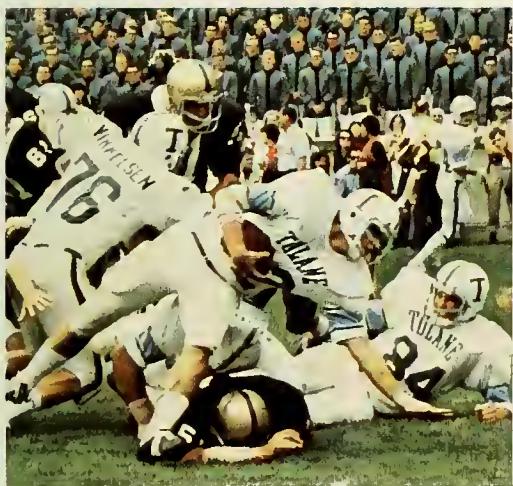
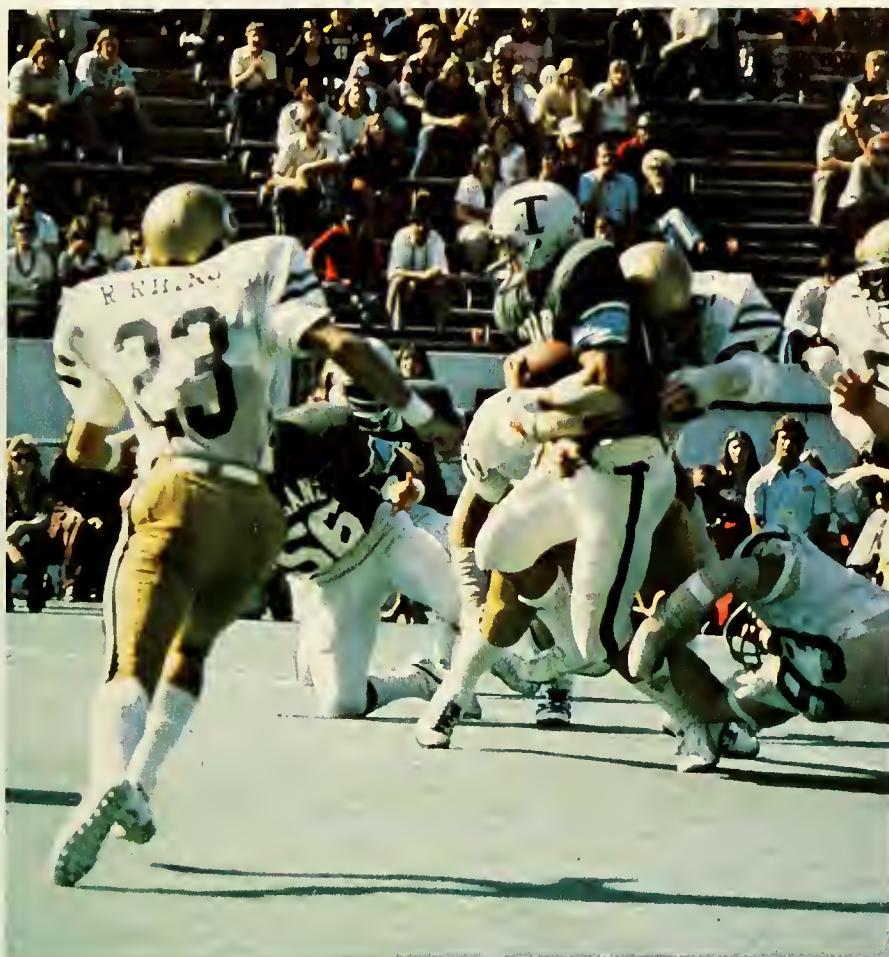
Intercollegiate athletics came under attack this year for the amount spent on them as compared to the amount spent on club sports. The 500 students in intercollegiate athletics receive \$2 million while only \$60,000 goes to the 4000 participants in the intramural program. Club sports include canoeing, flying, lacrosse, dancing, rugby, soccer, parachuting, and sailing, along with various fraternity league sports. In most of these club sports, it is not the victory, money, or professional future that counts, it is the superlative emotional qualities in separating from ones' stomach in the flying club's airplanes, or separating from everything in parachuting. The 'thrill' of victory is had in the atmosphere of the spirited embidging of the Rugby club's postgame bashes.

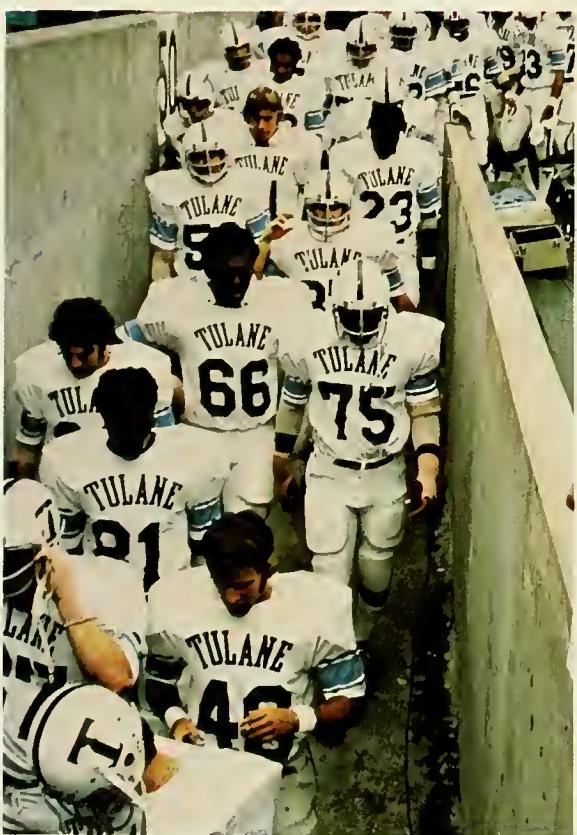
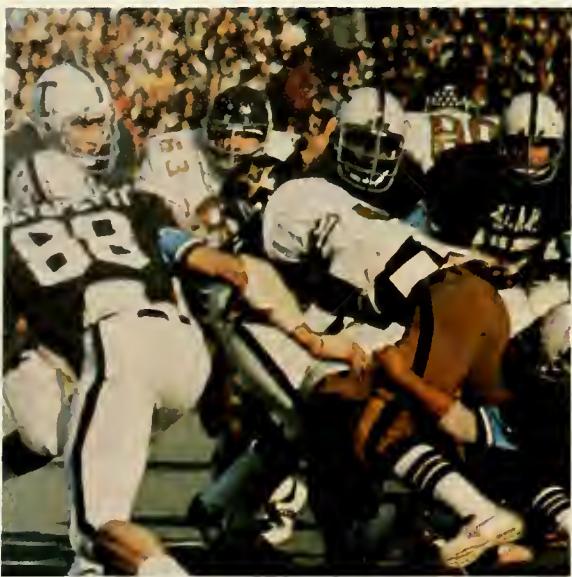
Athletics is like a pair of sneakers. Though they were the best you ever had, and made you feel good while they lasted, they wore out too soon, and now they'll have to go.

FOOTBALL

1974





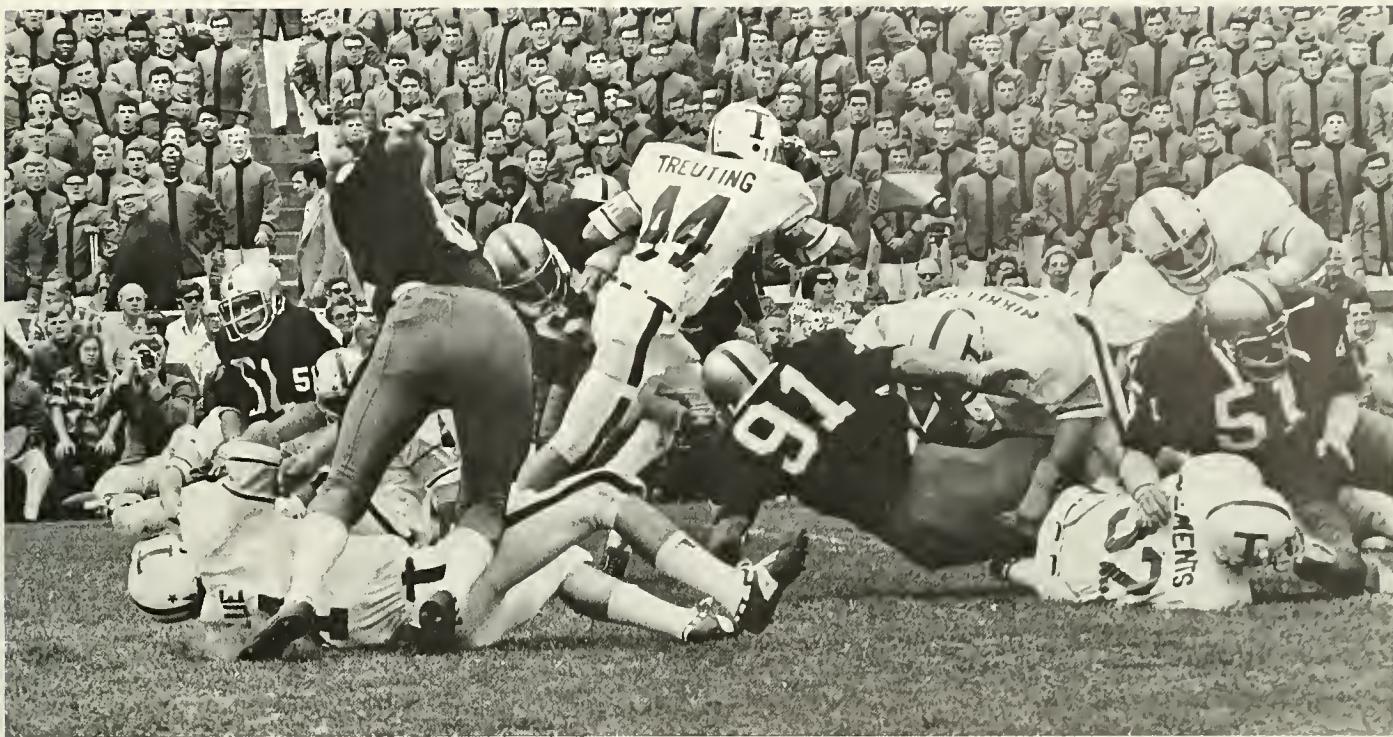




1974 Record
(5-6)

Tulane	10	Mississippi	26
Tulane	17	S.W. Louisiana	16
Tulane	31	Army	14
Tulane	17	West Virginia	14
Tulane	10	Air Force	3
Tulane	30	Citadel	3
Tulane	7	Georgia Tech	27
Tulane	7	Kentucky	30
Tulane	3	Boston College	27
Tulane	22	Vanderbilt	30
Tulane	22	Louisiana State	24





Coming of a 9-2 season with 40 returning lettermen, the first win over LSU in 25 years, and a schedule that looked like a laugh-er on paper, 1974 was expected to be the year Tulane football really made it big.

But something went wrong along the way. Like the '71 season after the Liberty Bowl year, hopes and dreams were dashed by reality.

The season opener against Ole Miss was postponed due to the threat of Hurricane Carmen and was an omen of things to come.

The Green Wave then reeled up five straight victories over LSU, Army, West Virginia, Air Force and the Citadel.

The Wave was not overpowering in any of these contests. And a lack of offensive punch and a defense that was more porous than it should have been, quickly appeared.

But the Greenies were still 5-0, and hope was still present.

But then on regional television the following week against rival Georgia Tech, the loss of the game coupled with the loss of premier quarterback Steve Foley started the Wave's slide downward.

The team went on to lose its remaining six games to Kentucky, Boston College, Vanderbilt, LSU, and Old Miss to end Tulane's final season in Tulane Stadium with a 5-6 record.

But there were some bright spots during the season:

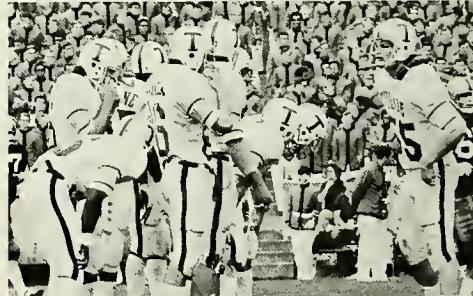
Despite missing four games, Steve Foley ended his brilliant career by becoming Tulane's All-time total offense leader.

Three Tulane players — Foley, defensive tackle Charlie Hall, and defensive back John Washington were picked in the pro draft. Rusty Chambers was later signed as a free agent with the Saints.

And the second half of the Tulane-LSU game was something for all Tulane fans to be proud of. Down 21-0 at half, the Wave battled back to lose a close 24-22 decision. And the Wave even had a touchdown called back that could have made the difference.

So again, we look to next year. The Green Wave will have to rely on youth, especially in the interior line, and someone to fill the shoes of Steve Foley.

But with the Wave moving to the Superdome, with seven home games in 1975, hope again rides high.



1974 Roster

10	Steve Foley	20	Artie Liuzza	33	Howard McNeill	43	Nick Anderson
11	Johnny Hubbard	21	Charles Cline	34	Dwight Chretien	44	Steve Treuting
12	Terry Looney	22	Bill Van Manen	35	Mike Loftin	45	Eddie Price
13	Martin Mitchell	23	John Washington	36	Arthur Green	46	Robert Brown
14	Jaime Garza	24	Tom Fortner	37	Kit Bonvillian	47	Charles Griffin
15	Buddy Gilbert	25	Wyatt Washington	38	Joe Jacobi	48	Bill Kramer
16	Mike Keeffe	28	Randy Cothran	39	Marc Robert	50	Brent Baber
17	David Falgoust	29	David Lee	40	Gary Rudick	51	Jim Andrews
18	David Bordes	30	Russell Huber	41	Mike Price	52	Kenny Quick
19	Jeff Smith	32	Miles Clements	42	Don Lemon	53	Rusty Chambers

54	Hank Tatje
55	Jim Gueno
56	Billy Nix
57	Jay McGrew
58	Cameron Gaston
59	Don Joyce
60	Alan Baker
61	Mike Korf
62	Brian Bourgeois
63	John Ronquillo
64	George Bauer
65	Mark Olivari
66	Cleveland Joseph
67	Jack Gullison
69	Mike Arthur
70	Nathan Bell
72	Dennis Delaney
73	Alan Zaunbrecher
74	Rick Rutledge
75	Harold Villere

76	Ed Mikkelsen
77	Paul Brock
78	Brian Norwood
79	Charles Hall
80	Chuck Lapeyre
81	Zack Mitchell
82	Barry Morris
83	Byron Keller
84	Darwin Willie
85	Rene Faucheux

86 Bryan Alexander

87 Dick Pryor

88 Cliff Voltapetti

89 Blaine Woodfin

Bennie Ellender, Head Coach

Don Jackson, Asst. Coach

Marvin Hagaman, Asst. Coach

Oscar Lofton, Frosh Coach

Joe Jones, Asst. Coach

Tony Misita, Asst. Coach

Billy Laird, Asst. Coach



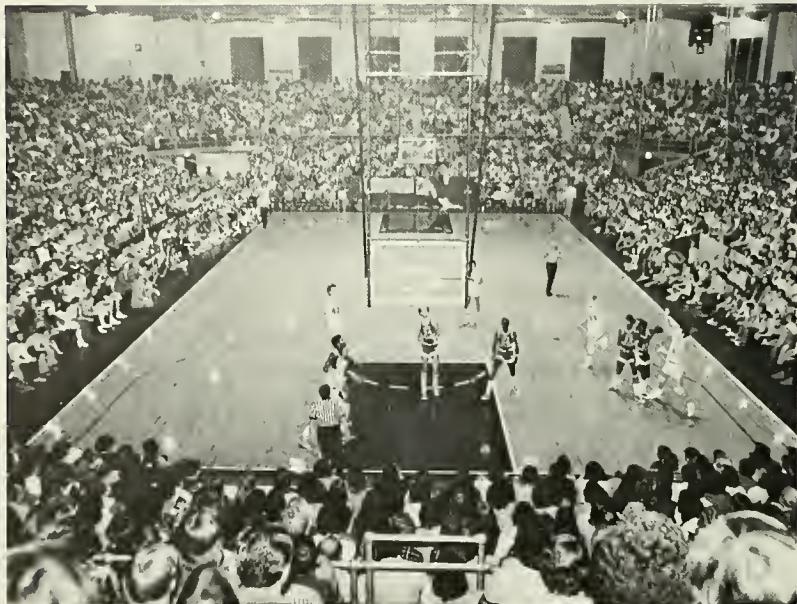
BASKETBALL 1974-1975

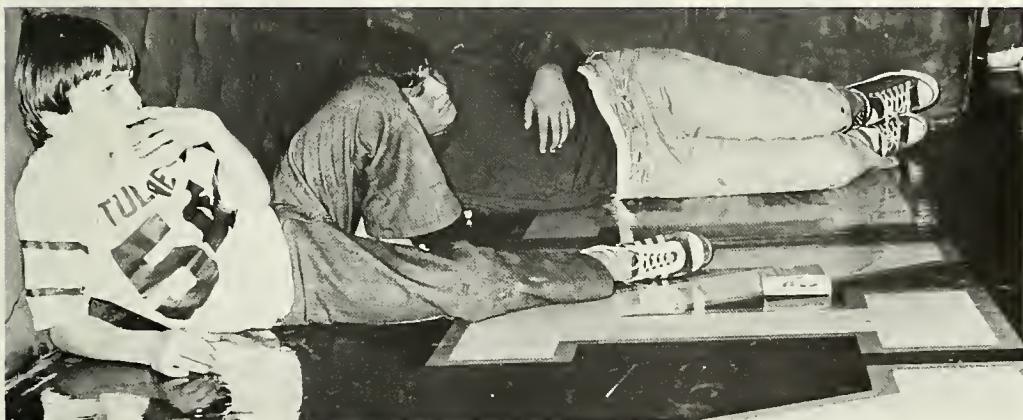
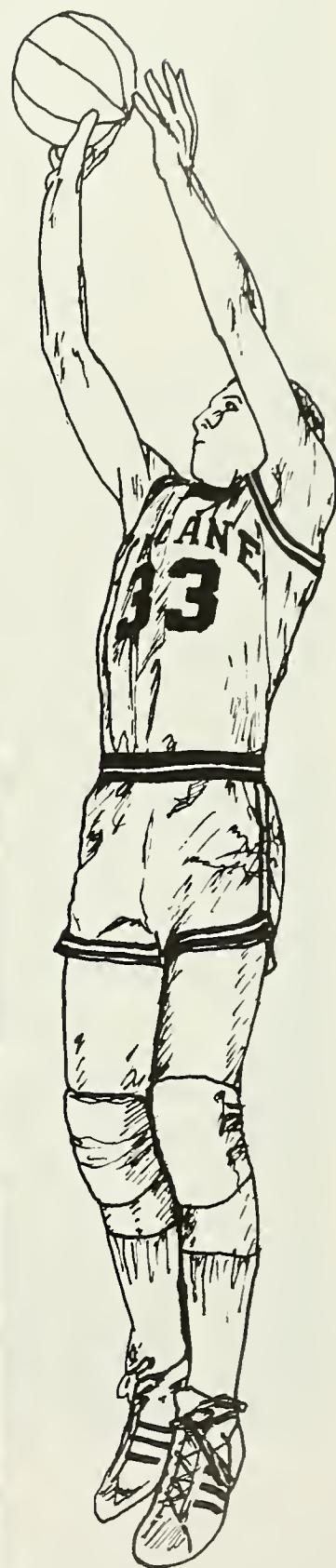




1974-75 Record
(16-10)

Tulane	78	Birmingham Southern	.63
Tulane	97	Southwestern Memphis	.59
Tulane	78	LSU	.80
Tulane	94	Samford	.67
Tulane	82	LSU	.84
Tulane	73	Ole Miss	.93
Tulane	88	Louisiana Tech	.65
Tulane	73	Northeast Louisiana	.95
Tulane	84	SMU	.80
Tulane	78	Citadel	.57
Tulane	71	Kansas State	.57
Tulane	85	Southern Mississippi	.70
Tulane	76	UNO	.61
Tulane	81	Illinois	.69
Tulane	74	Ball State	.98
Tulane	100	Southern Mississippi	.86
Tulane	96	Southern New Orleans	.69
Tulane	83	Xavier	.63
Tulane	79	Richmond	.80
Tulane	83	UNO	.81
Tulane	94	Dillard	.96
Tulane	77	Georgia State	.68
Tulane	69	Georgia Tech	.74
Tulane	79	Valparaiso	.75
Tulane	74	Stetson	.99
Tulane	65	Marquette	.73





Tulane basketball is on the move — upward.

1974-1975 was Tulane's first winning season in basketball since '66-'67, and its best record since the '56-'57 campaign.

Led by Mr. Basketball at Tulane, Phil Hicks, coach Charlie Moir's second season at Tulane was an exciting as well as successful one.

After a slow 4-4 start, the team picked up steam and won six straight games to stretch its record to 10-5.

The Wave cooled off a little and won 6 of their last 11 games to end the season with a 16-10 record.

Included in this eventful season were two wins over crosstown rivals UNO who went on to the NCAA college division finals.

Phil Hicks led the team in scoring with a 22.7 av-

erage, and in rebounding with a 12.4 per game effort. Hicks scored in double figures in every game of the season.

Hicks ended the season with 1030 career points and unless he goes pro, should easily break the all-time Tulane record of 1501.

The future seems bright if Hicks returns. Tulane started two freshmen, Pierre Gaudin and Tom Hicks, for much of the season and their experience should show next year.

The Wave will lose only one starting senior from this year's club, and with returnees like Marty Prendergast, John Bobzein, and talented junior college transfers the Wave has signed, should insure a continued winning tradition.





1974-75 Roster

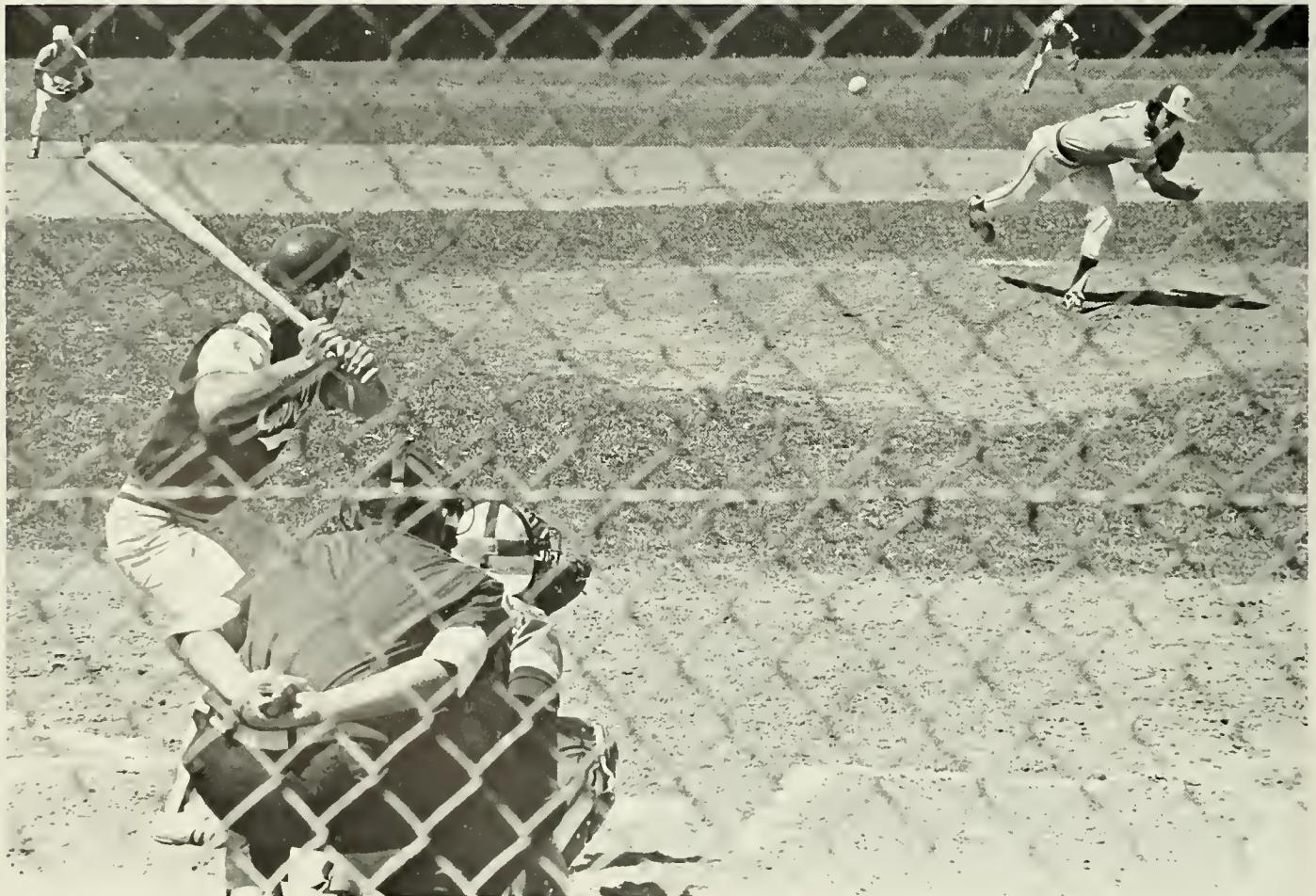
- 10 Tom Hicks
- 12 Pierre Gaudin
- 14 John Thompson
- 15 Marc Mirsky
- 20 Tony Beaulieu
- 22 Marty Prendergast
- 24 John Bobzien
- 25 Luther Strange
- 30 Paul Yungst
- 33 Phil Hicks
- 40 Steve Stanley
- 42 Richard Purtz
- 44 Greg Spannuth
- 50 Terry McLean

Coach Charles Moir

Assistant Coach Don Brown

Assistant Coach Johnny Altobello

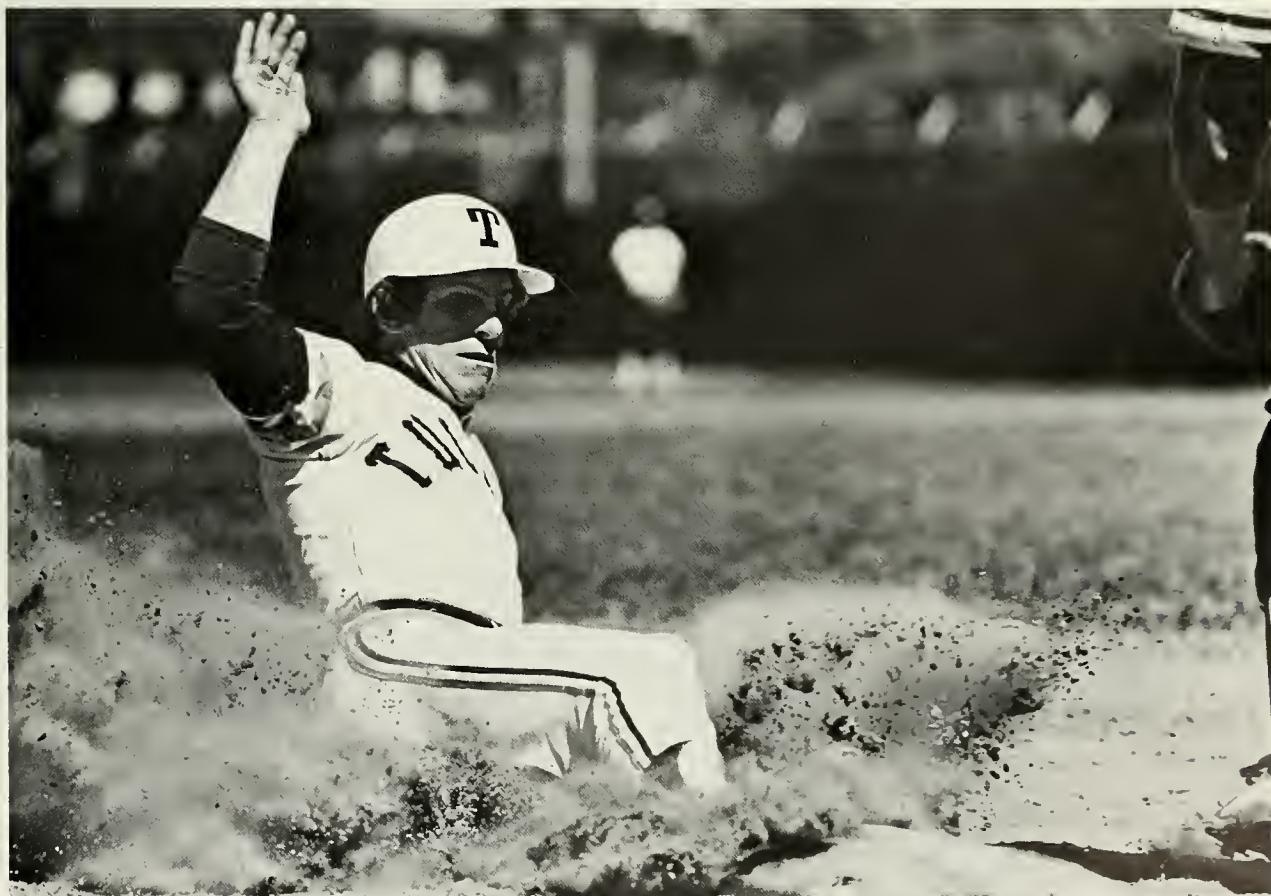
BASEBALL 1975

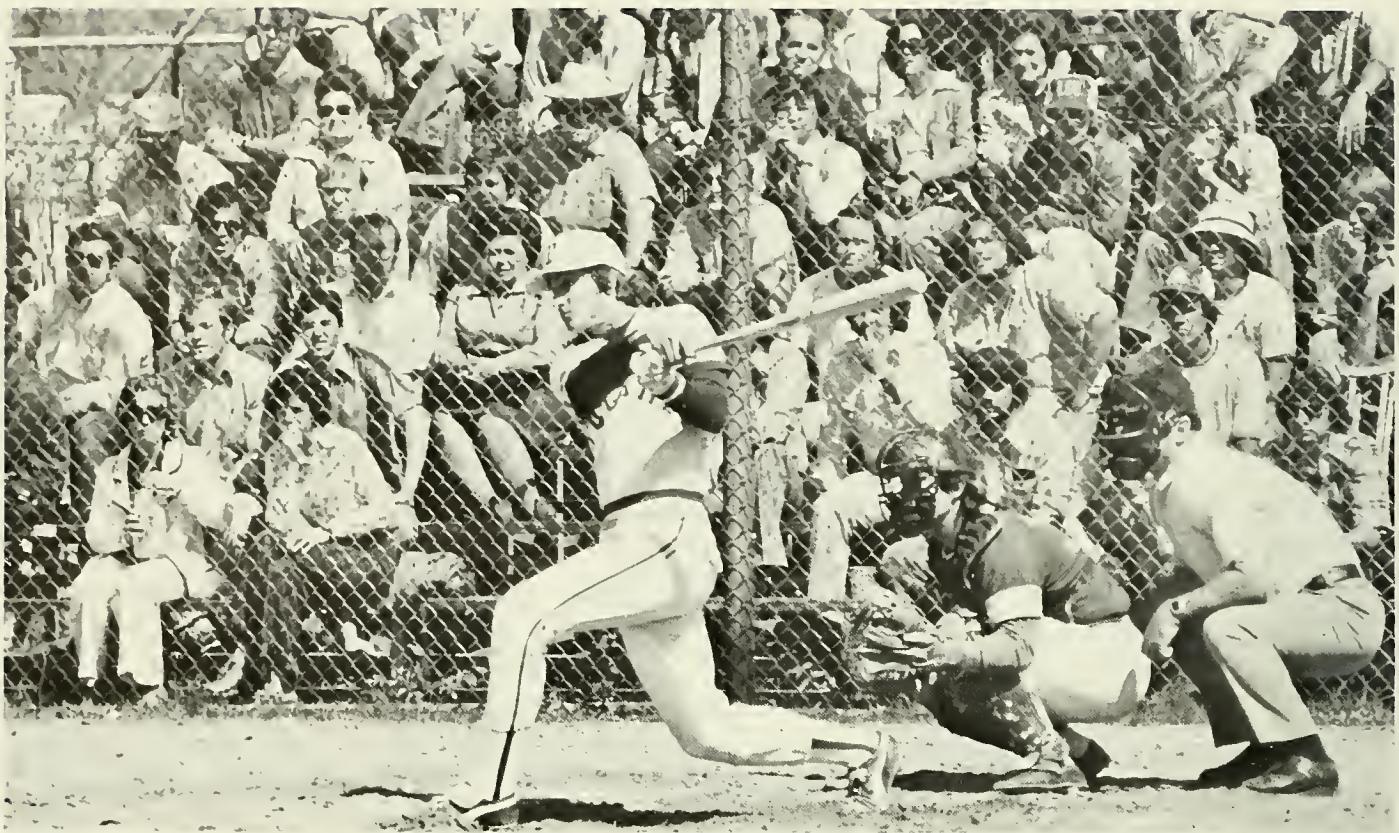




1975 RESULTS
(24-11-1)

Opponent	TU	OPP
Spring Hill	9	1
Spring Hill	6	3
Western Illinois	1	2
Western Illinois	4	0
Middle Tennessee State	0	2
Middle Tennessee State	2	0
Iowa	4	15
Texas A & M	2	0
Texas A & M	1	1
Texas A & M	9	10
New Haven	4	2
Centenary	6	3
Centenary	1	0
Northwestern	5	3
Northwestern	9	1
Northwestern	6	1
Bradley	11	8
Wisconsin	17	3
Wisconsin	5	2
Wisconsin	1	5
Carroll College	4	0
Carroll College	6	0
South Alabama	0	8
South Alabama	5	6
Louisiana State	1	2
Southern Mississippi	10	5
New Orleans	1	0
Louisiana State	14	1
Miami	2	3
Miami	8	9
Miami	1	2
Louisiana College	11	4
Louisiana College	12	5
Louisiana College	6	3
New Orleans	7	5
Southern Mississippi	4	2





Led by ace pitcher Steve Mura, the 1975 Tulane Baseball team finished the season with a stellar 24-11 record — the most wins by any Tulane baseball team in its history.

The feat is more notable when you take into account the fact the Tulane Baseball team fielded its first team in 1911.

First year coach, Joe Brockhoff used the right combination of experience and youth in guiding the Wave in this milestone season.

Sophomore pitcher, Steve Mura, led the way with an overall record of 10-3. This was the most wins ever by a Tulane pitcher in one season.

The Wave played probably its toughest schedule ever this year. It included three games against Southwest Conference champion Texas A & M, three games against Miami, the number two team in the country last year, two games against number 9 ranked South Alabama, and a pair of games against archrival LSU, who went on to win

the Southeastern Conference championship.

The Tulane record would have been even better, but they lost a total of 6 one-run games, LSU (2-1), South Alabama (6-5), Texas A & M (10-9), and three unbelievable one-run games to Miami (3-2, 9-8, 2-1).

On the positive side, the Green Wave swept the two game series with cross-town rival UNO.

The highlight of the season had to be the 14-1 shellacking of LSU. The Tigers went on to win the SEC and advance to the NCAA playoffs.

The Wave also got good performances out of John Foto, Barry Butera, R. J. Barrios, John Leblanc, Bryan Martiny, David Seay, and others all season long.

This year coach Brockhoff lost some valuable players to graduation, but there should be enough talented youth left over to provide for another fine season.



1975 ROSTER

Jeffrey Alvis
Chris Barnet
R. J. Barrios
Tony Beaulieu
Barry Butera
Doug Calderara
Neal Comarda
Ken Cronin
Vincent De Gruottola
John Foto
Jim Gaudet
Barry Hebert
John Kuhlman
John Leblanc
Joe Liberato
Mike Loftin
Ron Marcomb
Bryan Martiny
Steve Mura
Ralph Prats
Steve Pumila
Mickey Retif
Marlin Rogers
Gary Roney
David Seay
Mark Spansel
Frank Steele
David Zeringue
Pierre Gaudin

Joe Brockhoff, Coach



SWIMMING

**Brian Beach
Brian Burke
William Bower
James DeLuca
Benjamin Goslin
Scott Handler
John Herlihy
William Kuhn
Georges Leblanc
John C. McPherson
David O'Leary
Terrance Owens
Thomas Perkins
Michael Reynolds
Philip Stagg
James Staten
Madelyn Treuting
Frederick Wagner
Constance Walker**

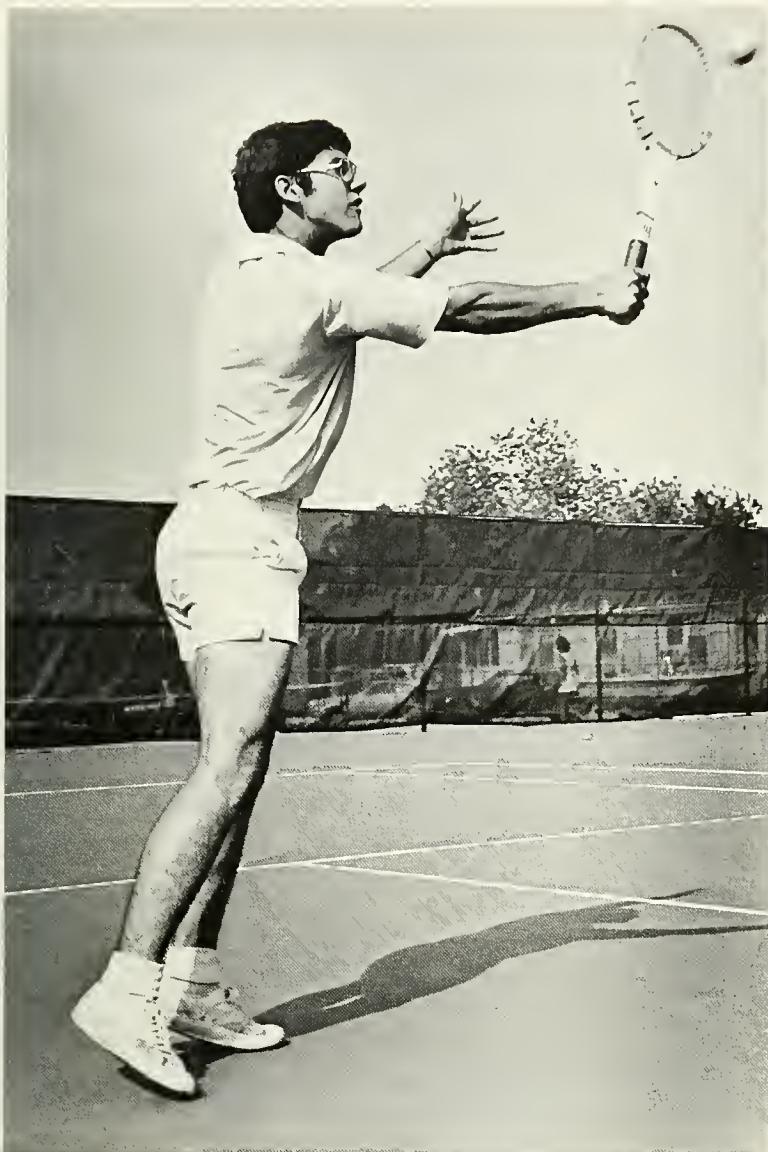
**Manager: Debbie Darnell
Coach: C. Richard Bower**



1975 TENNIS RESULTS

Opponent	TU	OPP.
City Park Tennis Club	7	2
Northwestern State	5	4
New Orleans Tennis Club	6	3
South Alabama	8	1
Western Illinois	8	1
Middle Tennessee	3	6
South Carolina	2	7
Clemson	4	5
Nichols State	6	3
Southeastern Louisiana	8	1
Southern University	Default	
McNeese State	9	0
Vanderbilt	8	1
Mississippi State	Rain	
Southern Mississippi	Rain	
Northeastern Louisiana	3	6
Jacksonville	7	1
LSU	3	6

Final Record 13-5



TENNIS



Duane Burley, Coach
 Don Kerr, Coach
 Jeff Smith
 Rob Bunn
 Davis Henley
 Bob Flippen
 Charles Reed
 Ed Gaskell
 Randy Gregson
 Mark Burnstein
 Bruce Mertz
 Steve Buerger
 Clarence Rivers, Mgr.

GOLF

GOLF TEAM

Jim Hart, Head Coach

Alan Bartelstein
Mark Boyce
Gary Brewster
Ronald Bubes
Richard Gunst
James Joseph
Herbert List
Burke Madigan
Henry Mull
John Neblett
Barton Ramsey
Michael Rodrigue





TRACK TEAM

John Oelkers, Head Coach

Keith Alexander
Nick Anderson
Jason Collins
Warren Chandler
Lenard Culicchia
David Delgado
Robbin Duncan
Steve Foley
Phillip Gibbons
Jon Guben
Dennis Gordon
Don Joyce
Paul Kenul
Melvin Paret
Quentin Phillips
Tom Pond
Jim Rickard
Mark Staid
Tom Stephenson
James Stoyanoff
Keith Wolfe



TRACK

SAILING CLUB

Jerry Jung
Chris Peragine
Bob Weber
Lee Shuman
Leonard Duncan
Toby Darden
Brian Zipp
Bob LaFrance
Kurt Weise
Robin Keefe
John Garth
Marion Hollings
Frank Collins
Augie Diaz
Doug Bull



SAILING





CHEERLEADERS

CHEERLEADERS

Joni Anderson
Adrienne Petit
Denise Butler
Christine Nielsen
Leslie Brupbacher
Toby Berry
Don Peterson
Charlie Calderwood

Lamar Warmack
Letch Kline
Gary Fitzjarrell
Bob Boese
Neil Barnes
Madeline Treuting
Mary Tull
Sue Ragde
Denise Downing



LACROSSE



LACROSSE CLUB

Rix Yard, Head Coach

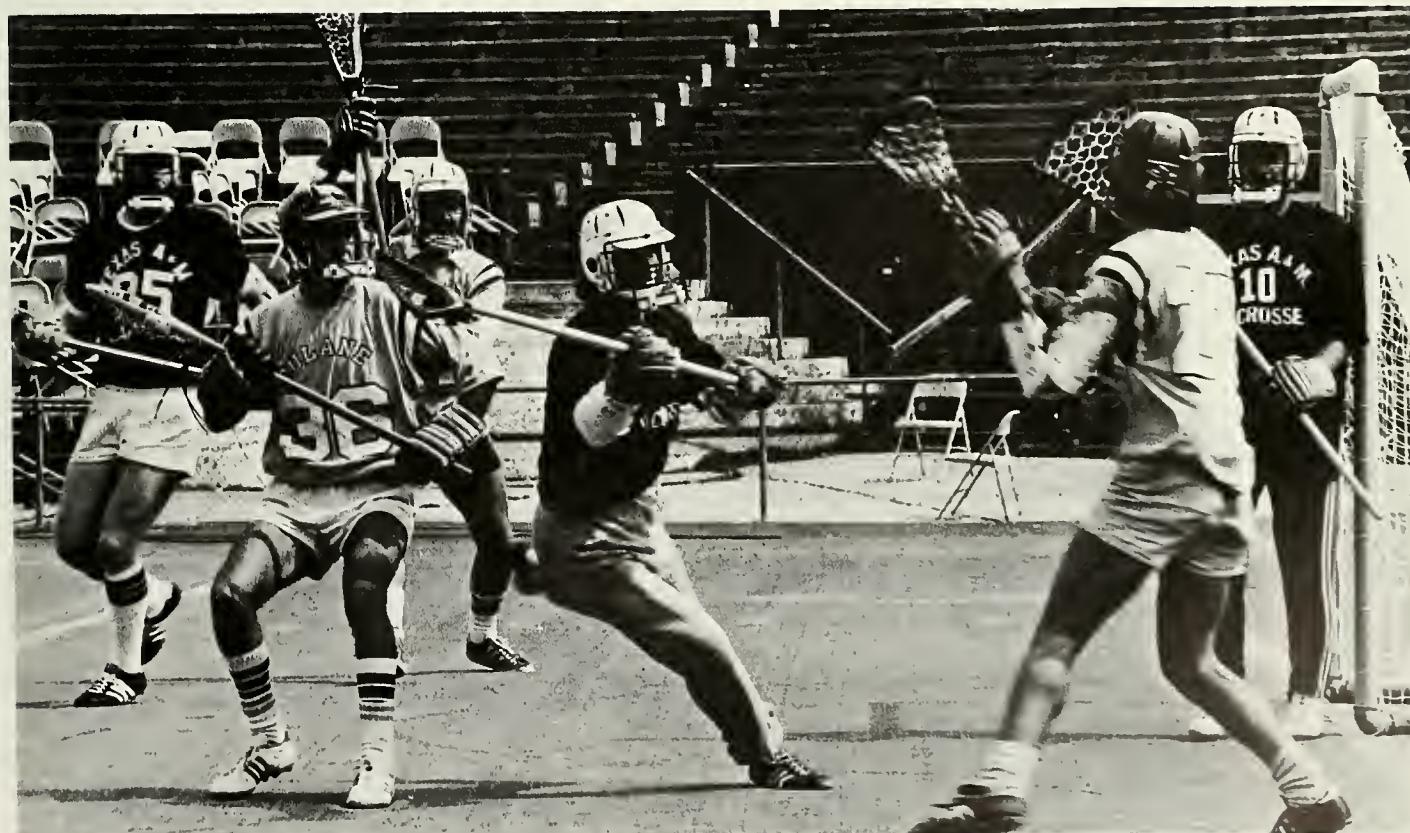
David Matasar
Watts Wacker
Joe Dirty
Joe Lee, Co-capt.
Vic Barbieri
Jake Aldred
Phil Nidrie
Clark Haley
Bob Raynold
Mike Mariorenzes
Paul Paganele
Andrew Holcombe
Mark Muller
Conrad T. Jones
John MacIntosh, Co-capt.
Phil Rodgers
Clint Eastwood
Gary Pluto
Duncan Davis
Mark Weiderlight
Hank Spicer
Pat Chanell
Rand Ian
Denise & Cindy





We would like to extend our deepest appreciation to Dr. Rix N. Yard for his efforts as Coach, friend and confidant to the Tulane Lacrosse Team. Rix Yard has opened avenues of growth to all of us by his inspiring example of devotion, hard work and fairness. We have learned to be winners together, yet, with dignity. We have learned to lose together, also. Most of all, we have learned to compete with a spirit of robust comaraderie which transcends winning and losing.

Thank You Dr. Yard
The Departing Members
of the 75 Tulane Lacrosse Club





SOCER





This year the Tulane Soccer Club fielded two soccer teams due to the tremendous interest in soccer during the last couple of years. Close to 80 players registered with the club, but eventually we had a working group of 40 players. The highlight of this year's season was the Green Team's victory over Georgia Tech in the finals of the SEC soccer classic held in Atlanta.

Tulane held its first annual Spring Soccer Tournament this year. The University of Alabama at Huntsville won handily but proved that soccer is a great player and spectator sport in the South. The Tulane Soccer Team wishes the best of luck to some departing seniors: D. Diego, J. R. Davis, J. McInnis, C. Leon, and J. Young.

SOCER CLUB

J. Bolanos, Capt.
J. McInnes, Capt.
F. King, Advisor

Green Team

L. Pettigru
J. Bolanos
M. Gutierrez
M. Fell
C. Bowers
A. Parra
J. Walsch
S. Troxler
F. Woll
D. Diego
J. Beingolea
E. Young
C. Leon
R. Edwards
M. Mantese
J. J. deVidarrauzaga
J. R. Davis

Blue Team

E. Varnas
D. Sommer
M. Nibbolink
J. de Pond
J. Young
C. Pinzon
J. McInnis
J. Ott
R. Knight
F. Stanley
L. Butler
D. Dearie
G. Long
T. Jobin
T. Ory
B. Boutte
R. Horseley
L. Linares

RUGBY CLUB

Tyrone Yokum, Capt.

Jerry Cave

Jack Adams

Laird Canby

Steve Bumbus

Ken Gutzeit

Bill Daniels

Andy Miles

Ron Quinton

Jim Richeson

Bob Preston

Bill Murphy

Lynn Parry

Doug Watkins

Chuck Collins

John Tabor

Vince Dobbs

John Walsh

Dave Taylor

Jim Summerour

Jim Beskin

Mike Smith

Doug Walton

Randy Wykoff

Hawkeye Deter

Bob Duff

Neal Dunaway

Ed Sheinis

Bill Schwartz

Chip Walshaw

Mitch Woods

Dan Anderson

Tad Daniels

Ray Hunting

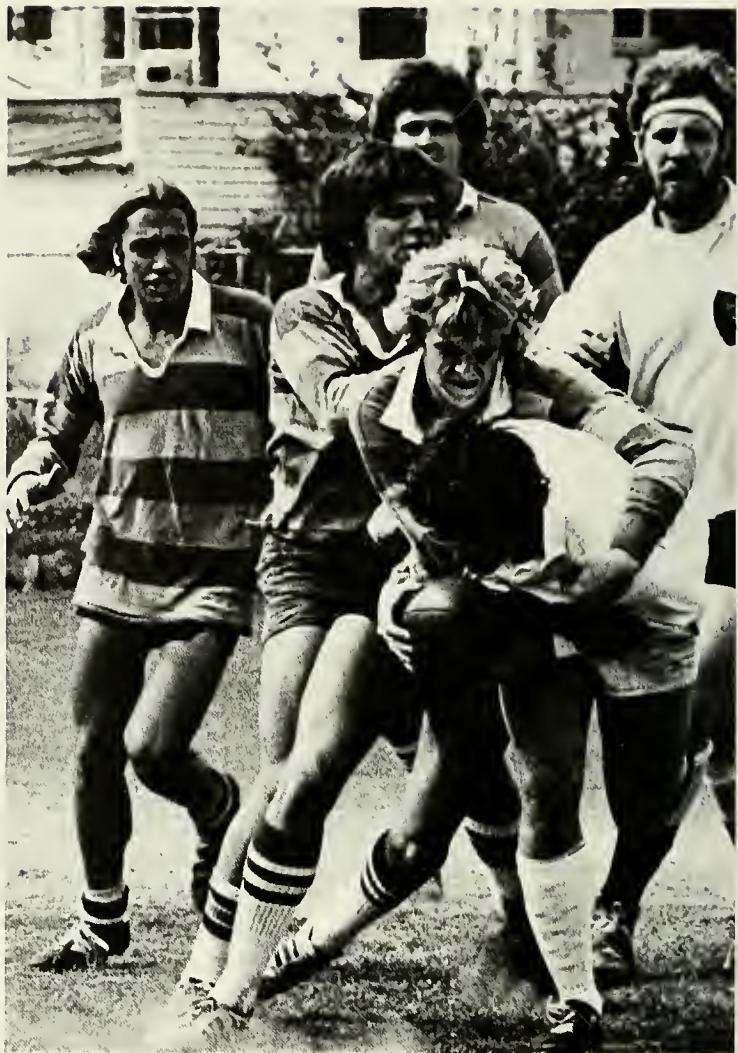
Gary Hahn

Tom O'Neil

Mike Warner

Steve Carroway

Mark Rowe



RUGBY



CHARTERED





A NOTE TO THE SENIORS

By Scott Wagman

What would you like to be when you grow up? I can hardly fathom the many times throughout my life that I have been confronted with this rather simplistic question. Indeed, the question's ramifications have obscured its intent to the point where the question becomes one not of what or when, but if.

The high school senior entering Tulane experiences the transition of going from top to twit, with nary a hope of regaining the stature that immediate post-pubescent offered him. To the freshman, Tulane is but a hermetically sealed jar of milk and honey, appearing just as college should appear; the professors polished in their specific discipline, the textbooks thick with the wisdom of the world, the dorms buzzing with tales of limitless excess and connubial conquest. Even the buildings emanate a feeling of truth and knowledge almost challenging to the aspiring scholar.

The sophomore year heralds the inception of a kind of facetious familiarity with one's surroundings. The professors are now somewhat less than eloquent, the textbooks thick but very expensive, the dorms consumed with more excess of beer, grass and aspirin than the favors of a certain friend. The days between tests grow long as the many flights of stairs to the fourth floor of Newcomb Hall increasingly grate on one's nerves.

Enter the junior year, and concomitantly, upperclass status. Status? No, status comes later. Meanwhile, back with the pre-meds, pre-laws, pre-business, and pre-generalists, that ever important commitment, the major, is becoming ever more tangential to what you used to think was your goal in life. You've become quite adept at categorizing the gumbo of professors, courses, bars, etc., and rating them on neat scales of one to ten. Of greater concern, you have begun to categorize yourself, as the spectre of LSAT, MCAT and GRE tests loom ever larger on the horizon.

The neophyte Tulane Senior senses that he is at the beginning of an end, hopefully an end that will lead to new beginnings. The confusingly paradoxical professor, it has been discovered, seems to feel much less vulnerable arguing over a beer than at the rostrum. Cracks have developed in the once seemingly solid walls of the academic structure; priorities that were taken for granted now appear misplaced. Ultimately, the naive awe in which the Tulane Senior once held his school matures into a more realistic, critical appraisal of university and academic life. In many aspects the Tulane Senior bites the loco parental hand that feeds him, but it is in no way a malicious bite, just a curious nibble. That the Tulane Senior openly confronts that which he perceives to be less than right demonstrates that Tulane has fulfilled its primary purpose — to sensitize the person to his environment and at least begin to equip him to deal with it.

Regardless of the way in which the Tulane Senior occupies his future, he should be able to look back at Tulane and laugh at that which was outrageous, chuckle at that which was perplexing, and smile at all that was significant.

It can now be seen that the Tulane Senior will never grow up, only out.

Keith V. Abramson
Norwalk, Connecticut
Arts and Sciences

David V. Adler
New Orleans
Business

Michael F. Adoue
Shreveport, Louisiana
Arts and Sciences

Mary C. Akers
Charlotte, North Carolina
Newcomb

Jay Altmayer
Metairie, Louisiana
Law

Tom A. Anderson
Houston, Texas
Business

Lloyd J. Arbo, Jr.
Metairie, Louisiana
Engineering

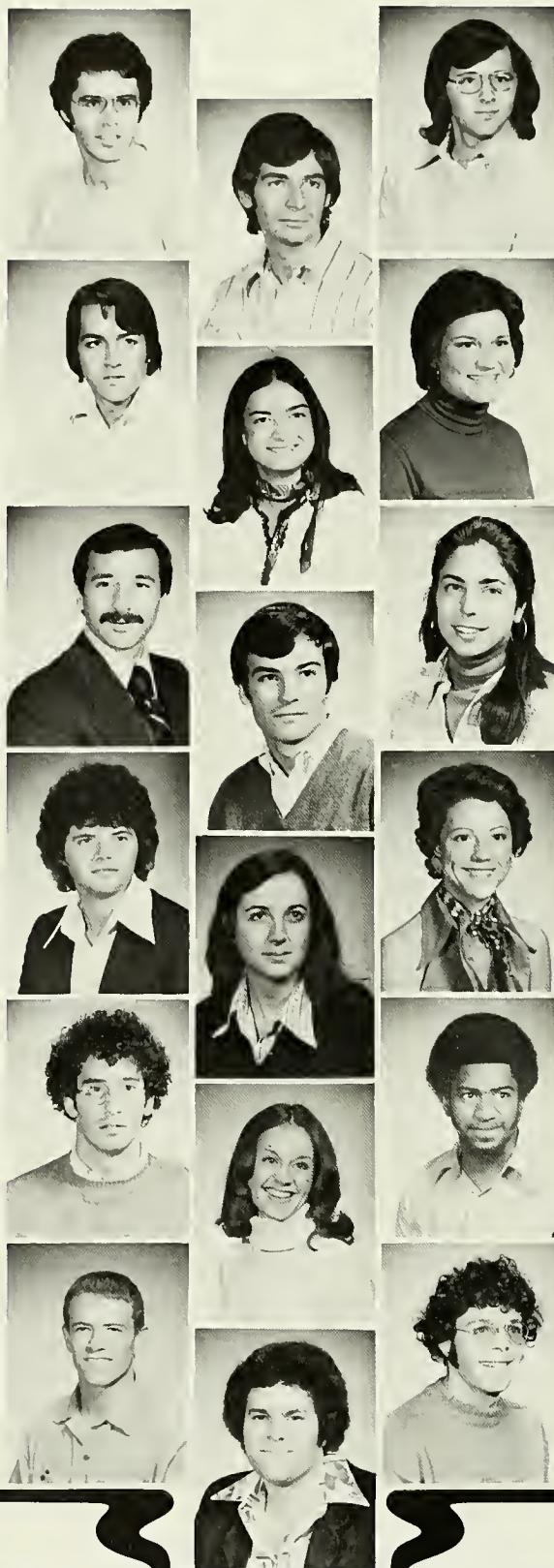
Linda M. Argote
Metairie, Louisiana
Newcomb

Daniel S. Ashenberg
Congers, New York
Arts and Sciences

Elizabeth A. Asher
Pineville, Louisiana
Newcomb

Thomas P. Atkinson
Montgomery, Louisiana
Arts and Sciences

Rory B. Babbitt
South Fallsburgh, New York
Arts and Sciences



Neal K. Adler
Braintree, Mississippi
Arts and Sciences

Kate Allen
Evanston, Illinois
Newcomb

Ann G. Applegate
New Orleans
Newcomb

Mary B. Armstrong
New Orleans
Newcomb

Curklin P. Atkins
New Orleans
Arts and Sciences

Ernest M. Back
Scarsdale, New York
Arts and Sciences

f what a strange nature is knowledge! It clings to the mind, when it has once seized on it, like a lichen on the rock. The accidents of life are not so changeable as the feelings of human nature. I had worked hard for nearly four years for the sole purpose of infusing life into an inanimate body. For this I had deprived myself of rest and health. I had desired it with an ardour that far exceeded moderation; but now that I had finished...

Keith V. Abramson
Arts and Sciences

Kim A. Barkan
Columbus, Ohio
Law



George J. Barlow
New Orleans
Law

Linda M. Barnes
New Orleans
Newcomb



William T. Barry
Westport, Connecticut
Arts and Sciences

Anthony J. Bartlett
New Orleans
Engineering



Ben Bashinski
Macon, Georgia
Arts and Sciences

Richard M. Battaile
Phoenix, Arizona
Arts and Sciences



Richard E. Baudouin
Harahan, Louisiana
Arts and Sciences

Tom E. Bax
New Orleans
Law



Dalan J. Bayham
Chalmette, Louisiana
Engineering

Mary L. Beck
Metairie, Louisiana
Newcomb



John S. Becker
Jefferson, Louisiana
Engineering

James A. Barnes
Milton, Florida
Arts and Sciences

Jeff Barter
New Orleans
Arts and Sciences

Paul M. Batiza
New Orleans
Law

George A. Bauer
Mount Prospect, Illinois
Physical Education

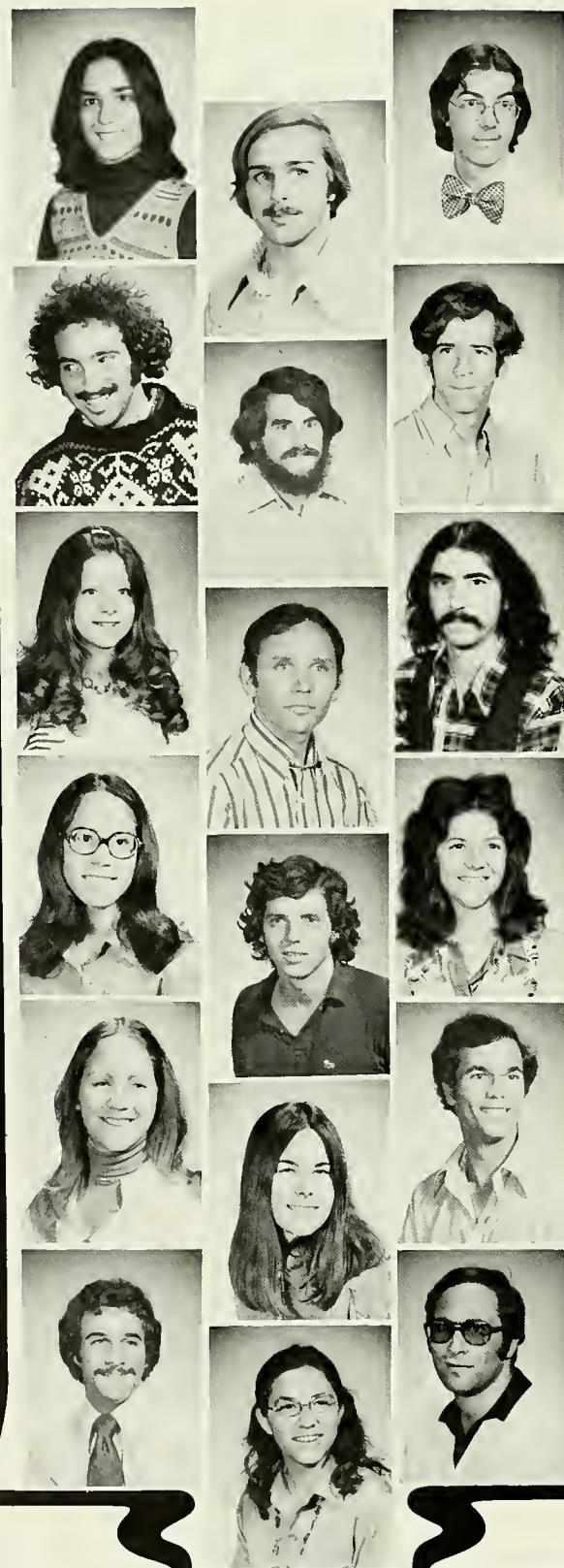
Clifford A. Beaulieu
New Orleans
Arts and Sciences

Mary H. Beecker
Dallas, Texas
Newcomb

s the body is composed of three billion cells, the world is inhabited by so many billions of people, and as one malignant cell can destroy three billion others, one madman can annihilate humanity. Man is compelled to build. We must never permit him to destroy the world.

Ben Bashinski
Arts and Sciences

Mary Ann Bell
Clifton, New Jersey
Newcomb



Paul C. Benesh
Westport, Connecticut
Arts and Sciences

Steven G. Benzell
New Orleans
Arts and Sciences

Les M. Berenson
Metairie, Louisiana
Arts and Sciences

Pamela C. Berton
Omaha, Nebraska
Newcomb

Arthur A. Bianchi III
Crosby, Texas
Arts and Sciences

Debra A. Bislip
New Orleans
Newcomb

Thomas T. Bittenbender
Lake Forest, Illinois
Arts and Sciences

Jody L. Blake
Oak Ridge, Tennessee
Newcomb

Kitty V. Bliss
Metairie, Louisiana
Newcomb

Marc Blumenthal
Miami, Florida
Arts and Sciences

Elise Bodenheimer
Anniston, Alabama
Newcomb

George A. Benner
Miami, Florida
Arts and Sciences

Andrew S. Berg
Saint Louis, Missouri
Arts and Sciences

Robert F. Bigham
Rosslyn Farms, Pennsylvania
Arts and Sciences

Maud M. Bivona
New Orleans
Newcomb

George R. Blue, Jr.
Metairie, Louisiana
Law

Richard A. Bodziner
Savannah, Georgia
Arts and Sciences

To be concise: (1) The "rounded" education now has four corners (2) Student government is still all show and no go (3) If more educators stopped being researchers and returned to educating Tulane might be worth the money (4) Despite its faults a strong fraternity system can only help Tulane (5) A man who does not know a foreign language can never really know his own (6) The Dome is an egg-shaped shaft (7) Never let the "right" woman get away, and (8) Tulane 14-LSU zip sounds as sweet as ever.

Bob Boese
Law

Robert L. Boese
New Orleans
Law



Tad A. Bogdaa
Saint Petersburg, Florida
Arts and Sciences



James F. Booth
Jackson, Mississippi
Arts and Sciences

Huston F. Boothe
Chalmette, Louisiana
Architecture



Michael E. Botnick
New Orleans
Law



John R. Braddock
Monroe, Louisiana
Arts and Sciences



Peter K. Bretting
Belen, New Mexico
Arts and Sciences



Beverly E. Briggs
Houston, Texas
Newcomb

Elizabeth L. Brigmas
New Orleans
Graduate



Charles Brown
Dallas, Texas
Arts and Sciences



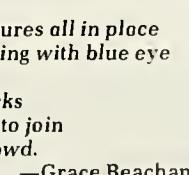
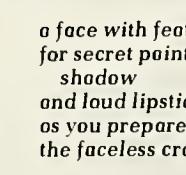
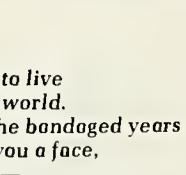
David M. Brown
New Orleans
Engineering



Alan Buttekant
New Orleans
Engineering



Kenneth L. Burns
Glendale, Missouri
Architecture

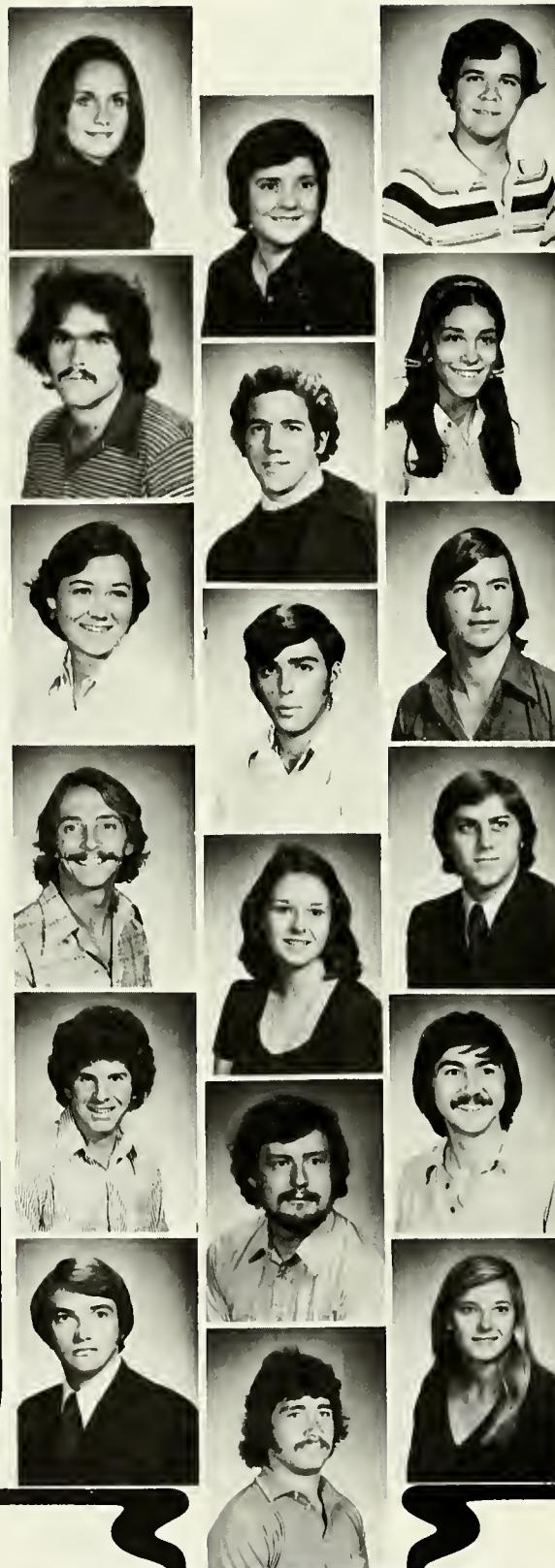


newspaper Item:
Girl, 12, Gets Face
No longer do you need to live
in a dim-lit, mirrorless world.
Plastic surgeons over the bandaged years
have managed to give you a face,
not beautiful, perhaps —
more concerned with a nose that works
than one aquiline or pug —

a face with features all in place
for secret painting with blue eye
shadow
and loud lipsticks
as you prepare to join
the faceless crowd.

—Grace Beacham Freeman
Michael Botnick
Law

Denise M. Butler
Kingston, Tennessee
Newcomb



Margaret S. Buzan
Rockville, Maryland
Social Work

Arthur C. Camp
Ocala, Florida
Arts and Sciences

Philip D. Campbell
Knoxville, Tennessee
Arts and Sciences

Kay E. Capella
New Orleans
Newcomb

Vincent Caracci
Jackson, Mississippi
Engineering

Thomas C. Carmody
Westfield, New Jersey
Arts and Sciences

Rivers K. Carpenter
New Orleans
Social Work

Clyde E. Carroll
New Orleans
Architecture

William F. Carroll
Crown Point, Indiana
Graduate

Philip D. Castille
New Orleans
Graduate

Jerry H. Cave
Bethesda, Maryland
Arts and Sciences

Edward Calix
Decatur, Alabama
Arts and Sciences

Magdalena M. Canales
San Antonio, Texas
Newcomb

Anthony P. Carlevaro
Montvale, New Jersey
Arts and Sciences

Tom N. Carr
Pensacola, Florida
Engineering

Charles S. Carter
New Orleans
Law

Cindy A. Cerise
New Orleans
Newcomb

OOD

1. first year roommate
2. free-flicks and film series
3. professors
4. Figaro and Courier
5. Mushroom in Zemurray

BAD

1. abolition of the lang. req.
2. Blindermon's yearbook
3. Soints' games

I have been able to do everything I have wanted to do in terms of school, have had many good times, and am in one piece. My only sad thoughts are of leaving here for someplace else. New Orleans itself is such a monument to stupidity* and waste*, and as such has provided me with endless hours of amazement and anger to take the place of boredom. It will be exceedingly dull to go some place where things function normally.

*i.e. Super Dome, transit strike, Audubon Zoo, Army Corp. of Engineers

Mike Chafetz
San Antonio, Texas
Arts and Sciences

Russell F. Chambers
Loranger, Louisiana
Physical Education

Clark R. Charbonnet
Ocean Springs, Mississippi
Engineering

Robert S. Chase
Chicago, Illinois
Arts and Sciences

Donald J. Clark
Coshocton, Ohio
Business

Janice R. Coffey
Fort Lauderdale, Florida
Newcomb

Yvonne E. Collier
New Orleans
Newcomb

Jason H. Collins
New Orleans
Arts and Sciences

Raul J. Cotilla
Staten Island, New York
Engineering

Ian M. Cotton
New Orleans
Arts and Sciences

John H. Cowan
Shawnee Mission, Kansas
Arts and Sciences

David Cox
Houston, Texas
Engineering



Henry G. Chandler
Stamford, Connecticut
Arts and Sciences

David F. Clapp
Homewood, Illinois
Arts and Sciences

Rina Cohan
Miami, Florida
Law

Maria Cosmas
New Orleans
Newcomb

Edwards T. Cousins
New Orleans
Engineering

Steven R. Criste
Waynesboro, Penn.
Engineering

TERCORICOLOUS
How well the flowers grow. How tall and fair!
How eagerly they strive to kiss the skies!
And O how beautiful the buds they bear!
But beneath those fibrous stems so verdant lies
Everywhere the stench of practical sheep,
The flowers sown by men who stand apart.
Though the flowers sweetly smell, the stench runs deep
In a land where science triumphs over Art.

Time, time, time: Time is all they care about,
And worthless figures dominate their minds.
They have the answers, these sheep who never doubt,
But the truth they find is one that only blinds.
How well the flowers grow! How tall and fair!
The stench is soon forgotten, but the stench is there.

F. Robert Duplantier
Arts and Sciences

Maureen A. Cronan
New Orleans
Newcomb



Emily C. Cronin
New Orleans
Newcomb

Richard C. Cummings
Wilmette, Illinois
Arts and Sciences



Janet L. Dannemann
Metairie, Louisiana
Newcomb

William H. Daume
Nashville, Tennessee
Law



Michael Davidson
Meridian, Mississippi
Arts and Sciences



Nancy K. Davies
Lynchburg, Virginia
Newcomb

Philip T. Deal
Lake Providence, Louisiana
Arts and Sciences



David V. Degruy, Jr.
Metairie
Arts and Sciences

Dennis P. Delaney
New Orleans
Arts and Sciences



Wendy Delery
New Orleans
Newcomb

Sandra N. Demby
Metairie, Louisiana
Newcomb



Deborah G. Cummings
East Hanover, New Jersey
Newcomb

Thomas F. Darden
Fort Worth, Texas
Arts and Sciences

Dorothy G. Davis
Toledo, Ohio
Newcomb

Jean A De Barbieris
New Orleans
Architecture

Kathleen A. Delery
New Orleans
Newcomb

Craig M. Deyerle
Hockessin, Delaware
Engineering

What can we do as individuals? Plenty! Don't just stand there and complain DO SOMETHING! "It is better to light one candle than to curse the dark!"

Bruce L. Feingerts
Law

Richard A. Diamond
New Orleans
Arts and Sciences



Michael A. Dicarlo
Lake Charles, Louisiana
Arts and Sciences



Donna M. Dickson
New Orleans
Business



Lucas A. Dileo
New Orleans
Architecture



Frederick S. Dobard
New Orleans
University College



Richard K. Domas
Baton Rouge, Louisiana
Engineering



William Dorrance
Ann Arbor, Michigan
Engineering



August E. Doskey
Covington, Louisiana
Arts and Sciences



Jerome B. Doster
Rochelle, Georgia
Business



Perry Dickinson
New Orleans
Arts and Sciences

Lawrence M. Doyle
Greensboro, North Carolina
Arts and Sciences



Howard L. Dimmig
Shalimar, Florida
Arts and Sciences

Philip P. Drey
Mobile, Alabama
Architecture



Lydia Dorosh
New Orleans
Newcomb

Doile E. Duconge
New Orleans
Engineering



William D. Dossett
Beulah, Mississippi
Arts and Sciences

arrived in New Orleans and registered full-time at Tulane University with stern disapprobation and now in valediction to Tulane and the Crescent City I depart with austere disesteem.

George Joseph
Arts and Sciences

Spencer J. Dreischarf
New Orleans
Law

Lynne E. Duke
Cumming, Georgia
Newcomb

James F. Dunn
Trumbull, Connecticut
Arts and Sciences



Margaret Duplantier
New Orleans
Law



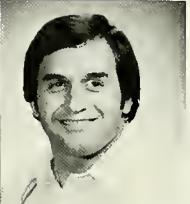
Arthur Eckerson
New Orleans
Business



Mark P. Edgar
Atlanta, Georgia
Engineering



James D. Ellington
Pekin, Illinois
Arts and Sciences



Robert E. Eversole
Oak Ridge, Tennessee
Engineering



Katherine A. Fauntleroy
Silver Spring, Missouri
Newcomb



Michael J. Feeney
Washington, DC
Arts and Sciences



Karen E. Eberle
New Orleans
Newcomb

Barry S. Feldman
Glencoe, Illinois
Arts and Sciences



Stanley Feldman
Charleston, South Carolina
Arts and Sciences



Robert N. Fielding
Poughkeepsie, New York
Arts and Sciences



Debra J. Fischman
New Orleans
Newcomb

Bernard H. Eichold
Mobile, Alabama
Arts and Sciences

David M. Falgoust
St. James, Louisiana
Arts and Sciences

Bruce L. Feingerts
New Orleans
Law

James E. Ferrara
Trenton, New Jersey
Law

Nancy Fisher
Surfside, Florida
Newcomb

I came to Tulane for the following reasons:

1. Tulane is one of the finest schools in the South
2. New Orleans, is a fine city, with lots of neat things to do, friendly people, and a great climate.
3. I heard the Newcomb girls were out of sight.
4. The drinking age in New Orleans was eighteen. You know, one out of four isn't really all that bad.

Edmund G. Grant
Arts and Sciences

Valerie F. Fitzpatrick
Kenner, Louisiana
Law



Michael A. Fogarty
Duxbury, Mississippi
Arts and Sciences



Deborah J. Ford
San Antonio, Texas
Architecture



T. Fortner
New Braunfels, Texas
Arts and Sciences



Philip I. Frankel
Rivervale, New Jersey
Arts and Sciences



Lynne R. Freeman
Houston, Texas
Newcomb



Patricia A. Fuller
Fort Worth, Texas
Newcomb



Seenea M. Fulton
New Orleans
Newcomb



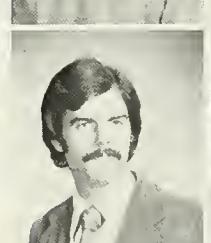
Gregory C. Gaar
Winnfield, Louisiana
Arts and Sciences



Clarice Gerstenbluth
New Orleans
Newcomb



Salvador J. Giardina, Jr.
New Orleans
Law



Peter R. Gillespie
Bronxville, New York
Arts and Sciences



Michael W. Fontenot
Ville Platte, Louisiana
Law

John B. Fox
New Orleans
Arts and Sciences

Barbara A. Friedman
Houston, Texas
Newcomb

William J. Furlong
New Orleans
Graduate

Charles M. Getchell, Jr.
Oxford, Mississippi
Arts and Sciences

Frank A. Glaviano
New Orleans
Engineering

G **U** pon embarking on the planks of the "cruel" world, we can all look back on 4 years of maturing, sharing and learning—

Now more than ever we must realize not to shelter yourself in any course of action by the idea that it is "my" affair. It is your affair, but it is also mine and the community's. Nor can we neglect the world beyond—we must unite because just like love all is a give and take proposition.

Give, give again and again, don't lose courage, keep it up and go on giving! Remember, no one has ever become poor from giving. Happiness and joy, sunshine which I'll share forever—

Taicy Gerstenbluth
Newcomb

Stephen L. Golden
New Orleans
Arts and Sciences



Jesse E. Gonzales
San Antonio, Texas
Arts and Sciences

Jane M. Graffeo
Richardson, Texas
Newcomb

Harold E. Graham
Houston, Texas
Arts and Sciences

Patrick W. Gray
Morgan City, Louisiana
Arts and Sciences

Steven T. Greene
Houston, Texas
Arts and Sciences

Manuel Grullon
Jefferson, Louisiana
Arts and Sciences

Edwards J. Guise III
Metairie, Louisiana
Law

Cygne L. Hahn
Midland, Texas
Newcomb

Charles Hall
Lake Charles, Louisiana
Physical Education

Brian C. Haller
West Hartford, Connecticut
Arts and Sciences

John W. Hampton
Fort Myers, Florida
Business

Donna Goodwin
New Orleans
Newcomb

Clifford J. Gray
Plainview, New Jersey
Arts and Sciences

Jay Grossman
New Orleans
Arts and Sciences

Elizabeth D. Haelker
San Antonio, Texas
Newcomb

Daniel Hall
Dallas, Texas
Architecture

Mark Hanudel
New Orleans
Arts and Sciences

Temories of four years spent at Tulane University: nauseating on-campus food, the lack of parking on campus, the skyrocketing price of Twinkies, Tulane 14—LSU 0, an un-airconditioned Phelps House, mid-afternoon naps to counter the late night hours, the inadequacy of the library, a Mickey Mouse health center, streaking, the confusion of registration, the defunct on campus bowling alleys, a gas shortage, monsoon rain storms producing floods everywhere, drinking beer in the depressing atmosphere of the Rat, lines of people everywhere (bursar, registration, food service, LSU ticket, bookstore), Hap Gloudi, two Mardi Gras, escaping to Miami for two other Mardi Gras, terrible housing services such as power failures, awful mattresses, the frequent absence of hot water, and invisible janitorial service, the crowded tennis courts and field house.

Also: a great roommate (for all four years — a Tulane record I believe), a select few people to whom I will always feel close and a depleted bank account; its former contents consumed by Tulane University in exchange for a worthless document and four years of incredible memories.

George A. Hayne
Boise, Idaho
Law



Cynthia S. Heaberlin
Dallas, Texas
Newcomb



Joan A. Heausler
New Orleans
Newcomb



Cathy L. Hellman
Chattanooga, Tennessee
Newcomb



Jessica A. Henry
Medfoeld, Mississippi
Newcomb



Eve M. Hernquist
Nashville, Tennessee
Newcomb



Robert Hertzberg
Bayonne, New Jersey
Law



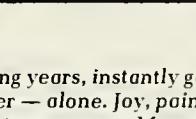
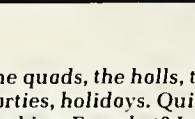
Tatham E. Hertsberg
New Orleans
Arts and Sciences



Richard Hindes
Roslyn, New York
Arts and Sciences



Susan E. Hobbs
Ashland, Kentucky
Business



Mara B. Hoffman
Brookville, New York
Newcomb

everal thousand odd crash the quads, the holls, the silence. Four long years, instantly gone. Hurrying, ceaseless motion. Classes, athletics, parties, holidays. Quiet moments together — alone. Joy, pain, memories. Minds constantly shatter. Hunting, searching. For what? I wonder. More than term papers. More than chemical formulas and graduate board scores. School. No Life's learning.

Charles M. Getchell Jr.
Arts and Sciences

Liza D. Hohenschutz
New Orleans
Newcomb

Nan V. Heard
Lamesa, California
Newcomb

Richard G. Helman
Shawnee Mission, Kansas
Arts and Sciences

James A. Hernquist
Nashville, Tennessee
Business

Susan L. Highleyman
New Orleans
Newcomb

Thomas K. Hofer
New Orleans
University College

Andrew T. Holcombe
Naples, Florida
Arts and Sciences

Mary E. Holley
Damascus, Maryland
Newcomb



Rex M. Holmlin
New Orleans
Business

Donald W. Hollings
New Orleans
Architecture

Mary A. Hom
Metairie, Louisiana
Newcomb

Macom N. Hornsby
New Orleans
Arts and Sciences

Lucinda Huffman
Tyler, Texas
Newcomb

David G. Hughes
Chalmette, Louisiana
Engineering

Michael T. Illinston
New Orleans
Arts and Sciences

Jayne C. Jacoby
Dallas, Texas
Newcomb

James W. Jeffcoat
New Orleans
Business

Kathryn E. Jennings
La Marque, Texas
Newcomb

Maria De L Jimenes Codina
New Orleans
Law

Ben Johnson
Birmingham, Alabama
Arts and Sciences

John C. Hudnall
Fort Worth, Texas
Medicine

Shepton F. Hunter
Metairie, Louisiana
Arts and Sciences

Mansour H. Jaragh
New Orleans
Engineering

Daniel J. Jessee
Mountain Lakes,
New Jersey
Arts and Sciences

Charles Johnson
New Orleans
Public Health

h Life.
How sweet.
Ah Camp Tulane.
So neat.

Lovely ladies
'n handsome men
Swing your partners
but don't give in!
Swing your partners
to and fro
Don't say goodbye
just say HELLO!

But if you don't laugh
and you won't sing

then you've not done
any one damn thing.
La-de-da-da-wa-oh-oh
I heard he sang a good song
I heard he had a style
And so I came to see him
To listen for awhile

La-La-La-La-La-La
And I heard him sing
on his broken guitar
"Say Lu, where are you goin' to?"
"Ha, Ha," she smiles, "a dancin'."

Lucinda Huffman
Newcomb

Robert R. Johnson
New Orleans
Physical Education

Jon B. Jonas
Satellite Beach, Florida
Arts and Sciences

Jennifer E. Jones
Memphis, Tennessee
Newcomb

Thomas W. Jordan
New Orleans
Arts and Sciences

Ron H. Josephs
Dallas, Texas
Arts and Sciences

Jerrold M. Jung
New Orleans
Arts and Sciences

Kathryn S. Kahler
Cameron, Texas
Newcomb

Karen L. Kahn
Pine Bluff, Arizona
Newcomb

Michael I. Kaplan
New Orleans
Arts and Sciences

Michael A. Katz
New Orleans
Arts and Sciences

Arthur E. Keiser
New Orleans
Arts and Sciences

William B. Keiser
Ridgely, Tennessee
Law



Jedda A. Jones
New Orleans
Newcomb

George C. Joseph
Miami, Florida
Arts and Sciences

Steven L. Kadden
New Orleans
Law

Marty S. Kane
Cranford, New Jersey
Arts and Sciences

Martin H. Kay
New Orleans
Graduate

Rock E. Kent
Long Beach, California
Arts and Sciences

These three years at Tulane Law School, and in New Orleans, have really been rewarding for me. I've watched myself grow both professionally and personally; and I've learned some important concepts, like perspective and substantiality. I've had some great times, too; and I realize now that there's more to life than "go to hell LSU", but that at the time feels just right. These days have been invaluable.

Steven Kadden
Law School

Philip Kessling
Chalmette, Louisiana
Arts and Sciences



Andrea W. Kislan
Hollywood, Florida
Newcomb

Peter S. Kohlmann
New York, New York
Arts and Sciences



Andrew L. Korontjis
Metairie, Louisiana
Arts and Sciences

Alan E. Krinzman
Elberon, New Jersey
Arts and Sciences



Frank M. Laboureur
Jefferson, Louisiana
Arts and Sciences

Jonathan M. Lake
New Orleans
Law



Mark L. Lampert
Denver Colorado
Arts and Sciences

Lee J. Landesberg
New Orleans
Law



Nancy A. Landman
Northbrook, Ill.
Newcomb

Thomas J. Landry
Lake Charles, Louisiana
Architecture



Larry Landsman
South Orange, New Jersey
Arts and Sciences

Jeffrey K. Knauer
Miami Beach, Florida
Arts and Sciences

Frank F. Krider
Houston, Texas
Arts and Sciences

Williams R. Ladd
Prarie Village, Kansas
Arts and Sciences

Marion A. Lanasa
New Orleans
Arts and Sciences

Adrianne I. Landry
New Iberia, Louisiana
Newcomb

Michael D. Langbart
Fort Lauderdale, Florida
Arts and Sciences

The terrible and beautiful sentence, the last, the final wisdom that the earth can give, is remembered at the end, is spoken too late, wearily. It stands there, awful and untroumed, above the dusty rocks of our lives. No forgetting, no forgiving, no denying, no explaining, no hating."

"O mortal and perishing love, born with the flesh and dying with this brain, your memory will haunt this earth forever."

"And now the voyage out. Where?"

—Thomas Woolf
Look Homeward, Angel
Jennifer Lehmann
Newcomb

Michael F. Larkin
Metairie, Louisiana
Graduate Engineering

Hollis Lazar
Chicago, Illinois
Newcomb

Edward F. Lebreton
New Orleans
Law

Thomas I. Lecher
Manhasset Hills, New York
Arts and Sciences

Edward Lee
New Orleans
Engineering

Lynne Lee
New Orleans
Newcomb

Robert A. Lesson, Jr.
New Orleans
Engineering

Steven L. Lefkovitz
Cookeville, Tennessee
Arts and Sciences

Cindy A. Leissinger
Metairie, Louisiana
Newcomb

Elizabeth Lenne
New Orleans
Newcomb

Mark W. Levin
Bath, Maine
Arts and Sciences

Arthur J. Levine
New Orleans
Law



John C. Lebas
Chalmette, Louisiana
Graduate Engineering

David H. Ledbetter
Jacksonville, Florida
Arts and Sciences

Patrick F. Lee
Metairie, Louisiana
Arts and Sciences

Jeanne E. Legault
Washington, DC
Graduate

Dana Leventhal
Falls Church, Virginia
Newcomb

Robert L. Levine
Chattanooga, Tennessee
Arts and Sciences

While at Tulane I have had exposure to a great variety of courses in a great variety of fields. But there is one thing that I have always kept in mind,
NEVER LET YOUR STUDIES
GET IN THE WAY OF YOUR EDUCATION!

Richard B. Jamison
Arts and Sciences

Keith A. Levinsohn
Tenafly, New Jersey
Arts and Sciences

Donna S. Levy
Hollywood, Florida
Newcomb

Dennis S. Lewka
Iselin, New Jersey
Arts and Sciences

George M. Lightner
Metairie, Louisiana
Graduate Business

Rodrigo Lindo
New Orleans
Arts and Sciences

Ivan S. Livingston
Charleston, South Carolina
Arts and Sciences

Henry S. Long
Birmingham, Alabama
Architecture

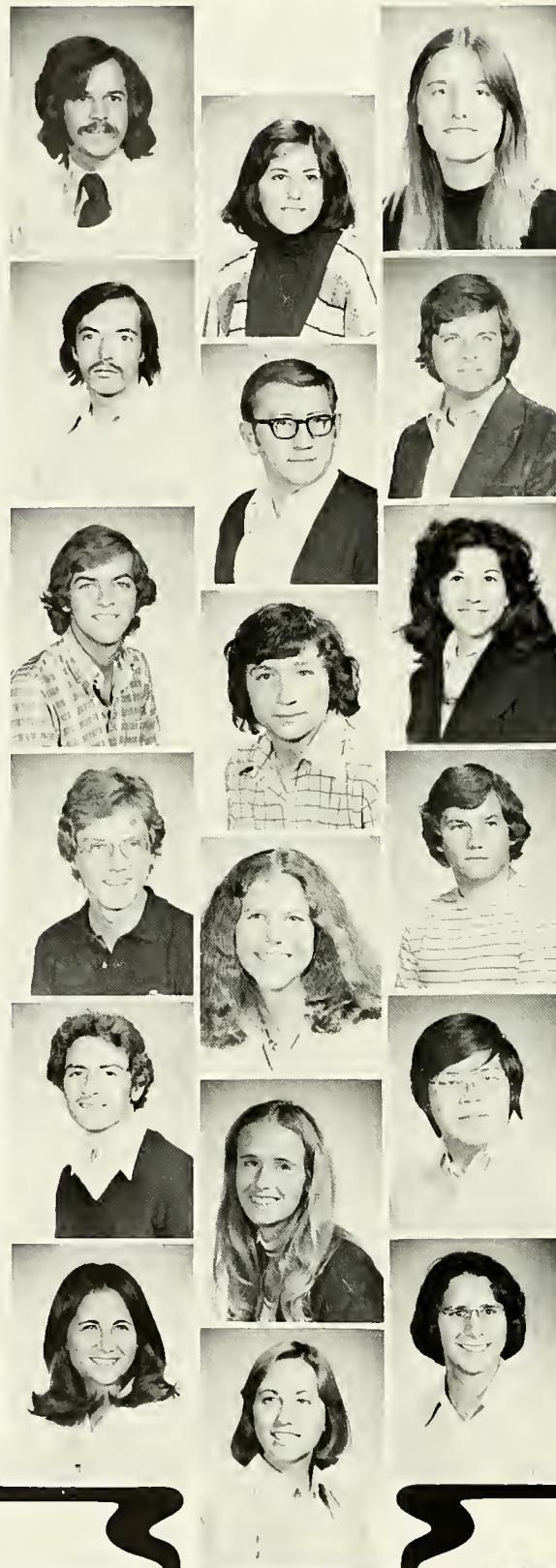
Merrimon L. Long
Burlington, North Carolina
Newcomb

Robert S. Lopo
New Orleans
Arts and Sciences

Debra E. Lozier
New Orleans
Newcomb

Debbie Luskey
Fort Worth, Texas
Newcomb

Chris A. MacLeod
Haxrahan, Louisiana
Newcomb



Cynthia J. Lewis
Dallas, Texas
Newcomb

Paul H. Lind
Metairie, Louisiana
Engineering

Joanna L. Lombard
Fort Lauderdale, Florida
Architecture

Douglas I. Longman
Eunice, Louisiana
Arts and Sciences

David Lum
Memphis, Tennessee
Arts and Sciences

Anthony Malizia
Jonesboro, Georgia
Arts and Sciences

oy es el mañana
Que nos preocupó ayer—
Y nos graduamos!

Rodrigo Lindo
Arts and Sciences

Ernest R. Malone Jr.
New Orleans
Law

Barlow T. Mann
Memphis, Tennessee
Arts and Sciences

William J. Marchese
New Orleans
Arts and Sciences

Claire H. Martin
New Orleans
University College

Elisa S. Martinez
New Orleans
Newcomb

David E. Massengill
Wheaton, Maryland
Arts and Sciences

Robert T. McAfee
New Orleans
Arts and Sciences

Lucinda A. McDade
Miami, Florida
Newcomb

Melissa A. McGinn
New Orleans
Newcomb

James S. McGrath
Overland Park, Kansas
Arts and Sciences

Stephanie K. McPhail
New Orleans
Newcomb

John C. McPherson
New Orleans
Arts and Sciences



Bersquist R. Marcelo
New Orleans
Arts and Sciences

Lisa C. Martin
Houston, Texas
Newcomb

William A. May
Birmingham, Alabama
Arts and Sciences

Mary F. McEnery
New Orleans
Newcomb

William V. McLeese
New Orleans
Arts and Sciences

Frank McRoberts
New Orleans
Arts and Sciences

Farewell to you and to the youth I have spent with you. It was but yesterday we met in a dream. You have sung to me in my aloneness, and I of your longings have built a tower in the sky. But now our sleep has fled and our dream is over, and it is no longer dawn. The noontide is upon us and our half waking has turned to fuller day, and we must part. If in the twilight of memory we should meet once more, we shall speak again together and you shall sing to me a deeper song. And if our hands should meet in another dream, we shall build another tower in the sky.

—Kahlil Gibran
Dana Baxter Leventhal
Newcomb

Colleen E. Megarity
Fort Worth, Texas
Newcomb

Monroe L. Mendelsohn
Scarsdale, NY
Arts and Sciences

Susan J. Mersman
St. Louis, Missouri
Newcomb

Bruce L. Mertz
Corsicana, Texas
Arts and Sciences

Stephen R. Meyer
New Orleans
Graduate

Mara R. Michle
New Orleans
Arts and Sciences

Fred S. Miller
Hamilton, Ohio
Arts and Sciences

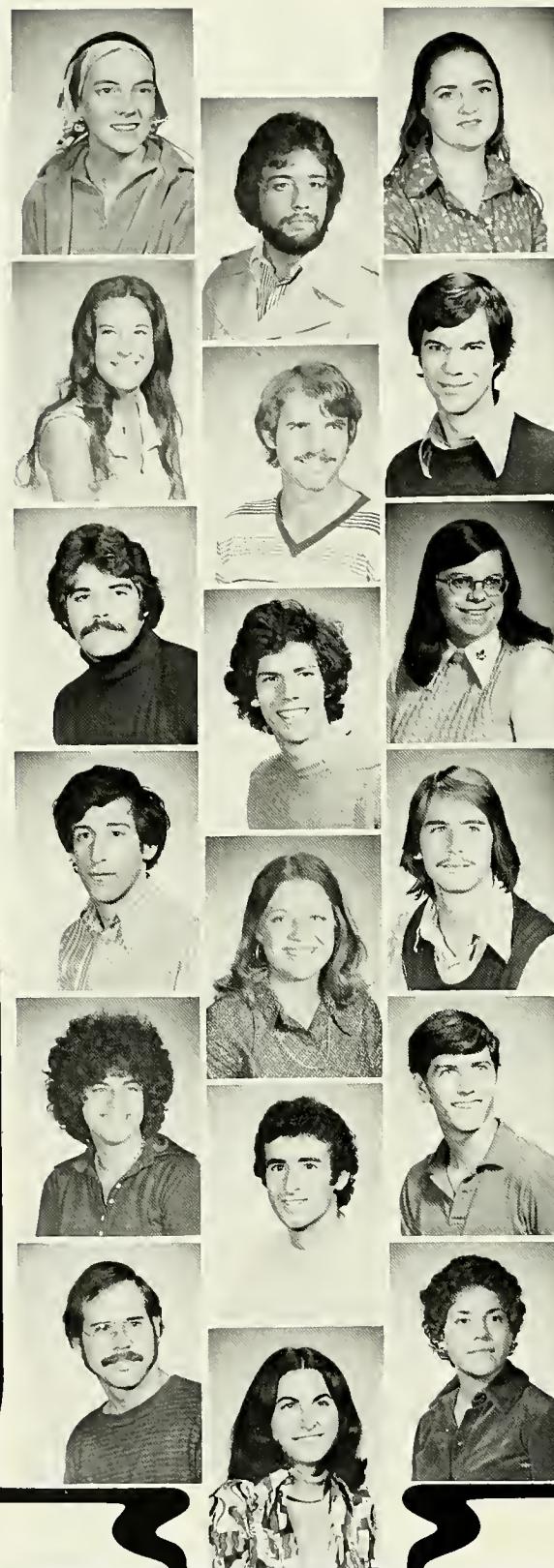
Kathryn B. Miller
Austin, Texas
Newcomb

Nancy L. Miller
Hollywood, Florida
Newcomb

Marc S. Mirsky
Lincolnwood, Illinois
Arts and Sciences

Louis L. Mizell Jr.
San Antonio, Texas
Arts and Sciences

Meredith E. Monsky
Birmingham, Alabama
Newcomb



Noemie G. Merrick
New Roads, La.
Newcomb

Bernard W. Messer
Lewisburg, W.V.
Arts and Sciences

Carol L. Miller
Metairie, La.
Newcomb

Lee R. Miller
Brooklyn, NY
Arts and Sciences

Gerald E. Misel
Atlanta, Georgia
Arts and Sciences

Jill Monsour
Albany, NY
Physical Education

Tulane is so much fun, I decided to take my time!
Mary Forest McEnery
Newcomb

Wayne C. Moore
Lut Off, La.
Arts and Sciences

Jane K. Moos
Highland Park, Illinois
Architecture

Wendy R. Morris
New Orleans
Newcomb

William H. Morris Jr.
New Orleans
Arts and Sciences

Peggy J. Moss
Sarasota, Florida
Newcomb

Clifford P. Murray
New Orleans
Arts and Sciences

Rafael A. Negron
Rio Piedras, Puerto Rico
Engineering

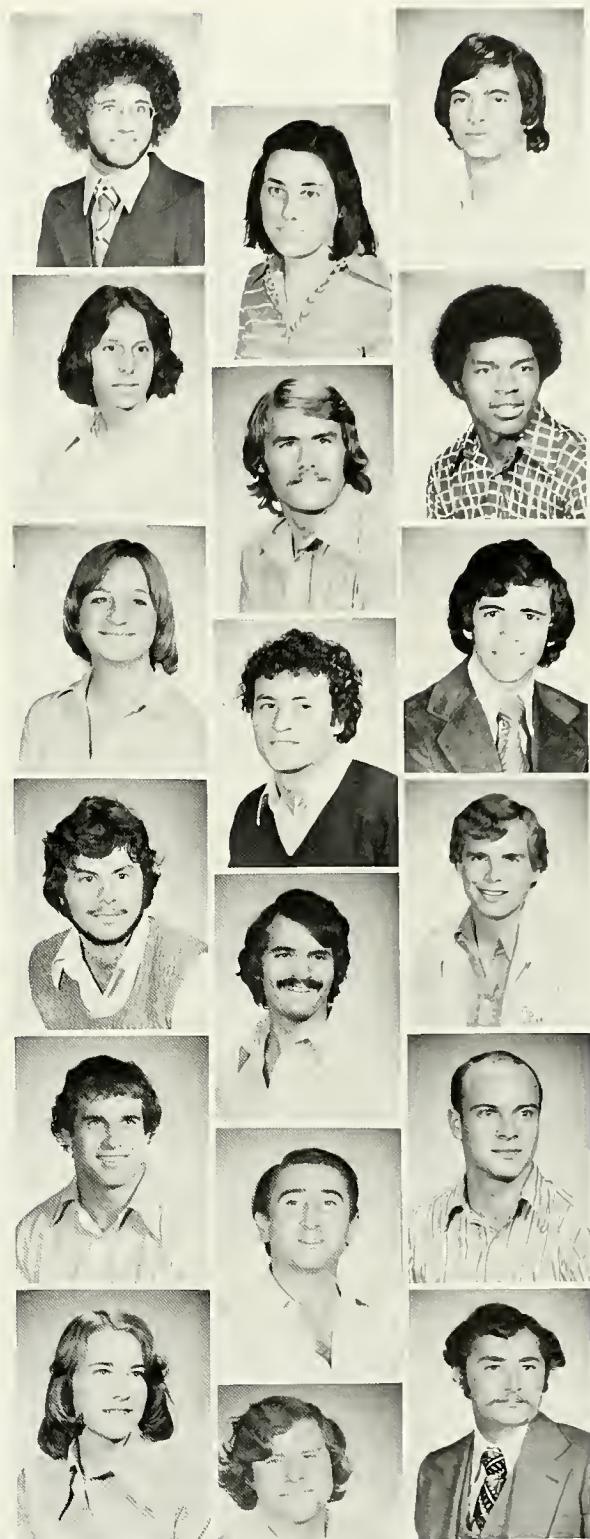
Robert Newman
Tampa, Florida
Arts and Sciences

William L. Nix
New Orleans
Arts and Sciences

Pierre Noyer
New Orleans
Graduate Law

Marianne O'Carroll
New Orleans
Newcomb

Wooserferd O'Leary
Houma, La.
Law



Michael J. Mora
Key Biscayne, Florida
Arts and Sciences

Robert B. Morrison
Tampa, Florida
Arts and Sciences

Anthony P. Napolitano
New Orleans
Engineering

Thomas E. Niesen
St. Louis, Missouri
Arts and Sciences

David M. Oberholtzer
Houston, Texas
Arts and Sciences

Robert Olivier
Thibodaux, La.
Architecture

Nothing spent considerable sums on a diploma which seems likely to render me overqualified and thus unemployable, I'm often tempted to rue the day I picked up my first registration packet. I now have to live with the fact that I'm too educated to be a regular Joe and not educated enough to be a true intellectual. At least I'll have company in Limbo from all the other disillusioned B.A.'s of both sexes who will be pumping gas alongside me.

My career with the Exxon Corporation won't be totally dismal, because my education has given me something which defies price tags. The knowledge I've gained here will always be a passport to the endlessly fascinating dimension of human thought and experience. Even while flushing radiators and greasing axles, I'll always be supremely entertained by the tragic and funny, sublime and absurd drama which surrounds us every waking moment. College has introduced me to a world of ideas I might never have found on my own, and if it never earns me a penny I won't regret the last dollar I spent on it.

Bill McLeese
Arts and Sciences

John C. Olmstead
New Orleans
Law

Richard S. Paddor
Lincolnwood, Illinois
Arts and Sciences

Pedro B. Padierna
New Orleans
Graduate Business

Martin Paley
West Newton, Mass.
Arts and Sciences

Melvin P. Paret
Lake Charles, La.
Arts and Sciences

Jeanene V. Parker
Arriba, Colorado
Newcomb

Sandra L. Pate
Atlanta, Georgia
Newcomb

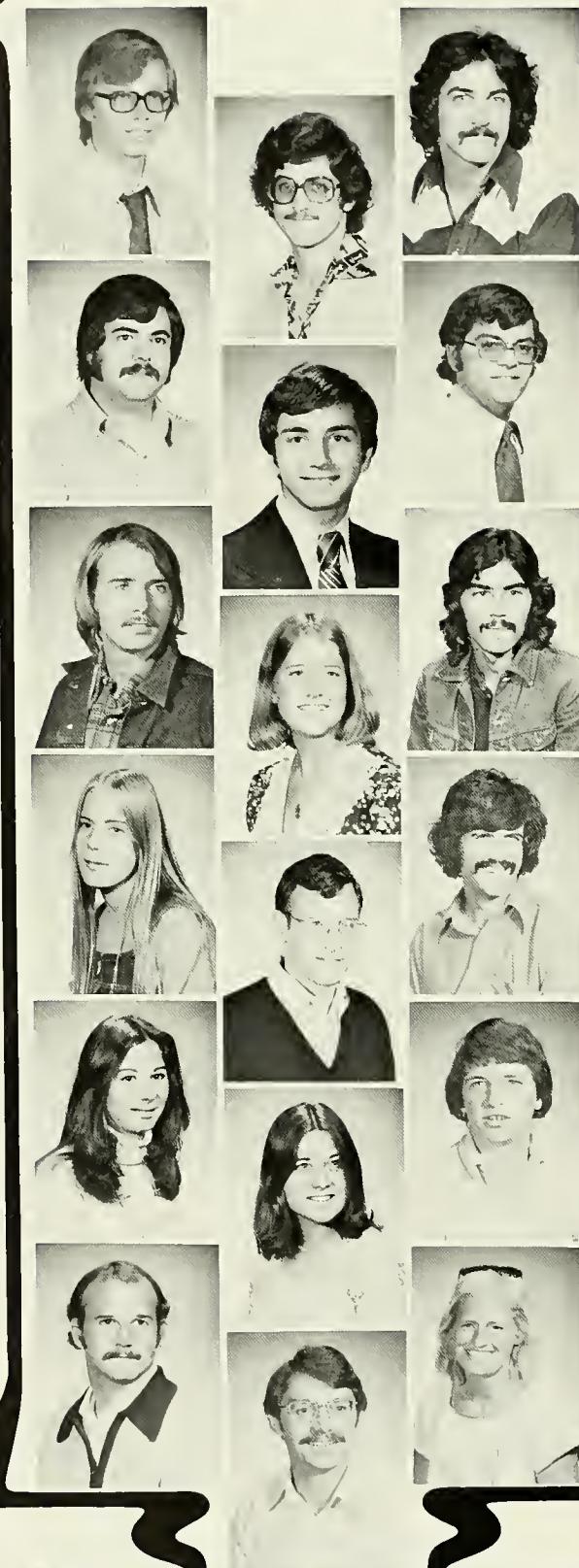
Jeffrey A. Paulus
New Orleans
Graduate Business

Lynn A. Pearlman
Orlando, Florida
Newcomb

Deborah E. Pearson
New Orleans
Newcomb

Steve Peden
Dallas, Texas
Arts and Sciences

William R. Pedersen
New Orleans
Engineering



Robert E. Paddor
Lincolnwood, Illinois
Arts and Sciences

Paul J. Palmeri
New Orleans
Engineering

Alberto Parra
New Orleans
Engineering

Paul B. Payne
Slaton, Texas
Arts and Sciences

John L. Pecarrere
New Orleans
Arts and Sciences

Priscilla J. Penn
Eureka Springs, Arkansas
Newcomb

ife:
Participant or spectator.
Involvement is the difference.
Serena Fitz Randolph
Architecture

Arthur H. Perry
Wheaton, Maryland
Arts and Sciences

Joanna E. Pessa
Alexandria, Virginia
Newcomb

Elise R. Piazza
Newhaven, Connecticut
Newcomb

Lee L. Pickett
New Orleans
Arts and Sciences

Judith Pinnolis
Winston Salem,
North Carolina
Newcomb

Carlos M. Pinzon
New Orleans
Engineering

George L. Plaeger III
New Orleans
Engineering

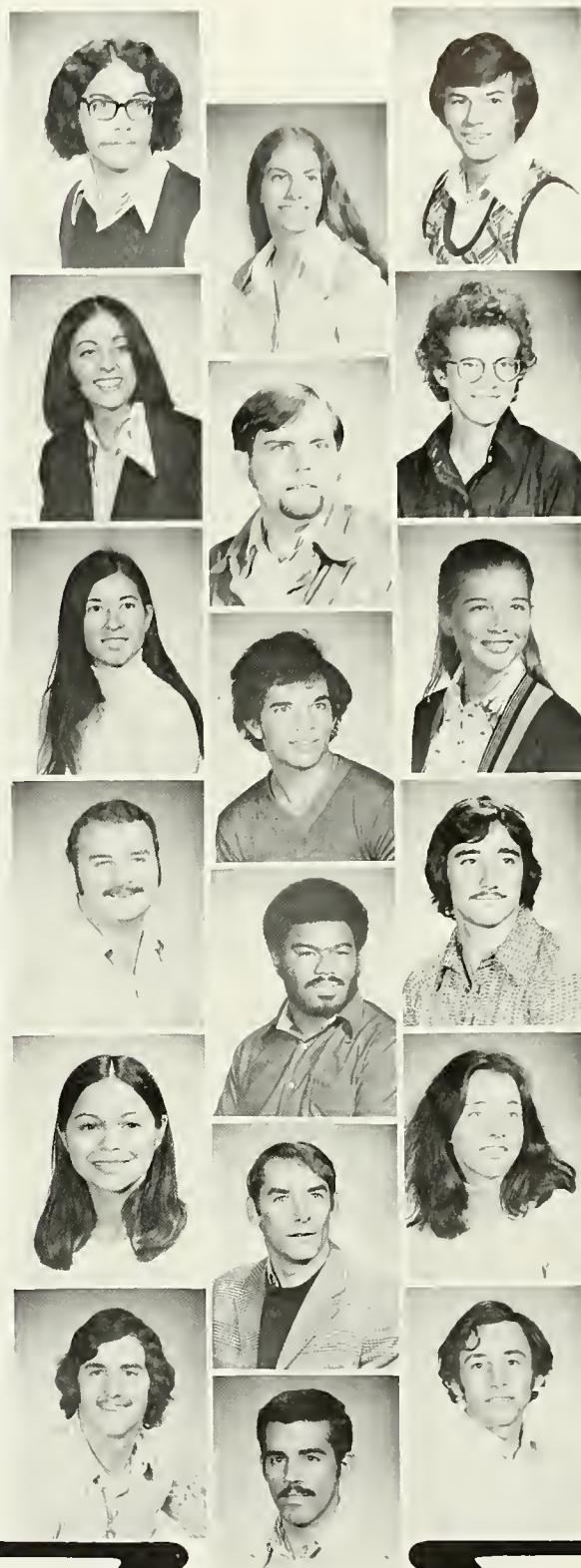
Jacob A. Plique
New Orleans
Engineering

Mary E. Podesta
San Antonio, Texas
Newcomb

Anatole Pohorilenko
Philadelphia, Pa.
Graduate

Douglas Pooley
Denver, Colorado
Arts and Sciences

Oscar J. Porras
New Orleans
Engineering



Donald M. Peterson
Dallas, Texas
Architecture

Carla J. Pierce
New Orleans
Architecture

Linda T. Pixler
New Orleans
Newcomb

Thomas K. Ploch
Memphis, Tennessee
Arts and Sciences

Lislie M. Polson
Cottage Grove, Oregon
Newcomb

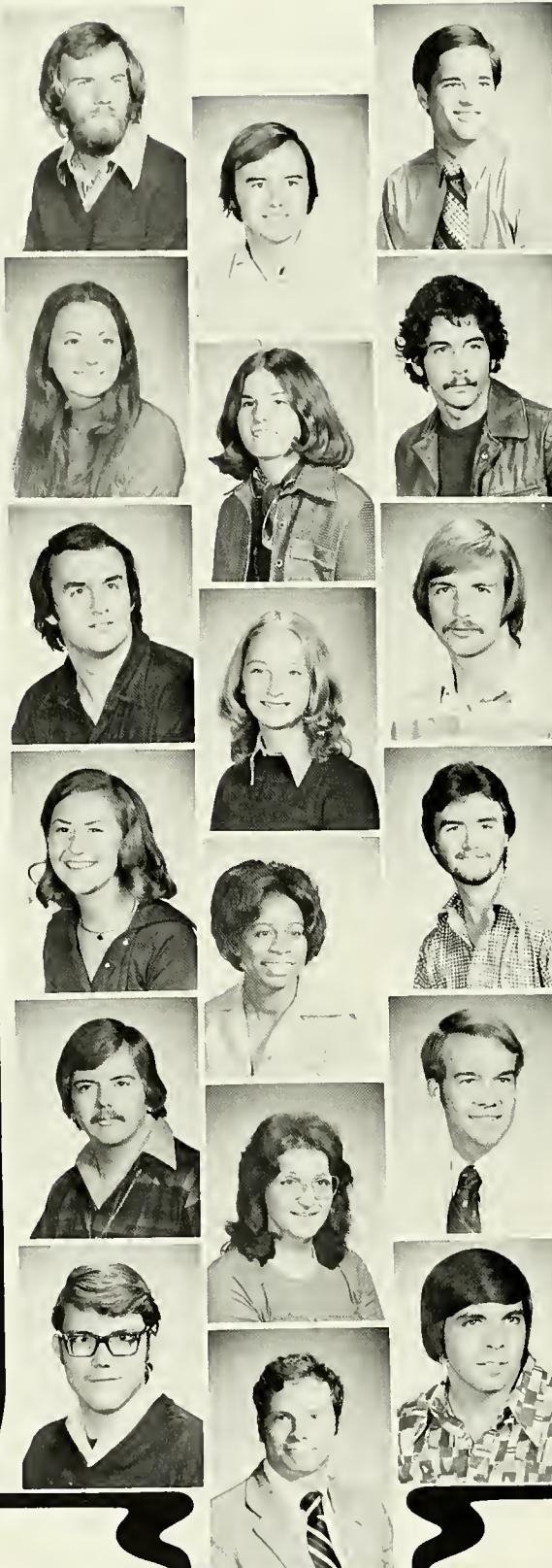
Daniel Pougeoise
New Orleans, La.
Graduate Law

It would be nice to consider leaving Tulane in the good company of President Longenecker, Dean Stibbs, and Col. Scruton. But that would be untrue since I've just reenlisted.

To the future I pray that my Graduate diploma reads "Tulane University" and not "LSU-Uptown". To the past, a toast—"Lately it occurs to me what a long, strange trip it's been".

Bruce Rubin
Arts and Sciences

John M. Powell
Gretna, La.
Architecture



Nicholas K. Powell
Kansas City, Missouri
Arts and Sciences

Leigh Pratt
New Orleans
Newcomb

Lee L. Prina
Washington, D.C.
Newcomb

Dick Pryor
Jackson, Mississippi
Physical Education

Pam Pryor
West Memphis, Arkansas
Newcomb

Rikka I. Pulliam
West Memphis, Arkansas
Newcomb

Eva A. Purnell
New Orleans
Newcomb

Michal D. Purswell
Conroe, Texas
Arts and Sciences

Robabeh B. Rafatjah
New Orleans
University College

William E. Rau
New Orleans
Engineering

James S. Rees III
New Orleans
Law

Scott M. Powers
Ft. Mitchell, Kentucky
Law

Louis F. Prisco
Great Neck, New York
Arts and Sciences

Michael Pugh
New Orleans
Arts and Sciences

Ronald J. Pursell
New Orleans
Law

Steven R. Rampton
Jacksonville, Florida
Graduate Business

Rick S. Rees
New Orleans, La.
Graduate Business

feel that the value of a university is the success with which it prepares one to deal with "the world out there". And I've got to give credit to Tulane . . . it has managed to take on aopathic student with her nose in the art building, and teach her the most valuable lesson of all: The only way to accomplish, to learn, or to really enjoy anything is to GET INVOLVED. Two words which, if vigorously employed, can mean my salvation, that of the Student Body, that of the University — and the world. As an experiment — really get involved in that research paper; really get into Mardi Gras (wow); get involved in fighting for the students' welfare. The opportunities are endless. So go to it!

Jeanene V. Parker
Newcomb

Elyse Reingold
Henrietta, Oklahoma
Newcomb

Jack A. Rhoades
Richmond, Virginia
University College

James Richard
Wilkes Barre, Pennsylvania
Arts and Sciences

James E. Richard Jr.
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New Orleans
Law

Briley Richmond
New Orleans
Law

Glenn M. Rick
San Diego, California
Arts and Sciences

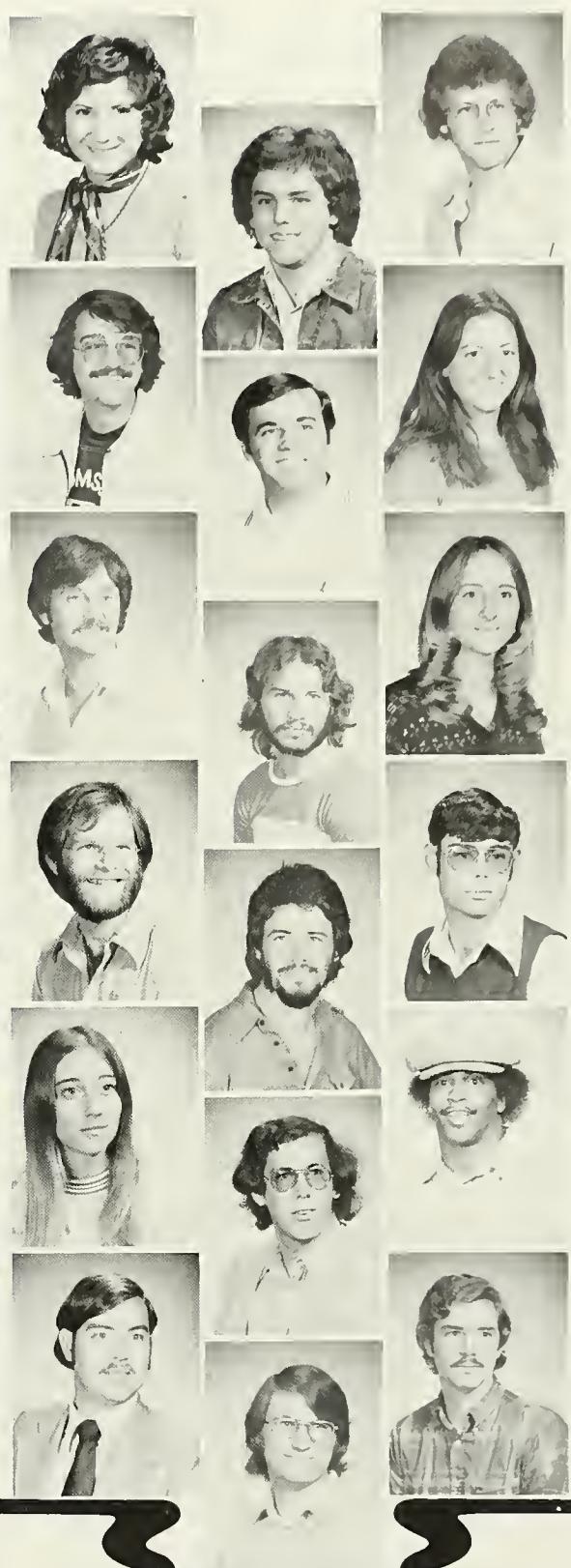
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New Orleans
Newcomb

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New Orleans
Engineering

Albert Robinson
New Orleans
Arts and Sciences

José A. Rodriguez
New Orleans, La.
Architecture

I have never been so depressed, or so stimulated, in my short life. College seems to bring out glowering realities, while at the same time instilling a sense of being (my own being).

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Arts and Sciences

Sergio G. Rodriguez
Metairie, Louisiana
Arts and Sciences

Dave R. Rohbock
New Orleans
Arts and Sciences

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New Orleans
Newcomb

Alvin Rosenfarb
Miami Beach, Florida
Law

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Glencoe, Illinois
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Bruce Rubin
New Orleans
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Wynn Russo
New Orleans
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Arts and Sciences

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Dix Hills, New York
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LaFayette, Louisiana
Engineering

Mark P. Rowe
Alvin, Texas
Graduate Business

Schuyler T. Ruhlman
New Orleans
Newcomb

William R. Rutledge
Garland, Texas
Physical Education

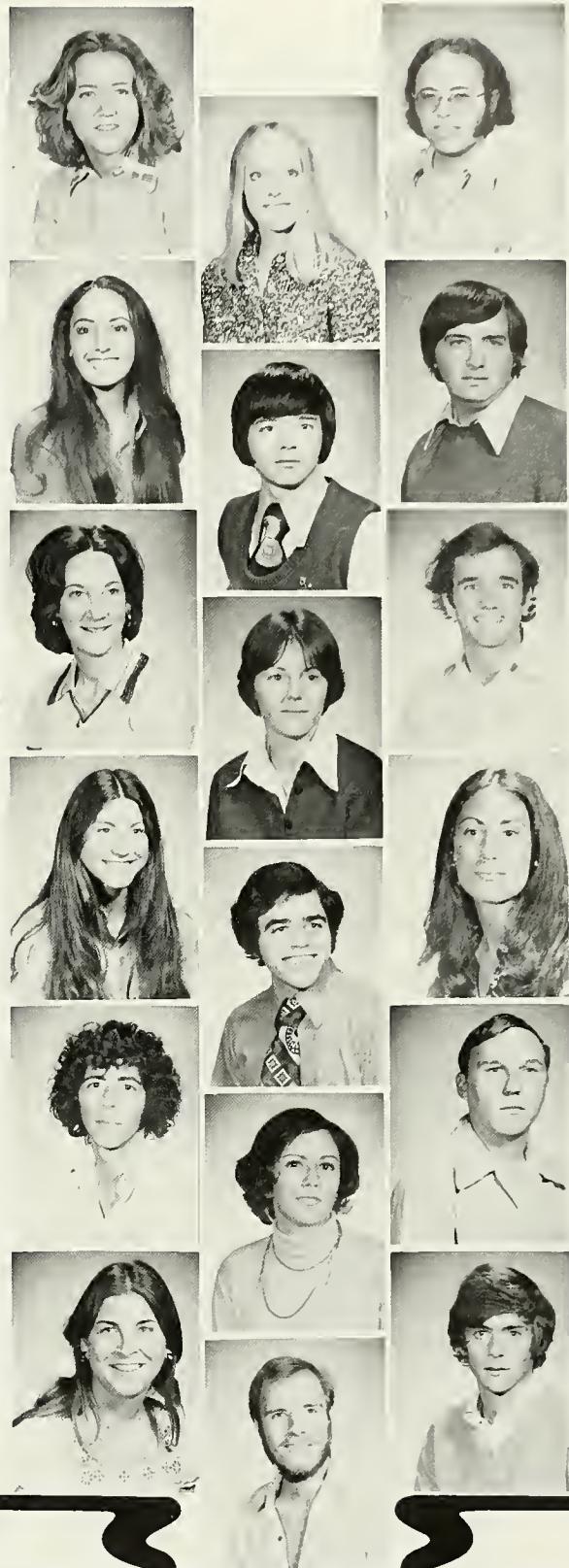
Richard A. Salkin
Scarsdale, New York
Arts and Sciences

John M. Sartin
New Orleans
Law

When things have gone well, when the play, the actors, and the director have worked as an ensemble, and the audience has likewise given of itself, then there occurs one of those rare moments when true theatre lives, and all is justified. The actor achieves a sense of fulfillment greater than that of any other artist, because he does not experience it alone".

—Robert L. Benedetti
The Actor at Work
Clare Richardson
Newcomb

Jodie E. Sartor
Nashville, Tennessee
Newcomb



Morris R. Sazer
New Orleans
Engineering

Julie Savoy
New Orleans
Social Work

Sammie Schenker
Metairie, Louisiana
Newcomb

Martin B. Schiel
Mobile, Alabama
Arts and Sciences

Ellen M. Schwartz
Chattanooga, Tennessee
Graduate Business

Linda R. Seale
Houston, Texas
Newcomb

Lesley B. Shear
Reading, Pennsylvania
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Michael J. Shimberg
New Rochelle, New York
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Robert Siegel
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
Arts and Sciences

Donna M. Simmons
Sarasota, Florida
Newcomb

Camille D. Simpson
Houston, Texas
Newcomb

Peter M. Simpson
New Orleans
Arts and Sciences

Terry E. Schnuck
St. Louis, Missouri
Arts and Sciences

David C. Shaw
San Antonio, Texas
Arts and Sciences

Andrea Siben
Bay Shore, New York
Newcomb

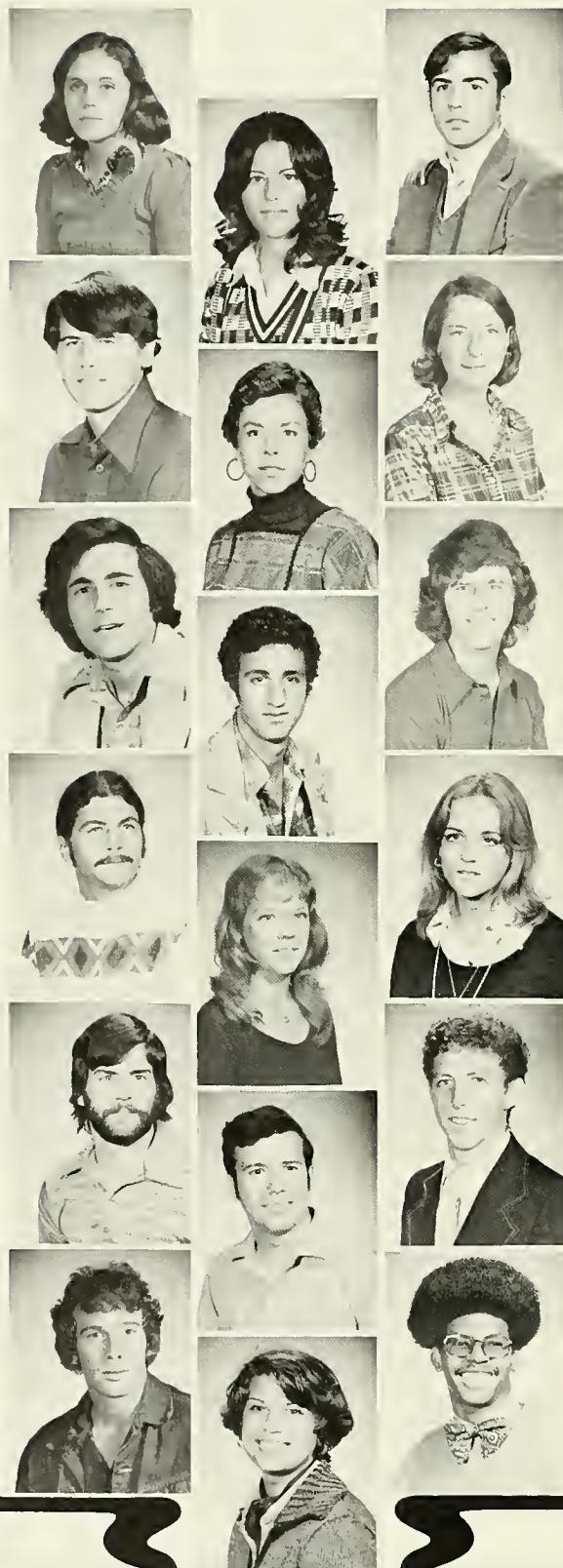
George W. Simmons
Dry Prong, Louisiana
Arts and Sciences

David M. Sims
New Orleans
Graduate Business

When I came to Tulane as a freshman in 1969, there were a lot of problems with the school. The Administration did not care about what the students thought, the athletic department lost money, the medical school lost money, professors were leaving at an alarming rate. Tuition was being increased annually, bookstore prices were inflated, etc. Now that I am ready to leave Tulane, I look around and see that the Administration does not care about what students think, the Athletic Department is losing money, the medical school is losing money, professors are leaving at an alarming rate, tuition is being raised, bookstore prices are inflated, etc. At least the football team will play in the Superdome this year. Maybe...

Philip Savoie
Law School

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Lake Forest, Illinois
Newcomb



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Marion, Indiana
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New Orleans
University College

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New Orleans
Architecture

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Waukesha, Wisconsin
Engineering

Ronald T. Stevens
New Orleans
Arts and Sciences

here's no use in crying, it's all over.
But I know there'll always be another day
When my heart will rise up with the morning sun
And the hurt I feel will simply melt away...
... 'Cos my heart will rise up with the morning sun.

Roger Stix
Arts and Sciences

Roger B. Stix
Scarsdale, New York
Arts and Sciences



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Jay, Florida
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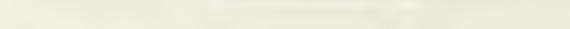
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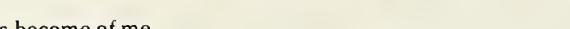
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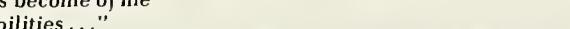
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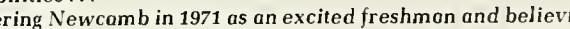
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Law



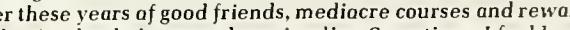
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Arts and Sciences

Howard A. Taub
Dallas, Texas
Arts and Sciences

Mark A. Thalheim
Gretna, Louisiana
Arts and Sciences

ime, time, time . . . See what's become of me
As I look around at my possibilities . . ."

I remember distinctly entering Newcomb in 1971 as an excited freshman and believing then that I knew it all. Now I reluctantly admit, after these years of good friends, mediocre courses and rewarding experiences, how little I really know. I gather that is what being a graduate implies. Sometimes I feel I am not ready to face anything by McAlister Drive. Oh well . . . LOOK OUT WORLD!! Here comes another BA from Newcomb College hoping to find herself in your unfamiliar territory. She will need all the help she can get!

Robin Mara Saliman
Newcomb

Dwight D. Theall
Gretna, Louisiana
Architecture

Nancie R. Theissen
Mankato, Minnesota
Newcomb

Lex Thistlethwaite
Opelousas, Louisiana
Arts and Sciences

George A. Thompson
New Orleans
Graduate

Seth Tieger
Cincinnati, Ohio
Arts and Sciences

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Law

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Winter Park, Florida
Architecture

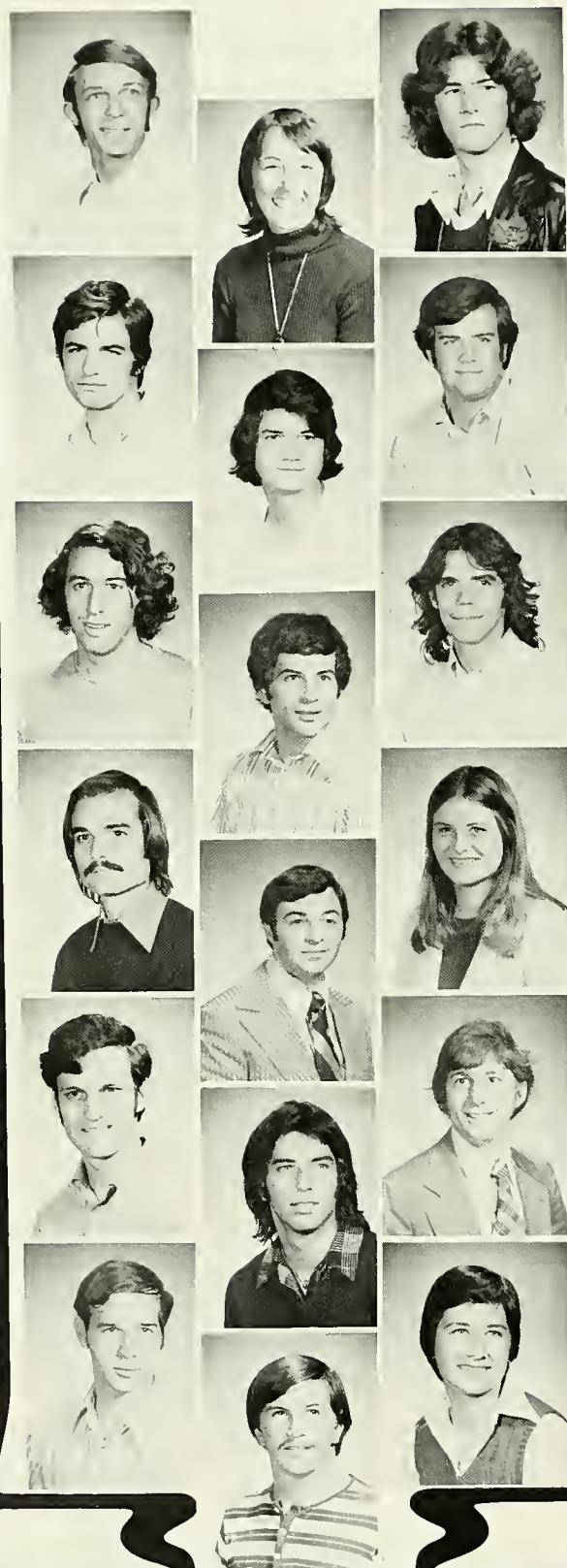
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Westport, Connecticut
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Slidell, Louisiana
Engineering

Carl J. Vandenberg
Tinley Park, Illinois
Arts and Sciences



Edward B. Thistlethwaite
Opelousas, Louisiana
Arts and Sciences

Reichel R. Thompson
Fort Smith, Arkansas
Engineering

Richard G. Tobey
North Plainfield, N.J.
Arts and Sciences

Linda Twist
Widener, Arkansas
Newcomb

Randy J. Ungar
New Orleans
Law

Jill W. Verlander
Metairie, Louisiana
Newcomb

One simply goes on in circles, the change in reference points is the illusion of growth.
A resigned sigh escapes, it is time to start the cycle again.

Jane Steinberg
Newcomb

Vladimir
New Orleans
Arts and Sciences

David C. Vogt
New Orleans
Engineering

Claire X. Waggenspack
Baton Rouge, Louisiana
Newcomb

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Sarasota, Florida
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Garland, Texas
Physical Education

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Houston, Texas
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Monmouth, Illinois
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New Orleans
Newcomb

Greg Weitz
New Orleans
Engineering

Cheryl A. White
New Orleans
Newcomb

Linda D. White
Austin, Texas
Engineering



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New Orleans
Arts and Sciences

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New Orleans
Law

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Scarsdale, New York
Newcomb

Samy E. Weinberger
Metairie, Louisiana
Arts and Sciences

Harold M. Wheelahan
New Orleans
Law

Ione S. Whitlock
Fanwood, New Jersey
Newcomb

Through uncertain life appears non-edible, where's the potato salad and pass the tabasco.
Michael D. Sussman
Arts and Sciences

Deborah A. Whitney
Little Rock, Arkansas
Newcomb

John F. Whitney
Green Bay, Wisconsin
Arts and Sciences

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Edgewater, Maryland
Newcomb

Erroll G. Williams
New Orleans
Graduate Business

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Felipe B. Woll
New Orleans
Graduate Business

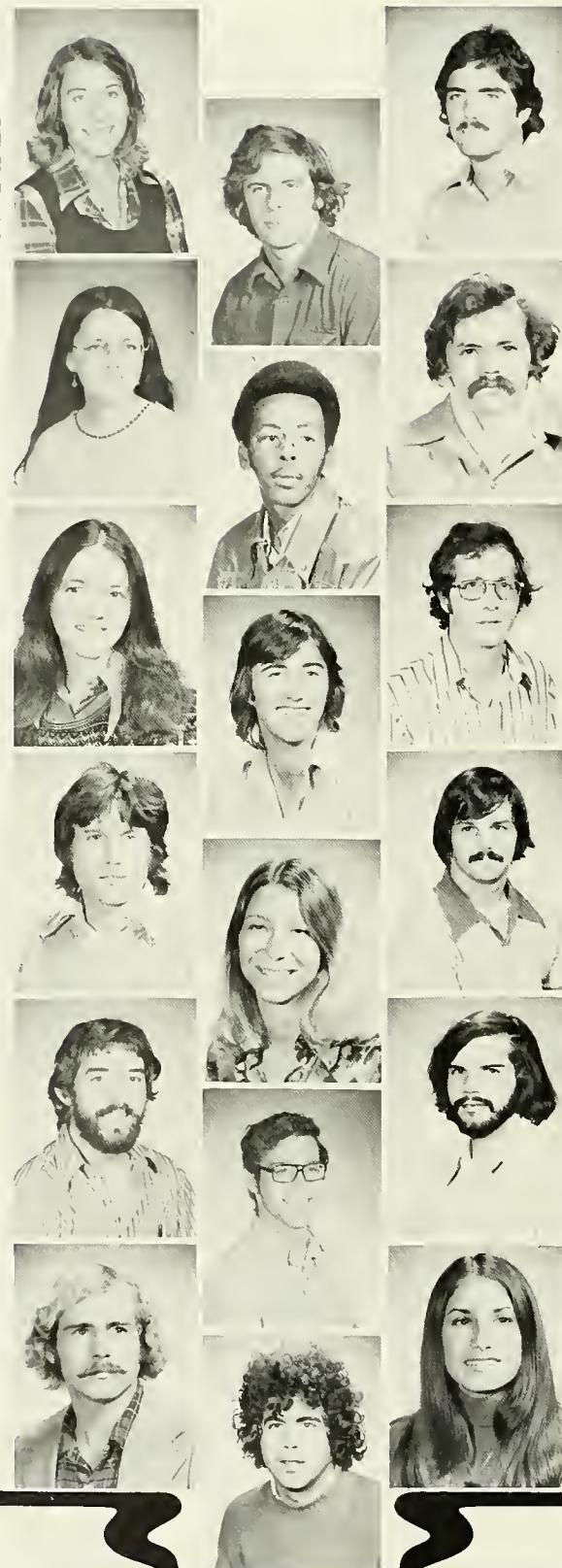
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Miami Beach, Florida
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Chatham, New Jersey
Arts and Sciences

Robert A. Zuflacht
Old Westbury, New York
Law



Jeffrey T. Wilkie
Youngstown, Ohio
Arts and Sciences

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New Orleans
University College

William C. Wright
Mountain City, Tennessee
Architecture

Tyrone G. Yokum
New Orleans
Arts and Sciences

Dale A. Zimmer
Massillon, Ohio
Arts and Sciences

Annamerle Zwitman
Key West, Florida
Newcomb

If mediocrity is the rule of Tulane, then it's made to be broken. Somebody's bound to exceed it eventually. The beauty of this place is waiting to see how it's done. I hope, somehow, I have helped.

James T. Wren
Arts and Sciences

ARCHITECTURE SENIORS



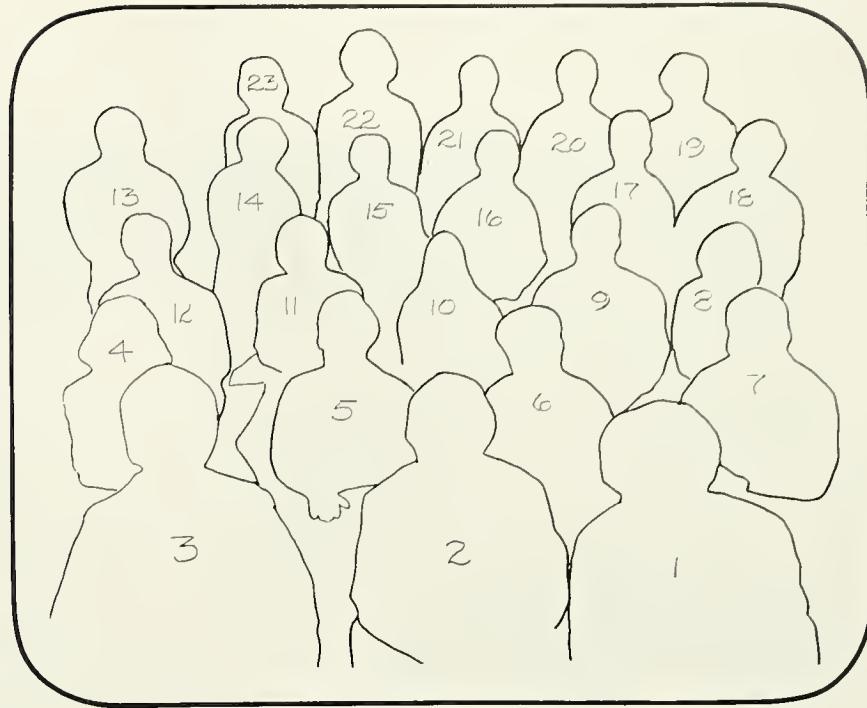
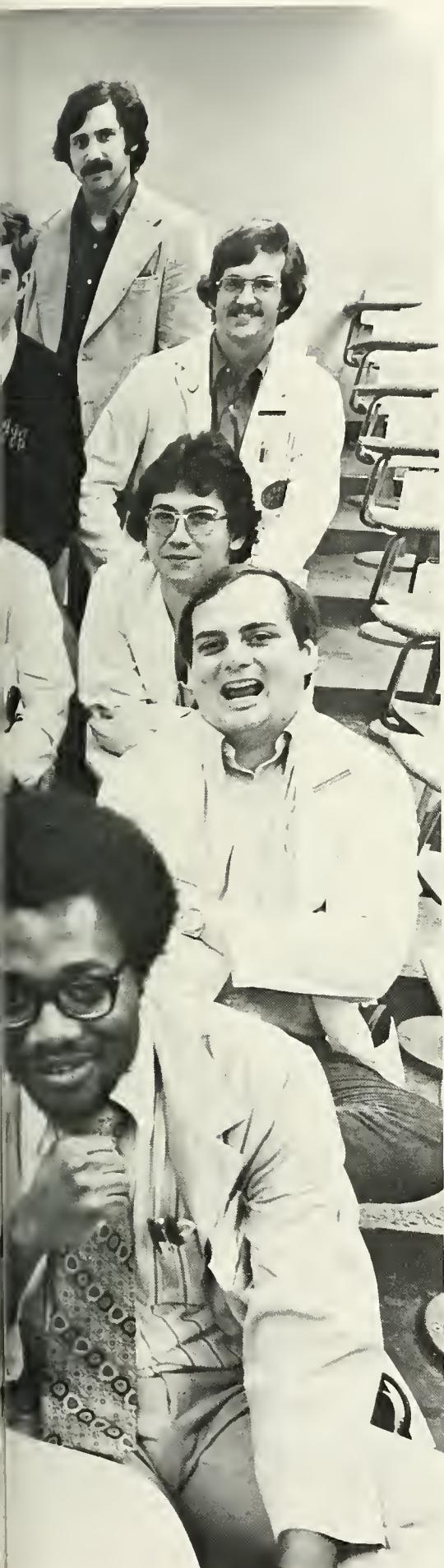
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Christopher J. Young

MED SCHOOL SENIORS





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1. E. Kofi Lartevi
2. Dennis Kasimian
3. Jerry Routh
4. Melinda Pouncey
5. Thomas Winston
6. Whitney Reader
7. Thomas Planchard
8. David Fajgenbaum
9. James Angel
10. Lelia Foster Angel
11. Ronald Harris
12. Leo Landry
13. Tony LaNasa
14. Steven Paul
15. James Diaz
16. Robert Grissom
17. John Baehr
18. Bob Allen
19. David Simkin
20. James Cox
21. Marty Claiborne
22. Robert Schwartz
23. Stuart Chudnofsky
NOT PICTURED ARE:
Mathew Abrams
Janic Armstrong
Bill Ball
Dave Berry
Greg Bertucci
Steven Bigler
Barbara Bolling
Barry Bordenave
Jay Brynelson
Dave Campell
Edward Carter
Gerald Ching

Jonathan Ching
Mike Clendenin
Crawford Cleveland
Leslie Coffman
Chuck Collin
John Conley
Randy Copeland
Bruce Craig
Bob Crawford
Rich Cunningham
Bill Daniel
Howard Davidson
Ronald Davis
Drake DeGrange
Hugh Dennis
Dave Dodd
Steve Donn
Al Dukes
Bob Easton
Bart Farris
James Fawcett
Ray Feierabend
James Fontenot
Louie Freeman
Johnny Gibson
Bill Graham
Kenneth Haik
Clarke Haley
Hal Hawkins
Ines Hertz
Baxter Holland
John Hower
John Hudnall
Joe Jackson
Stacey Johnson
Charles Joiner
Alan Karpman

Pete Kastl
Jay Kayser
Scott Kirby
Stephen Kramer
Kevin Kuebler
Kurt Kunzel
Miriam Labbok
Jeff Lambdin
Mike Lancaster
Steve Lazarus
Leo Lewenstein
Ralph Linn
Martha LoCicero
Jim Lusk
Rainer MacGuire
Tom McAnally
Lou McCaskill
Mike McShane
Gib Meadows
Jim Meek
Jim Meyer
Dave Miles
Lee Morgan-Poth
Ed Moskowitz
Gary Murray
Jim Novick
Johnny Obi
Derek Pang
Pam Parra
Sam Parry
Art Paulina
Mike Pentecost
Priscilla Perry
Corky Phemister
Paul Pradel
Lehman Preis
Donald Prime

Mark Provda
Chris Putman
William Reid
Freddie Reynolds
Paul Robertson
William Robinson
Randolph Ross
Ray Roy
Bob Ruderman
Jeff Saal
Steve Sanders
John Saunders
Al Saxon
Mike Seitzinger
Harold Sherman
Bill Sherman
Frank Silverman
Garrett Snipes
Al Solomon
Eddie Stone
Rand Stoneburner
Bryan Stuart
Russell Swann
Lawrence Tom
Michael Trombello
Corbin Turpin
Ken Van Wieren
Peter Von Dippe
Wayne Watkins
William Weed
Robert Wessler
Ed White
Brett Woodard
Robert Young
Matthew Zettl

Memoirs of a Most Noted “Butcher”



By
Dr. Edmond Souchon

(emeritus professor of Anatomy and Clinical Surgery
at the Tulane Medical School from 1872-1908)

After the Federals took possession of New Orleans in 1863, General Banks, who was then commandant of the Union troops stationed in the city, put Dr. Andrew Smyth in charge of the Charity Hospital. There he remained for nearly thirteen years, a thorough autocrat of a rather despotic turn, backed by the federal bayonets and the notorious carpetbag governors.

It was in 1864, when 31 years of age, that he performed his famous operation — the first operation in which a subclavian aneurism was successfully asperated and the patient did not die from hemorrhaging. It was on a mulatto aged 34 years, for a right aneurism of the third portion of the subclavian due to efforts made by the patient in catching at an anchor in trying to save himself from drowning in a collision at sea.

Ligature of the vertabral was performed on May 15 and the aneurism closed. The patient left the hospital apparently cured, but still presented a small pulsating tumour about the size of a pigeon's egg.

Ten years later he came back with the tumour as large as ever. The sac, threatening to burst, was opened with the hope of plugging the opening of the aneurismal artery but in vain. The patient died of hemorrhage within forty-eight hours.

A few hours after the celebrated patient had died, the body was carefully embalmed and with great solicitude injected with cocoa butter and carmine, which gave a most penetrating injection. As soon as ready, I started dissecting it with most intense and anxious interest and with as much celerity as possible because the friends of the dead man were chafing to have the remains to bury them in a style befitting such an illustrious personage. He had no family, but belonged to a coloured association whose members were very proud of the great celebrity the man had acquired as they judged from the attention and curiosity which followed him in all his movements.

They were pressing and impatient in their demands for the body and Dr. Smyth and I were giving them all kinds of excuses hoping to wear out their patience. I for one was doggedly determined that they should not have him without dividing with me, and I wanted the lion's share.

One morning as I was getting through with the dissection, I heard a great row in the waiting room of the dead house. This was then situated on Gravier Street, whereas the entrance to the hospital was in front, of course, on Common Street, a distance of about 300 feet.

I recognized the voice of Dr. Smyth clamoring over the others trying to pacify them again. He had a great deal of influence over them being himself a repub-

lican, but this time, I thought his prestige was fast ebhing away and I decided upon a bold coup d'etat to preserve the to be world-renowned specimen. So I quickly separated the interesting parts from the balance of the corpse, wrapped them up in an old sack cloth that happened to be lying there and passed the package out through a back window to an assistant keeper of the dead house; telling him to carry it to my coupe which was standing in front of the hospital. I then leaped out through the same window and took the garden walk opposite to the carrier, that he might not be suspected. I reached the front door of my carriage before him. Taking the much coveted specimen from the carrier and placing it tenderly on the seat next to me I drove off at once to the Tulane Medical College, hugging closely my precious and ghastly companion.

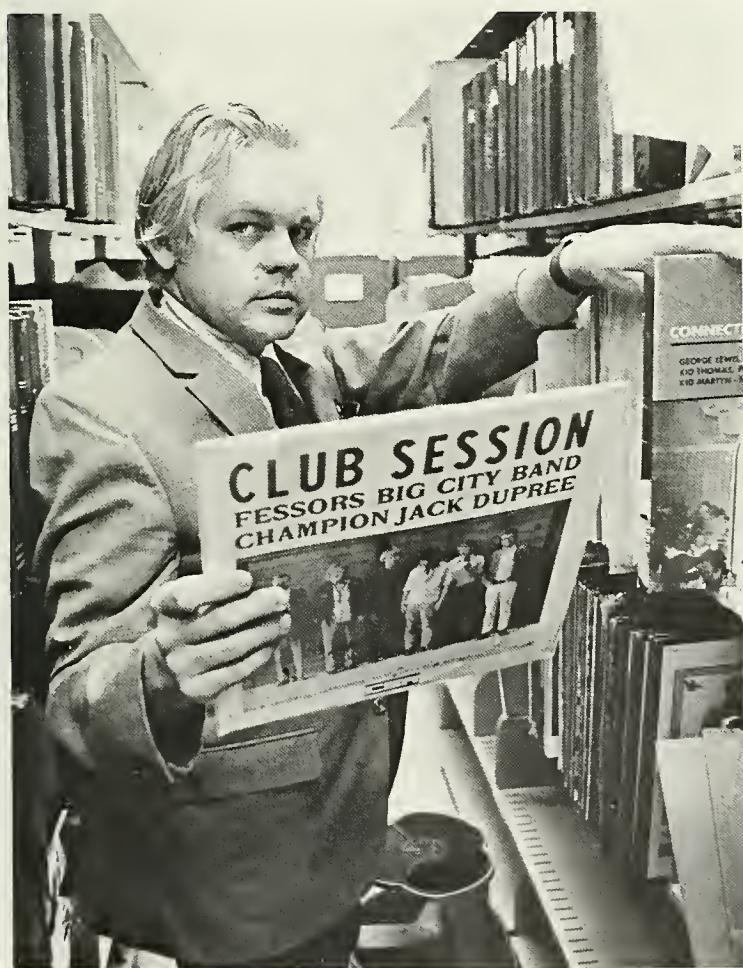
After resisting the dead man's friends as long as he could, Dr. Smyth had to yield to them. But judge of their shock and horror when they saw all that was left of their saint, two legs with the viscera and a left arm, without being able to find out where the balance had gone and by what way. I do not think they know it to this day. They had to be contented with what they could get and they made as much of it as if it had been the whole of their friend. Dr. Smyth himself was much surprised and as much at a loss as they but more happily so. He was very glad when he learned where the specimen had gone. It was some satisfaction, he said, to be able to prove that all the arteries he said he had ligated had really been tied.

From the college I moved the specimen to an adjoining building for fear that the enraged friends might institute a search for him. There he remained, quietly unknown to all but myself in an old whiskey barrel filled with water and alcohol. I could ill afford then to keep him in a finer style, however deserving of it he was. Besides, I did not care to exhibit him much, any way.

After a year or so later Professor Tobias Richardson, director of the Medical School, asked me where the famous dissection was. Having told him and what a drain he was on my shallow treasury he asked me if I would not consent to have it sent to the Army Medical Museum in Washington, D.C., to which I gladly consented at once. There I felt sure he would be treated in a manner becoming such a unique relic.

Dr. Richardson and Dr. Groenvelt arranged to have it sent to Washington, where it now rests in peace and security in all its glory in a beautiful all-glass box with a fine crystal lid, bathed over head in pure alcohol, the admiration of all who love subclavian aneurisms of the third portion.





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TULANE STADIUM — AN EPITAPH

By Bennett H. Wall

Thirty-five thousand people attended the dedication of Tulane Stadium on October 23, 1926, and they saw Auburn University football team defeat Tulane by a score of 2-0. Within months of the first Tulane contest, the fertile minds of New Orleans Item publisher Col. James M. Thompson and his sports editor, Fred Digby, formulated plans for a New Year's football classic to be played in Tulane Stadium. For some years they and others pressed ahead until, in February 1934, the New Orleans Mid-Winter Sports Association was organized to sponsor a New Year's sports carnival featuring top college teams. Logically, they adopted the name "Sugar Bowl" for their event because the Tulane Stadium had been erected on a portion of the plantation where Etienne de Bore first successfully produced sugar in Louisiana.

The original Tulane Stadium had been financed largely through a public fund raising drive, and all subsequent additions to it were paid for by the Mid-Winter Sports Association. The last addition to the stadium increased the seating capacity to 80,985. However, as many as 88,000 spectators have witnessed both Tulane and Sugar Bowl games.

For almost half a century the Tulane Sugar Bowl Stadium served two purposes — the Green Wave teams played home games there, and on New Year's Day two of the Nation's best football teams played for the Sugar Bowl trophy. The Willow Street stadium held its own with the Nation's greatest and best: floodlighted in 1957; first bowl game televised coast-to-coast in color in 1960; press box voted among Nation's best by sportswriters — the list could be continued. With the construction of the Super Dome underway, the Tulane Stadium no longer received the attention it so much deserved.

The parade of legendary players and coaches who played for or against Tulane, and those who played in the Sugar Bowl is almost a complete roll call of the Nation's finest. Who could ever forget little Davy O'Brien leading Texas Christian to a victory over Carnegie Tech in 1939; the seesaw Duke-Alabama game in 1945 won by Duke 29-26; U.N.C.'s Charlie Justice's war with Georgia's Charlie Trippi in 1947; "Bear" Bryant with his Kentucky Wildcats upsetting "Bud" Wilkinson's Oklahoma Sooners in 1951; or L.S.U.'s great 13-10 victory over Syracuse in 1965. Then there was to be the ever discussed game of 1973, perhaps the greatest game ever played in any stadium, Notre Dame 24 - Alabama 23, Bryant versus Parseghian. Not even the Rose Bowl can claim greater games or players.

For Tulanians, the massive stadium on Willow Street holds many memories. Beginning with the early lean years (1926-1928), Tulane went undefeated in 1929 and in the next three years, led by the in-

comparable Don Zimmerman, lost only three games. Many sports authorities consider Zimmerman the greatest player ever to don the Green and Blue of Tulane. The Tulane record in 1935 merited an invitation to the first Sugar Bowl game. There, on January 1, Tulane defeated Temple by a 20-14 score. Tulane back Claude (Little Monk) Simons ran for eighty-five yards for the winning touchdown. Simons remained in the Sugar Bowl picture until he died in 1975.

And if these two greats stood out, how could one omit Harley McCollum, Bobby Kellogg, Eddie Price, Richie Petitbon, Tommy Mason, David Abercrombie, knighthood on Willow Street and went on to greater fame in distant places. Father and son will ever argue the respective merits of the great tackles Paul Lea and Charlie Hall. The great Willow Street stadium will not again hear the roar of eighty thousand fans cheering on their team.

There stands Tulane Stadium, with a solitary flag waving and the litter blowing idly through the gates, a grand structure of steel and concrete, reinforced with the sweat of victor and vanquished alike. Here, for forty-nine years, the decision had to be made, and on one particular afternoon or evening. Records meant little, hopes and dreams went glimmering when a fumble changed a score or a block set a fast back free. Gone forever are such mundane things as concern over the weather. The Super Dome reportedly has the answers. But for Tulanians there can never be a comparable attachment for an alien facility such as they felt for that battered stadium right across from the dorms on Willow Street.



TULANE'S MOVE TO THE DOME

By Kathryn Kahler

Tulane football is destined for the Superdome despite student demands to continue playing at the historic Tulane Stadium, home of the Sugar Bowl, on Willow Street. University officials say they are delaying their decision because of the uncertain August 1 completion date. Yet, they insist if Tulane Stadium is to be used, major repairs must be made — immediately. "Simple patch-up" repairs alone will cost a mere \$100,000. In the fall of 1973, however, Dr. Herbert Longenecker, president of the University, estimated a minimum of \$1,500,000 in repairs were necessary for Tulane to play football in the Sugar Bowl in 1975. As a result of the inconsistency of the figures presented to the Tulane Board of Administrators by the Dome Commission, a controversy raged. Student representatives on the Board argued that the figures were deceptive, noting an increase cost from \$56,000 to \$156,333. Board members reiterated that their only interest was economics, but other factions within the university openly doubted the sincerity of this pious statement especially in light of the intermingling of Board members with New Orleans' big business and strong financial holdings. Cast in this light, Tulane football is doomed for the Dome.

"The Tulane Hullabaloo" editorialized against the Dome on October 5, 1973 calling it "that fiasco of community boosterism." Said Larry Arcell, then editor of the "Hullabaloo," "College athletics are a part of life at a university and they should occur in a place which is convenient to the people who are involved in that university. Playing in the Dome is not exactly like playing in Tulane Stadium Travelling downtown for a football game is enough to make anyone just stay on campus." This accurately reflects Tulane sentiment both then and now. No one wants to move to the Dome except a handful of administrators and the Board.

In a referendum questioning whether Tulane should play in the Dome, 80 percent of the students and 88 percent of the faculty members voted no to the Dome move. Additionally, 75 percent disapproved of the method the Board was using in making their decision on the Dome situation. Yet, despite this overwhelming vote to keep football on Willow Street, the Student Senate, overlooking the negative student opinion, passed a resolution supporting the Board's proposal for the Dome move. Senate president Jerry Clark said the vote resulted from the Senate's close analysis of the financial picture. However, Scott

Wagman, who followed Clark as ASB president said the financial aspect was not "all so overriding. All this governmental expertise, as shown by past history, falls apart when you blow on it."

The "Hullabaloo" called the Senate's "Action, or inaction, a complete travesty," noting the 4-1 margin by which the students voted against a Dome move. Said one senator, "The Student Senate has just sold its constituency down the river."

Admitting that political pressure was involved, the Tulane Board of Administrators voted November 8, 1973 to move football to the Superdome. According to Longenecker, "The Board's decision, based on extensive consideration of all the facts, was taken on what it considered the best interest of the University for the future. That's about all there is to say on the matter." Clark said the Board's decision was "politically expedient," cancelling the concern over possible political reprisals.

According to Edmund McIlhenny, Tulane has, "under basic constitutional and statutory provisions, exemptions from property taxes. But if those in power in Baton Rouge and New Orleans want to make it hot for Tulane, they have the power. Where we have the power to reciprocate, it's in the best interest of the University to do this." Rumors have also circulated which reveal that the Dome move was based on fears that the Medical School bonds for the new medical complex would not receive a good rating. While this cannot be substantiated it is not totally unbelievable. This might be some of the "political pressure" the Board was referring to.

Now that the Sugar Bowl is obsolete what will happen to it? Some say nothing before 1979 or 1980. Others are calling for a reduction in the seating capacity and use in other university functions. "It's just going to sit there. We'll try to spend as little money as possible on it," said Shelby Friedrichs, chairman of the Board's Superdome committee.

"Just sitting there" will be the "world's largest steel structure" which was once the site of the Old Etienne de Bore plantation, one of the first places to granulate sugar in this country. Whatever happens now, students are not likely to forget that their sentiments were forgotten for "economic benefits" and for the materialistic comforts of the Dome: instant replay, cushioned seats, and an environment free from nature's elements. Said one Board member, "Tulane must keep pace with the changing times." Perhaps so, if you like the plastic society we live in now.

TULANE AND THE DOME

MUCH MORE THAN FOOTBALL

By Dave Dixon

Tulane University and its football team obviously have a fantastic future in the Superdome. The recruiting attractiveness of this spectacular building for top high school prospects will be national, not merely local or regional. Better recruiting means much better teams, which in turn means higher attendance, improved home schedules, and healthier financing of Tulane athletic programs.

Frankly, I will be very surprised if Tulane does not rank among the nation's top half-dozen college football teams for the ten-year period 1976-1985. The recruiting appeal of Tulane University, New Orleans, and "our" Superdome will lead to a near domination of blood rival L.S.U. within the years immediately ahead. Tulane is a school with a fine "reputation"; New Orleans is unquestionably an attractive city to young people, and the Superdome is in a class by itself as a football facility. Blue chippers anywhere will at least listen when a Tulane recruiter comes their way.

However, I hope a healthy football future is not the only thing this building will mean to Tulane students and faculty. The Superdome, if used properly and to its full advantage, will open a new era in mass entertainment. This phenomena will be of immense benefit financially, culturally, and socially to New Orleans.

To understand such a statement one must understand the Superdome. Many think of it as a super-glamorous "STADIUM"; perhaps a stadium to end all stadiums. In reality, the Superdome is an "AUDITORIUM"; the finest in the world to seat more than 22,000. (Bear in mind that the Superdome's capacity will be 76,000, not 23, 24, or 25 thousand.)

The dome is, of course, an auditorium rather than a stadium because it is enclosed, climate controlled, without outside light, equipped with highly sophisticated sound equipment, the very latest in theatrical lighting, theater-type upholstered seats, six giant television projectors and screens, numerous

interior meeting rooms, carpeted ramps and corridors, ad infinitum. These things do not currently exist in such combination in any present auditorium. Moreover, it is virtually impossible to modify any existing stadium in this fashion.

In such a Superdome a new era of "mass entertainment" awaits us. As an admitted oversimplification; instead of 10,000 people at \$10 admission at a typical auditorium for top flight entertainment, why not 70,000 people for \$1.50. How many families of five, for example, can afford \$10 tickets for an evening's entertainment? Very few, indeed though almost all families can share in a \$1.50 per person experience.

These factors lead toward my central point. Why not create a Cultural Department of Tulane University to join other "Cultural Departments" of other local colleges and universities to promote big-time entertainment events for the whole community, just as an Athletic Department promotes big-time football and basketball?

A cultural department of the university with a Superdome at its disposal could aid faculty salaries and award fully paid scholarships to deserving young men and women with the profits it could recoup from its promotional activities in the Dome. Moreover, the university's business and graduate schools would have the most fabulous laboratories in the world for accounting, advertising, marketing and salesmanship courses.

The Superdome "can" be tremendously helpful to Tulane students, "provided its opportunity is fully understood and vigorously exploited."

The opportunity of the Superdome is sitting there like a chicken, waiting to be plucked!

Pluck it, Tulane!

Dave Dixon was the Executive Director of the Louisiana Superdome, 1966-72.



TULANE: SCOURGE OF THE CBD

By Roulhac Toledano

JEWELL'S CRESCENT CITY ILLUSTRATED.



THE MECHANICS INSTITUTE.

Through the years Tulane University has been given or has acquired over 50 buildings in the Central Business District, and its periphery. These considerable real estate holdings were used to house the university and to support it. Because the first plants of both Tulane and Newcomb were in the Central Business District, as was the real estate to support the University, the Administrators of the Tulane Educational Fund are responsible for much of the physical appearance of the C.B.D. These men, however, never saw themselves as curators or custodians of a city or even of the physical plant of the university, nor did they consider their potential position of leadership in revitalizing the spirit as well as the physical appearance of the city. This lack of university spirit in relationship to the community is not left to the Administrators alone. For many years Tulane was considered largely a city college,

educating the business community and its leaders for generations. Civic participation and responsibility may not be suitable as a 101 course, but the message should have been imparted for the good of Tulane and New Orleans. There are indications that it was not.

Let's start with the old University of Louisiana, the predecessor of Tulane. The three handsome classic style buildings occupied the square bound by Canal, Baronne, Common, and Dryades, from 1847. The state of Louisiana turned the buildings over to the Tulane Board of Administrators in 1883 when the Tulane endowment fund was set up. Just seven years later, they decided the buildings were dilapidated and the college must be moved. This was the beginning of a number of unfortunate decisions. No one could be found to pay even \$18,000 year rent for the entire property measuring 209 Baronne, 208 on Dryades, 310 on Common, and 313 in rear. The entire membership of the Boston Club was approached about renting it, and finally Thomas Nicholson leased the property for \$10,000 a year for 99 years. This surely looks bad for Tulane today, but don't blame the Board. Papers in the archives say that the rent was considered renumerative enough by several capitalists.

Why in the world did they persist in getting rid of it in a bad economic climate? In the end, there was a scandal about it because one of the sub lessees was the wife of board member Charles E. Fenner. Among the persons who finally got the property were Walter Flower and Joseph W. Carroll. In 1920, half of the original university property was valued at \$750,000. Mrs. Carroll and Mrs. Flower did the university a great favor selling them one half of the university's original property for just "a moderate cost," although they had reportedly been offered \$500,000 for it. Tulane collected \$300,000 on the property and then paid \$150,000 of that back to repurchase just one half. And no-

body cared. Maybe nobody much knew about this ludicrous example of bad business. Now the Roosevelt Hotel (Fairmont) and Shell Oil building at 925 Common and University Place occupy part of the historic site, and the latter replaced the Tulane Crescent Theatres. Mr. Nicholson put up a row of undistinguished two story buildings on Baronne, and I can't find out who gets the rents on these properties today, but it's not much, anyway. What a botch.

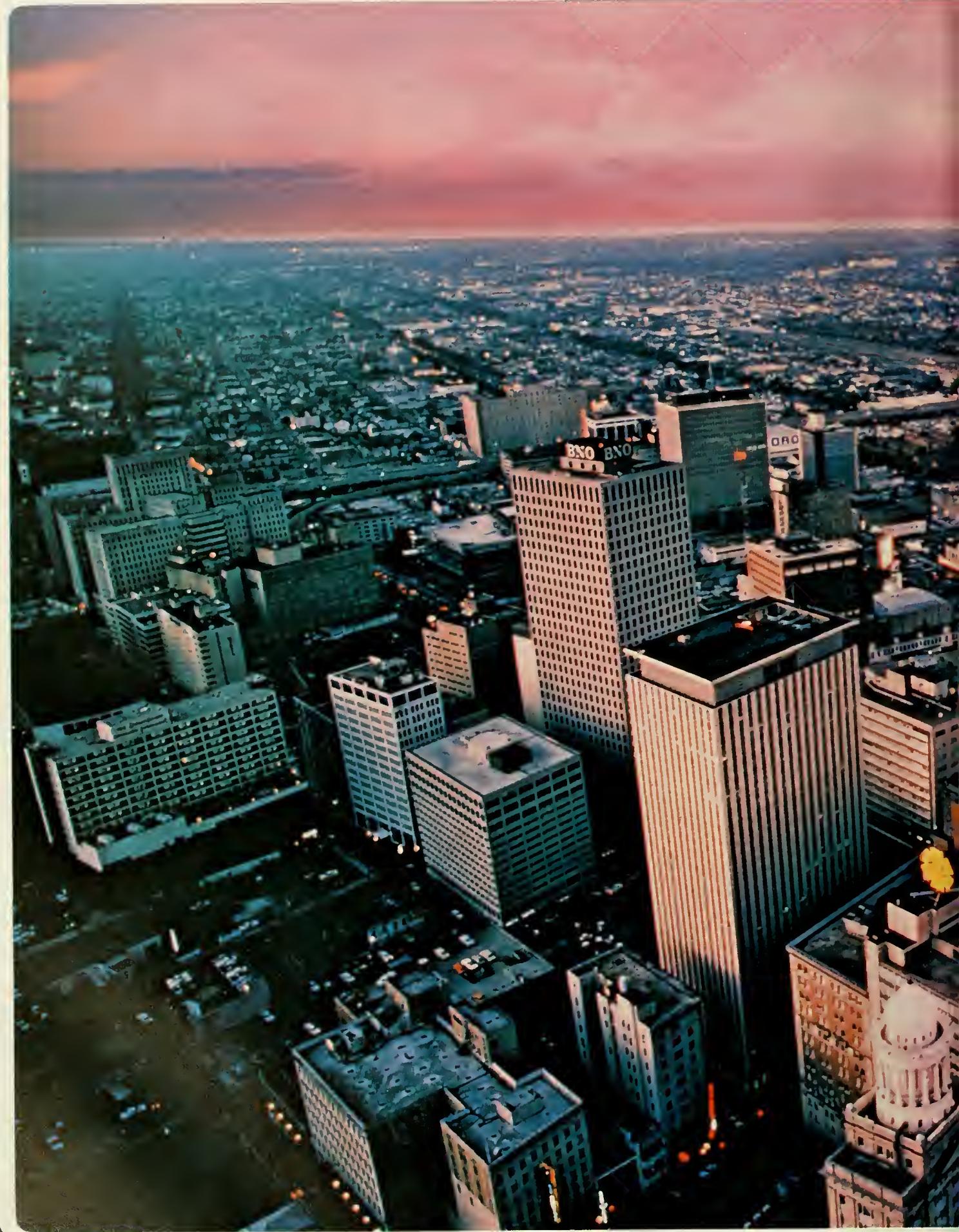
Three other major buildings once associated with Tulane University include the old Mechanic's Institute, Turner's Hall and the first Newcomb building at Lee Circle on the square bound by St. Charles, Howard, Magazine, and Calliope. The Mechanic's Institute, which housed the law school, was described in the Register, 1901-1902, as "an historic edifice, having originally housed the Mechanics Institute and was occupied by the academic departments of the university until their removal to St. Charles Avenue in 1894. It is convenient to the law offices and courts of the city and contains . . . one of the

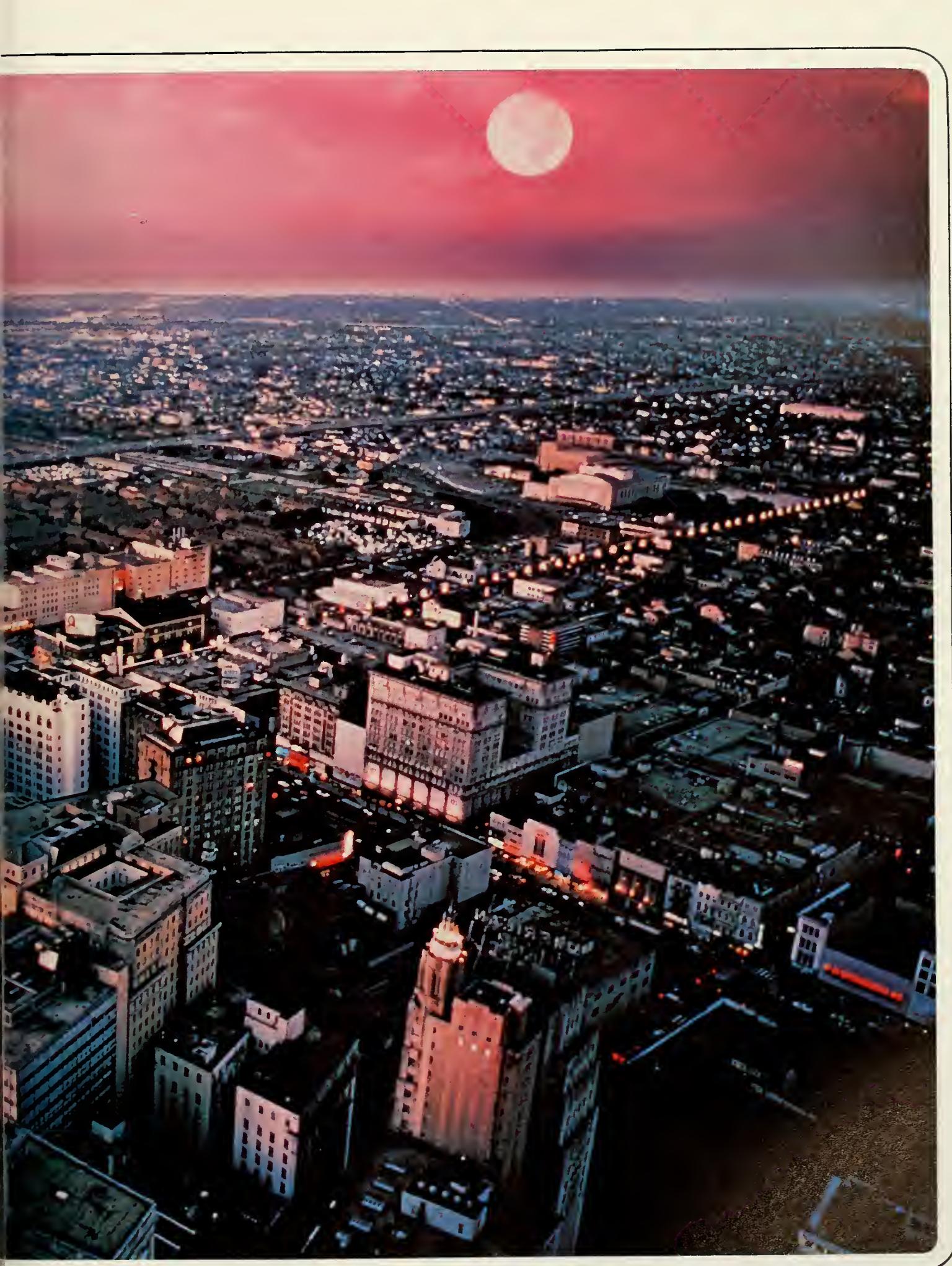
largest public hall in the city." The Mechanics Institute, joining the other University buildings at Canal and Barrone, was purchased with funds donated by Paul Tulane, according to the Bulletin of the Tulane University of Louisiana, Session, 1884-85. This famous building was first built in 1851 in the Gothic style after design of R.P. Rice, Architect. This building burned in 1854 but was rebuilt by James Gallier, Jr. The university purchased the Gallier building for \$18,500 and repaired it for \$1800 in the 1880's. It had cost \$83,000 to build and had a hall to seat 1500. The university abandoned this monumental and historic edifice, home of the first Law department and business office of the university.

Turner's Hall is the handsome building of large proportions at 938 Lafayette, corner of O'Keffe, built in 1868 for the Turner's Society for \$39,758, William Thiel, architect. Originally described as an "aladdin's palace,

Turners' Hall at Baronne and Lafayette,
acquired by Tulane for a Manual Training School.
Abandoned and sold.







928 Canal, former property of the university

grand in character and design, and a worthy monument to the genius and patient labor of the population which called it into existence." One of the few remaining institutional buildings built by New Orleans' many charitable organizations, Turners' Hall was elegantly outfitted with a library, meeting hall and gymnasium. Tulane used it as a manual training school before abandoning it and selling it.

A survey of the Central Business District at various periods indicates that many of Tulane University properties, historic buildings which reflect the great character of the university's founder and of the city itself, became parking lots for long periods of time. That was the best use the board of administrator found.

The university, without much thought about it, has cheated the city which made it.

914 Canal, once an attractive building that used to belong to the university



914 Canal, once an attractive building that used to belong to the university





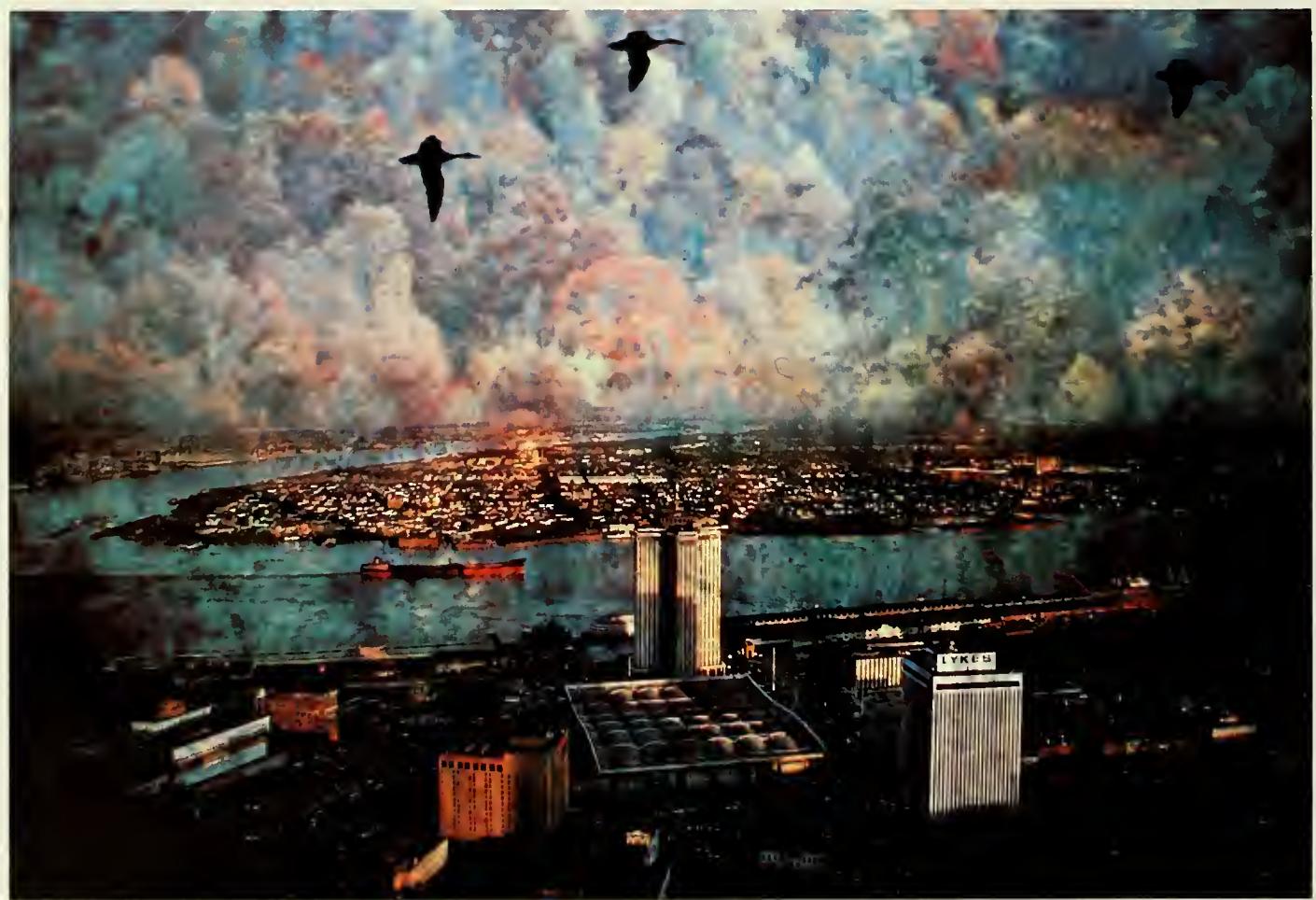
213-17 N. Peter, sites of Paul Tulane's stores,
#20 & 26. Sold by the university.

Which is more upsetting, the lack of consideration, the lack of overall planning or the gaping holes left by their business ventures?

Another disaster is the lack of longevity of some of the buildings put up with money realized from Mr. Tulane's capital. The Medical School left the University of Louisiana buildings and moved into the Tobias Gibson Richardson Memorial Center built by the university at 1551 Canal in 1893 by architects Sully and Toledano at a cost \$266,197.69. First the board renamed the building after Josephine Hutchinson and then abandoned it in 1931, the building being demolished in 1934. Thirty three years! Buildings at the Oxford, and even the University of North Carolina, to say nothing of Yale and Harvard, are used century after century. What is on that square now is a disaster to look at, and on world famed Canal St.!

And speaking of Canal Street, number 604 Canal Street was given by Paul Tulane. It was the site of his retail store, old #79 Canal St. in the 1860's; it was sold and now houses

Rapp luggage. Other important Canal St. properties came to the university from other sources, including one square of Claiborne (Sheraton Delta), The Canal Jewelry building at 914 Canal, bought as an investment, was one of a row of four built in 1850 to replace the old State House, next to the University of Louisiana. Today only the cornice line of Canal Jewelry gives a hint of the former simplicity and sophistication of the row. Once more ugliness prevails on properties once belonging to the university. Zales' Jewelry building at 928 Canal once belonged to Tulane. It is one of the best remaining examples in New Orleans of the polychrome style of the turn of the century. It seems like that location on Canal would have been a good investment for the university to keep. But it didn't work out. The university formerly owned 710 Canal, Porter's Stevens, but this four story Italianate structure of the 1870's, with cast iron decoration of the facade, was eliminated from a fast fading roster. Gone,



too, are 213, 217, and 237 North Peters St. The first two have great historical importance as the first stores of Paul Tulane in the early 1830's.

Paul Tulane is probably turning over in his grave at the thought of what has happened to the real estate which he gave for the establishment of Tulane University. Mr. Tulane set great store in real estate (pun intended). Why not? After all he made a fortune in real estate and in the city of New Orleans participating in its visual and economic development along the way. Tulane, in his original letter, dated 1882, to the future board of administrators, said he was "sincerely desirous of contributing to their (Southerners and New Orleanians) moral and intellectual welfare." Thus he donated "all the real estate I own and I am possessed of in New Orleans" for educational purposes. This was over twenty five buildings in the American sector, which is now the Central Business District. The streets on which the property is located are still important today — Canal, Gravier, South Peters, Magazine, and Tchoupitoulas (& others). Tulane expressed his faith in the continuing improvement of the properties in his letter to the future administrators.

"The character of the property donated is to remain unchanged. It cannot be mortgaged and it cannot be sold nor incumbered in any way, except at the end of not less than 50 years.

Mortgaging it or selling it, and the investment of the proceeds in stocks, bonds or other securities might, and probably would lead to disaster, owing to the uncertain and fluctuating nature of the value of securities of every description. On the other hand, the real estate, the title to which I intend to donate to you is well located and cannot fail to increase in value as the city shall become more prosperous."

He was absolutely right. But let's see what has become of the properties. Only one, just one of these properties, still belongs to Tulane. That is 614 Gravier Street, by chance the site of one of Paul Tulane's clothing stores, established at old #74 Gravier in 1861. It is one of a row of three remaining granite and

brick commercial buildings behind the new Chamber of Commerce, a typical commercial building of the 1840's. Tulane gave another of the row, #618, but the university sold it. The Chamber of Commerce, around the corner, is a new and indistinguishable example of modern architecture which replaced Paul Tulane's own office building, then #49 Camp, which he occupied from 1859.

What has become of Paul Tulane's living quarters, and the physical remnant of the commercial empire which he left for the university? It appears that the Board of Administrators started getting rid of the properties as soon as the fifty years had lapsed, showing a lack of respect for Paul Tulane as well as a complete disregard for Mr. Tulane's financial advice. It is thought indeed that even before his death, Mr. Tulane was in a state of frenzy about the mismanagement of the real estate he had given. He may have been so frustrated that he tore up a will which was to leave vast sums to the new university. Four years before his death, a codicil had been prepared leaving his entire estate to the university. But neither this, nor a will was found, and the estate of over a million dollars went to a nephew, Paul M. Tulane, and other relatives. This was a tragedy for the university, and why it happened not one person can explain, except that in 1886, seven months before his death, Tulane is known to have been "sick and almost bitter on the subject of the extravagance of the Board and the President of the faculty."

Paul Tulane's buildings were well located, and many were historically important, and an aesthetic asset to the city. A few comprise some of the C.B.D.'s finest and most important real estate. 808-06 Perdido Street corner Carondelet is part of the Factors' Row, designed in 1858 by Lewis Reynolds. It was here in 1873 that Edgar Degas painted the famous scene of a cotton office interior. The university got rid of the major buildings on one of the finest locations, and one of the many intelligent and shrewd purchases of Paul Tulane. You may say that Tulane University sold them before anybody cared about buildings of national importance,

before anybody cared about history, or before anybody thought the property might be worth something greater in the long run. Well, if a university can't think of aesthetics, history and long-term economy, who can, and who should?

And on and on, historic building after historic building sold by Tulane. How all that happened would be worth a thesis. In fact, all of Paul Tulane's property, and its administration by the university would have been worth dozens of theses. Where are they? The properties have never even been systematically inventoried, and the board does not even know what they did wrong, so that in the future, properties might be better managed.

There's more to the making of a great university than lamenting the lack of endowment and jumping from one financial crisis to another. The administrators know this better than anyone . . . In fact, one of the university's broad guidelines as stated on page 296 of Tulane's biography by John Dyer states, "Tulane owes a special obligation to the area in which it is located." Tulane is dependent on the city and its citizens for funding, yet the Board of Administrators seem never to have considered the role of the university as a potentially influential one, a creative one or a helpful one to the city. Nor has the school developed the sense of history necessary for the establishment of a great institution.

Think of the physical memorials to Paul Tulane, to Mr. W. Irby, Hutchinson, and Mrs. Newcomb over to properties of which the school has left behind to decay or become faceless parking lots.

History cannot be made when the makers bypass all opportunity and responsibility. I wish my university and that of my father and grandfather would take advantage of its opportunities and live up to its obligations.

Mrs. Toledano is co-authoress of the Friends of the Cabildo's seven volume series on New Orleans Architecture.



211-13 Camp St. Originally the site of Paul Tulane's office. Later, the Tulane Administrator's Building and then sold by the university.



ANOTHER VIEW

It is not impossible for a right-minded person to concede to Mrs. Toledano's argument; however, 20-20 hindsight in evaluating real estate transactions is still Monday morning quarterbacking.

No college or university (with the possible exception of Columbia) can be said to be in the real estate business. Indeed, real property bequeathed to a university can prove to be more a liability than an asset: the cost of maintenance to meet strict city codes and the general problems of keeping tenants, may frequently cause an outflow of money universities (notoriously un-liquid) can ill-afford.

The university's problems of managing bequeathed real estate are intensified when the donor hovers over the administrator's shoulders or attempts to dictate from the grave by building severe restrictions into his will. Although I hesitate in saying this, Paul Tulane or any other donor of real estate unwilling to relinquish utterly his control of property, is better off selling to Latter & Blum. Mrs. Toledano may not approve of the administrators selling Tulane property, but in part from the proceeds of those sales Tulane has built among the best Medical and Law Schools in the country and prestigious

By A. P. Antippas
Associate Professor
Department of English

undergraduate and graduate departments: these things have immortalized Paul Tulane, not the fact that he owned property in the Central Business District.

Without evidence to the contrary, it must be assumed Tulane's administrators' decisions concerning the sale or retention of property were devised to serve best Tulane's educational and financial concerns.

It may well be this latter point which comes closest to accounting for Mrs. Toledano's irritation: Tulane has chosen to sell rather than serve as a force for the preservation of old buildings. But if Tulane is not in the real estate business, it is neither the appointed or self-ordained custodian or curator of the city's architectural heritage. Unhappily, the New Orleans' community itself has only lately organized its historical consciousness — and still the Vieux Carre Commission permits the abominations on Burbon Street and cultivates a jurisdictional blindness to the demolition of row upon row of fine nineteenth century business housed on the other side of Canal Street. It is unfair to blame Tulane's administrators for lacking prescience absent everywhere else.









Emma's staff of harlots went for five dollars each.



Bartender-proprietor Kelly poured the Wurzburger.



Strictly and Kelley. (May 11-12, 1911)

Terminal Cafe 123 to 129 N. Basin
120 to 128 N. Franklin



Al Rose is the author of "Storyville, New Orleans" (University of Alabama Press), and, with the late Driedmond Souchan, "New Orleans Jazz — A Family Album," winner of the 1967 Louisiana Book Award. He is well-known to Tulane fraternity members as the caricaturist whose work has adorned virtually all of their walls since 1938.

GRANDFATHER TOOK THE TROLLEY

GRANDFATHER TOOK THE TROLLEY

Grandfather has been telling me that you're corrupt and degenerate. He says that when he was at Tulane, the fellows had higher moral values, a better appreciation of the finer things in life. You wouldn't have been likely to see a young gentleman of the class of 1912, wearing a Tulane T-shirt (dirty), long hair and no shoes, passed out in a Bourbon Street gutter clutching a bottle of cheap wine. No, sir!

Oh, sure, he admits, his confreres were high-spirited lads, given to occasional high jinks. But his generation, he assures me, knew the meaning and importance of moderation in all things. Then, blotting the moisture of a seventh sazerac from his moustache with a linen napkin, he rises with an exaggerated show of dignity and takes his unsteady leave.

Well, let me tell you a thing or two about Grandfather in 1912. It's true he never went to Bourbon Street. That's not where the action was in his day. Instead, he and a coterie of his companions, probably fraternity brothers, caught the St. Charles trolley of a spring Saturday evening and made the hour and a half journey to Canal and Basin Streets, loudly singing fraternity and school songs and perhaps a popular ditty such as, "I Want a Girl Just Like the Girl That Dad Had Last Night."

He and his friends had dressed with some care. Starched collars, white shirts, pin-

striped suits, vests, polished, black, high button shoes. Some had moustaches — the ones that could muster enough hairs to hold the wax. All had carefully pomaded hair, many parted in the middle after the style popularized by John L. Sullivan. Grandfather himself wore a genuine pearl stickpin and a solid gold watch chain from which hung a gold gavel to identify him as president of his fraternity.

In his pocket reposed three one dollar bills and seventy five cents in silver, since he and his comrades were of the more affluent set. This permitted them to make more than one jolly stop on their Storyville Odyssey.

It was about nine p.m. when they descended on the terminal saloon. Bartender-proprietor Kelly poured the Wurzburger. Grandfather paid the whole tab, since it was his turn. With a flourish he clacked his fifty-cent piece on the counter and received his two nickels in change, thereby settling for all eight beers. While watching his colleagues help themselves to the free lunch table containing such delectables as ham, roast beef, boiled shrimp and French bread, he sustained himself with a bowl of turtle soup.

The conference at the Oak Board took up the question of the night's itinerary. Relatively well-off as they were, they still couldn't afford such posh bordellos as Lulu White's "Mahogany Hall" or "The Arlington" or Countess Willie V. Piazza's. In those

STORYVILLE

places a bottle of champagne cost a dollar and the girls were up to ten dollars.

Anyway, they'd stop first at Emma Johnson's "Studio" at 335 N. Basin Street where, for fifty cents, they could observe the notorious "circus" — a forty minute performance by a man, three girls, and a varying assortment of animals engaging in whatever sexual activities the creative brain of the dissolute Emma might program. There, they'd each have a shot of hard liquor, probably Raleigh Rye, a libation that would cost each man a dime. Emma's staff of harlots went for five dollars each, still too much for Grandfather and his cohorts.

Now, with their biological urges presumably stimulated, they made their way around to Iberville Street where, between Marais and Villere Streets — out of the high rent district — they would find Ray Owens "Star Mansion," with special rates for Tulane students. In this ornate but shabby sex emporium, the going rate was a dollar per climax for the first two, five dollars each thereafter, price determined by considerations of time and labor.

The "Star" had lots of sentimental memories for Grandfather. Here, three years earlier, he'd been initiated simultaneously into manhood and his fraternity, in full view of the entire membership. This was where he went regularly during those years of his courtship of Grandmother to ease the tension created by her coquetry. Grandfather felt at home in the "Star."

So grandfather and the young toffs did what men and boys do at brothels, did it rather noisily and regrouped afterward on the banquette, vaguely intoxicated, and at relative peace with the world. Now the ritual demanded a stop for a round of drinks at Frank Early's "My Place" saloon on the corner of Bienville and Franklin. Here, they'd imbibe and tip the black piano player to play their favorite tunes — holding out just enough money for trolley fare and a "Peacemaker" from John's Lunch House.

A "Peacemaker"? If you were a married man spending an evening in the district, before you went home you'd have John Gorce make you one of his special oyster loaves. You took this home to your wife. Then, if anybody told her they'd seen you in Storyville, you could say you just stopped off at John's to bring her her favorite sand-

wich, "Peacemaker."

So Grandfather and his merry men, aglow with wine, whiskey and beer, made for Early's. There, until the small hours of morning they'd drink themselves to near stupor, one of two, in fact, crossing the line. Then willy-nilly, some carrying, some carried, they achieved Canal Street and the trolley stop.

On the way back to campus, they'd be more subdued than on the way downtown. Someone might essay the chorus of a new song hit such as Orleanian Nick Clesi's "I'm Sorry I Made You Cry," but the rest didn't seem to be able to muster up the force to join in. And there was always, it seemed, one of the company to vomit on the trolley floor. If they were lucky, no "peeler" (policemen) would be on the car to make arrests on "D & D" charges (drunk and disorderly).

Persons boarding the trolley would elevate their noses and assure each other that judgment day couldn't be too far off; that the younger generation was immoral and corrupt. And, oh yes, degenerate, Grandfather, too.

At that, he and his friends hadn't found the evening as eventful as some. None of the number had, as frequently happened, greeted the dawn from the drunk tank at Parish Prison. No raging parent, this time, had had to be awakened from his slumbers to rush down in his Marmon with the bail.

In later years, Grandfather would acknowledge with ill-concealed pride that he'd sown a wild oat or two — but he never failed to let you know that his was the last generation to know "how to handle it." Nowadays the young men didn't know "how to handle it." Many were, for example, actually sleeping with their girlfriends, even fiancés, would you believe (somehow he never managed to seduce Grandmother into such an arrangement until the knot was tied.)

Obviously, there's little hope for the class of 1975, what with each generation becoming more immoral, corrupt, and degenerate than the last. Grandfather's crowd didn't see very much wrong with how things were going with the world. With all their faults you could at least depend on them to help keep up their high standards and defend their lofty values. Not so today.

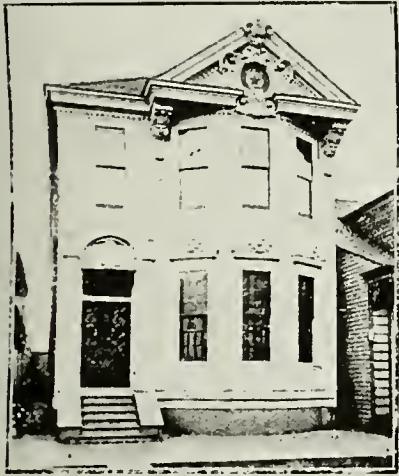
MISS RAY OWENS

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Phone 1793

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Iberville Street

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GEORGIE CUMMINGS SADIE LUSITER
MADELINE ST. CLAIR GLADIS WALLACE
PANSY MONTROSE, Housekeeper

Star Mansion — with special rates for
Tulane students.

Emma's Studio — For fifty cents, you could
observe the notorious "circus".



Frank Early's "My Place", home of the famous
"Peacemaker" sandwich.



THE
SIXTH
ANNUAL
NEW
ORLEANS
JAZZ &
HERITAGE
FESTIVAL





When you think of New Orleans jazz, your mind brings forth images of dixieland, riverboats, and black funerals. The pure New Orleans music the brass bands typify as they cavort among the crowd, a step ahead of the second liners, with their dented trombones, tarnished trumpets and single bass drums. That and people, plenty of people.

The sun beat down upon a happy crowd that kept growing with each passing day. A few strands of marijuhana smoke drifted through the heavy air and the smell of beer was everywhere. Well-respected members of the community let their hair down alongside the majority who aren't so well-respected. And the no-bra look was definitely in.

It was hot, and the humidity was close to one hundred percent. It was a day for jazz and a perfect one for a festival. A handful of gnats attacked your sweat drenched body as you made your way to the entrance gate and stayed with you the entire afternoon. The Fair Grounds stand as an aristocratic survivor of the Gatsby era, a fitting showcase for the sixth annual New Orleans Jazz and Heritage Festival.

There were three concerts aboard the S.S. Admiral, which left the wharf at the foot of Canal early in the evening, besides the three days of insanity in the Fair Grounds infield. With a budget of close to a quarter of a million dollars, this year's festival drew about ninety thousand people, making it the most successful one yet.

The first evening concert combined the best "traditional" jazz musician the Quarter has to offer. Louis Cottrell, Kid Thomas, and Danny Barker each brought their well known bands, but the highlight of the evening was a rare performance by Danny's wife Blue Lu Barker. It was a great show, but like many of you I chose to meet the President that evening on campus; besides, he was six and a half dollars cheaper. The following night it was rhythm and blues with the heavyweights; B.B. King, Fats Domino, and Allen Toussaint. Freddie Hubbard, McCoy Tyner and Earl Turbinton headlined the final cruise with their contemporary jazz. All three nights were critically

acclaimed but I didn't find anyone who could afford all three.

The daytime portion of the festival was called the "Heritage Fair." Eight stages and the gospel tent competed nonstop for your attention as you weaved your way through the crowd. There were dozens of booths trying to pawn off the handiwork they couldn't get you to buy uptown, and the great soul cooks temporarily moved into a nice neighborhood just to feed the festival goers. It's just too bad that we all seemed to get thirsty at the same time. It was too hot a day to buy your drinks in advance, too hot a day to stand in line, yet too hot a day to go without. I felt caught in a vicious circle. The Jos. Schlitz Brewing Company helped sponsor the festival and in return received a monopoly on the beer sales. They proceeded to charge three times the normal price, and still you had to fight the crowd.

The festival has often been criticized for bringing in a crowd drawing acts straying from the pure New Orleans sound. This year everyone from Roosevelt Sykes to the Olympia Brass Band had their share of the limelight. But it was a heritage festival also. That's why Allen Fontenot and his Country Cajuns, standing tall in their cowboy boots, were performing on your right as you walked toward the stage where the Meters were to perform within the next hour. If you read the program, you'd realize that there were also Danish, British, and Brazilian bands playing dixieland with hardly an accent.

As the day wore on and the sun beat down on the uncovered crowd, tons of red beans, crawfish, and jambalaya were washed down with the rivers of beer and coca-cola, only to be followed by sno-balls, spumoni ice cream, and big slices of watermelon. The Roman Candy Man was parked there all day. A sentimental treasure of uptown New Orleans, the mule drawn carriage was selling out daily. Strangely enough, this arch-enemy of loose fillings was the same price it's always been. It had been a perfect New Orleans day; as hot and earthy as New Orleans jazz itself. The only thing missing was rain.









LIVING OFF THE LAND

By Carolyn Kolb

The phrase "Living off the Land" has gotten some bad connotations these days. Health food groupies, macrobiotics, yin and yang, and the whole cult of "natural foods" which in its present ramifications is about as mysterious and oriental as Redondo Beach, California — this, to me, is missing the point.

If you really want to talk about "Living off the Land" — and doing it very well — you need look no further than New Orleans and creole cooking.

Creole, in present day usage, means no more than home grown. And, if you really think about it, the very best of New Orleans' food is just that — home grown.

Take seafood for instance: it really doesn't take much ingenuity or effort to catch your own crabs. Actually you could probably be successful with a piece of string and some bacon for bait. Crabs are salt water scavengers. You find them in Lake Pontchartrain or in salt bayous. Old fish, rancid meat, anything apparently inedible is fine bait for crabs.

Ideally you should equip yourself with a supply of bait (I favor aged chicken necks), a few crab nets, plenty of cord to let the nets down with, any old crate or hamper to hold your catch, and a damp burlap to keep your catch comfortable and penned in. Then you just drop your nets and wait for supper to arrive.

The procedure for crawfish is basically the same, but you confine your search to fresh water. Drainage ditches are a good idea. And, of course, you have to use a crawfish net, (crawfish nets are flat, crab nets are basket shaped.)

You can even catch your own shrimp. The shrimp net is cast out over the water, forming a circle. When you pull in the line, the circle forms a bag enclosing, presumably, a school of shrimp.

I have never been able to throw a shrimp net successfully. The one time we tried we went out after dark to the sea wall along Lake Pontchartrain. We practiced throwing the net out on the grass, getting a lot of criticism from folks who were sitting around fishing. Finally a man in the crowd, obviously appalled by our efforts, stepped up to show us "the way ya gotta do this."

He spread the net out then gathered it up, holding part in both hands and biting the other edge. He stood on the sea wall and made a mighty cast. Unhappily he was unable to retrieve his teeth, which he had lost in the process.

Since, we have discovered that it is as much a pleasure to be able to buy your shrimp from the hold of a shrimp boat docked, say, at Grande Isle. In with the shrimp you find bits of seaweed, tiny fish, and baby crabs. But cleaned and sorted then seasoned and boiled they taste better than anything out of a can or a frozen food bin.

You can fish almost anywhere in Louisiana, either in a boat or on a bank. You can buy oysters by the sack or open your own (or you can cheat and let them open themselves on a barbecue grill.) Even for your seasonings you need look no further than any Louisiana woods. Those bay leaves that come in the red and

white boxes on the shelves of grocery stores actually grow on trees around here, and you can pick your own and dry them. If you want file for gumbo you can pick, dry and powder sassafras leaves.

It takes only a little backyard space (or even a flower pot or two) to grow your own green onions, and parsley and tiny hot red peppers. The glorious creole tomato, of horny skin and sweet, pungent flesh, grows much better outside your door than it ever did in a plastic package at the A&P.

Energetic and informed salad lovers can find wild dandelion greens, or poke salad, or even edible mushrooms in Louisiana woods and parks.

Blackberries abound in early summer, their brambles covering fences, cutover fields, even vacant city lots. I gathered blackberries every summer when I was a child, the most helpful hint I remember was to wear an old pair of cotton gloves for protection from thorns and insect bites.

The little yellow Japanese plums (or loquats) appear on trees all over New Orleans in the early Spring. They make a lovely, tart jelly. Even the wild cherry trees with their tiny stoney fruit can be used for a home-made liquor called Cherry Bounce.

The nicest thing of all about New Orleans food is that it really is part of our heritage. The things we eat in New Orleans today — jambalaya, gumbo, boiled crabs and shrimp, stuffed peppers and eggplant, the local dishes that you find in every restaurant from the humble plate lunch cafe to the grandest establishment — these are the things that people who live in New Orleans have eaten practically since New Orleans was founded.

Old fashioned cooking — what your ancestors were eating — naturally had to be made of local ingredients, things that were available nearby. In the days without truck lines and air mail and quick freezing, people ate what was on hand, and when it was readily available they canned it, preserved it, smoked it or salted it for supplies in the leaner months of the year.

After the Battle of New Orleans nobody marched off to the nearest Interstate to eat "pore burgers." They probably went home and had turtle soup, or gumbo, or jambalaya.

Finally the food of New Orleans is getting official recognition. There's a Food Festival in the Summer and the Jazz and Heritage Fair in the Spring features booths selling local delicacies.

This is as it should be. History can never be only buildings and biographies. History, continuity, our ties to the past — these depend first of all on human beings, the ones who are and the ones who were.

In New Orleans all of us are blessed with the continuing tradition of "Living off the Land" in the best sense, and a heritage of traditions — African, French, Indian, Spanish, Italian — go into every mouthful of creole food.

Carolyn Kolb, Newcomb '63, is the author of *New Orleans: An Invitation to Discover One of America's Most Fascinating Cities*



MARDI GRAS

MARDI GRAS MAMBO

by Alan Samson

They call it Carnival. "The Greatest Free Show on Earth" — that is, if you can afford it. It is a period of immense commercialization and, accordingly, great hype. And it is a uniquely inexplicable time of year; a time when blue bloods and blue collars contend with each for a two-cent pair of plastic Japanese beads.

But the spirit of Mardi Gras encompasses so much more than that. It is to many an intermingling of past and present conceptions — the union of the indigenous and alien elements present in New Orleans. Each Mardi Gras is somehow starkly different from its immediate predecessor. It is as though the Carnival is an entity unto itself; it needs no explanation other than it exists.

Ask a hundred different people for their impressions of Mardi Gras and you'll get a myriad of variances on the subject. No one seems able to pin down just what gives the Carnival its inner glow, its magical quality. Indeed, the city is a -buzz at Carnival time with children clamoring for trinkets while their parents stand to their sides or bestride ladders whose box seats afford handsome jails for their offspring. The parades are unveiled in full splendour — each a veritable fairy tale for old and young alike. And as the procession of dukes, captains, kings and queens meanders down the streets of New Orleans, the city's avenues become filled with magic.

The expression that New Orleans has a parade for everything is unfortunately worn with time and abuse. Yet there is no one parade given at any other time of the year which can ever hope to parallel the pageantry of the lowliest Carnival krewe's. The tourists seem to sense this intuitively, which is perhaps one of the reasons that the annual Sugar Bowl parade is but a remembrance of things past.

For the million or so tourists who flock to the city for the Fat Tuesday celebration, there are opulent hotel suites ranging in price from seventy-five to one hundred dollars a day — at a three-day minimum, of course. And it is inside the protection of those walls that they repose, imbibing liquor and gorging themselves on the city's special cuisine. When it comes time to view a parade, these distinguished visitors will hop into their respective cabs with a hidden bottle, finding just the right place along Saint Charles Avenue from which to view the spectacle. It is there that they stand, drinking and carrying on, hardly ever noticing the other tourists next to them who also came down south for the celebration. These are the

tourists who can't quite afford to spend three to four hundred dollars on hotel rooms. Finding shelter with friends or, perhaps, more reasonable rooms, they too repose inside the shelter of the four walls they were fortunate enough to secure. Drinking fifths of Boone's Farm Apple Wine and eating Lucky Dogs, they manage to get to the parade route by other means — either they walk or catch a bus or streetcar.

The two weeks of parades prior to Mardi Gras Day seem to make the long-awaited holiday anti-climactic; like something from Ovid's *Metamorphosis*, the lesser gods fall to the wayside, making way for the power, splendour, and regentry of Rex — "The King of Carnival," as the *Times-Picayune* would have us know by the immoderate emblazonment on their front page.

Nevertheless the real pageantry goes on within the confines of the Municipal Auditorium, where, since the second week in January, the wondrous institutions known as Carnival Balls have been going on non-stop. With lush orchestral music supplied by local musicians the krewe members take to the ballroom floor, attired in the costumes they have donned in accordance with this year's theme. Amidst the innumerable callouts are the ladies in evening dresses, hoping to look as chic and sophisticated as their years will allow them, and the regal men in their tails, hoping to prove themselves the equal of Jimmy Fitzmorris. Yet it is not their night to shine, for the Carnival Ball exists but for one person; he is the captain of the respective krewe. This is his night and he lets everyone in attendance know it.

Inside, the atmosphere of the ball suggests frivolity and gaiety, while the outside atmosphere of the streets suggests an omnipresent jazz-rock fusion epitomized best by the flambo carrier. Somewhere between the funk of the dancing flambo carrier and the regality of the krewe captain is the true spirit of Mardi Gras.

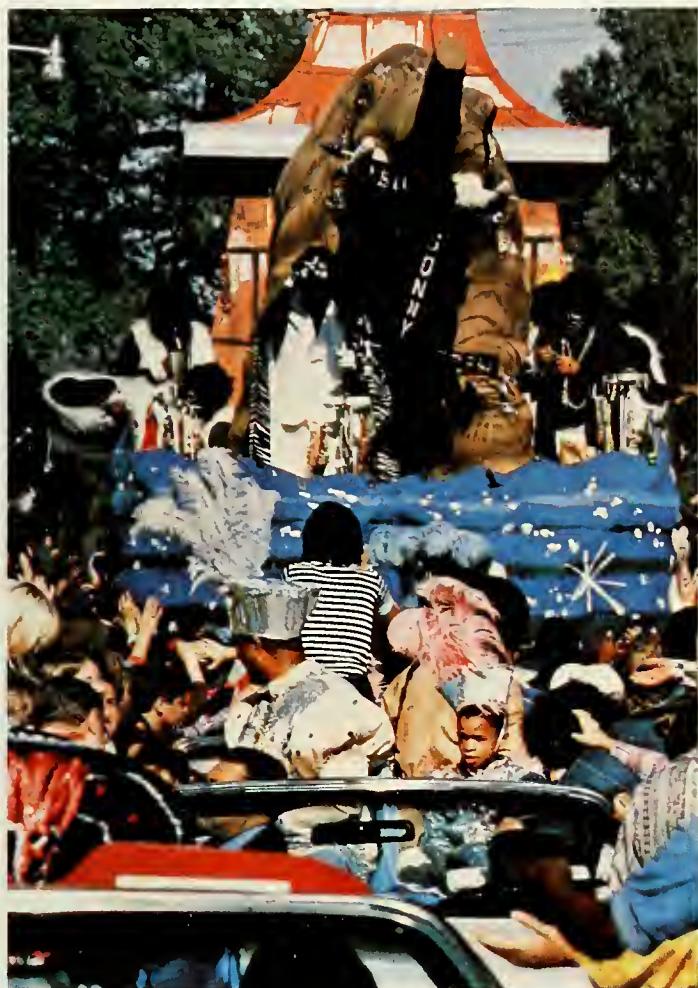
But we shall never know this spirit — it is far too elusive to be put into print. While we are searching for the spirit of Fat Tuesday, it is slowly passing us by as the serpentine route of the Carnival Parade draws to its conclusion. The spirit passes us by as we stoop to pick up a drunken friend on the streets of the *Vieux Carre*. It passes us by as we police the Tulane campus to make sure that unwelcome visitors maintain their distance from the University. It passes us by as we work with the Mardi Gras Coalition to insure the safety and enjoyment of the Carnival Season for all. And, sadly enough, it passes us by even as we watch . . .



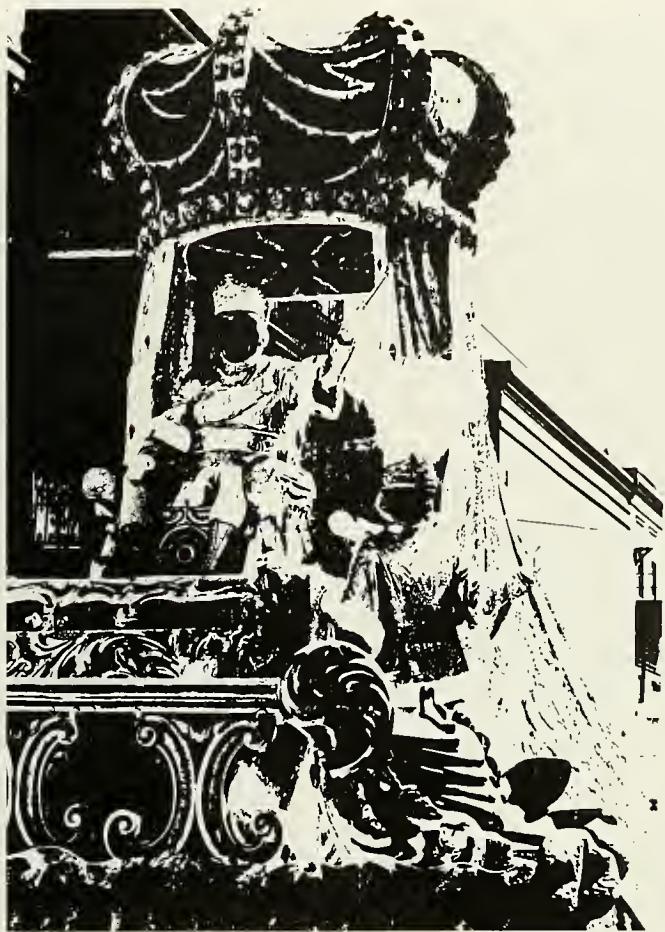
























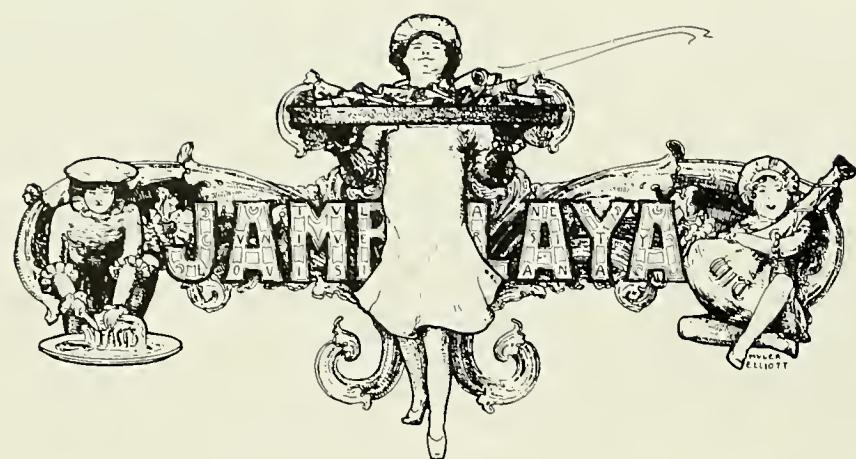






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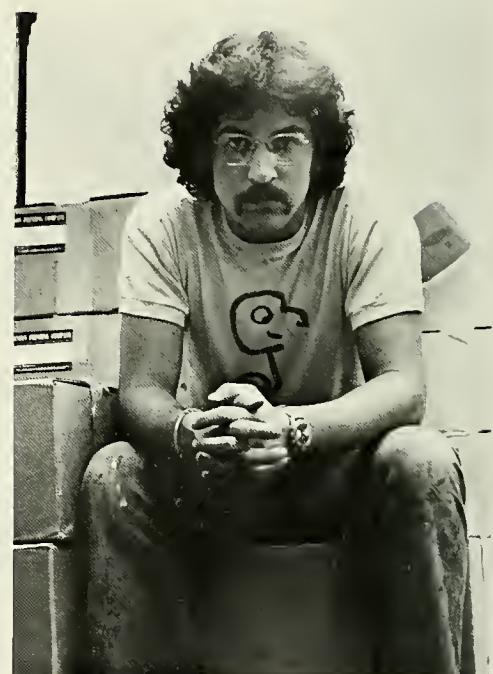




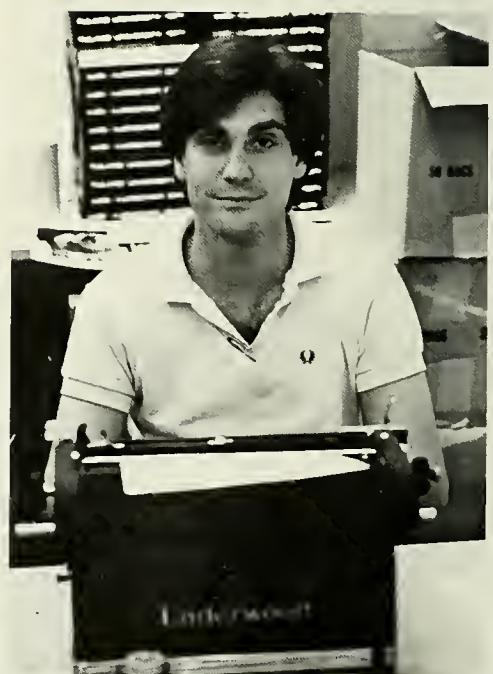
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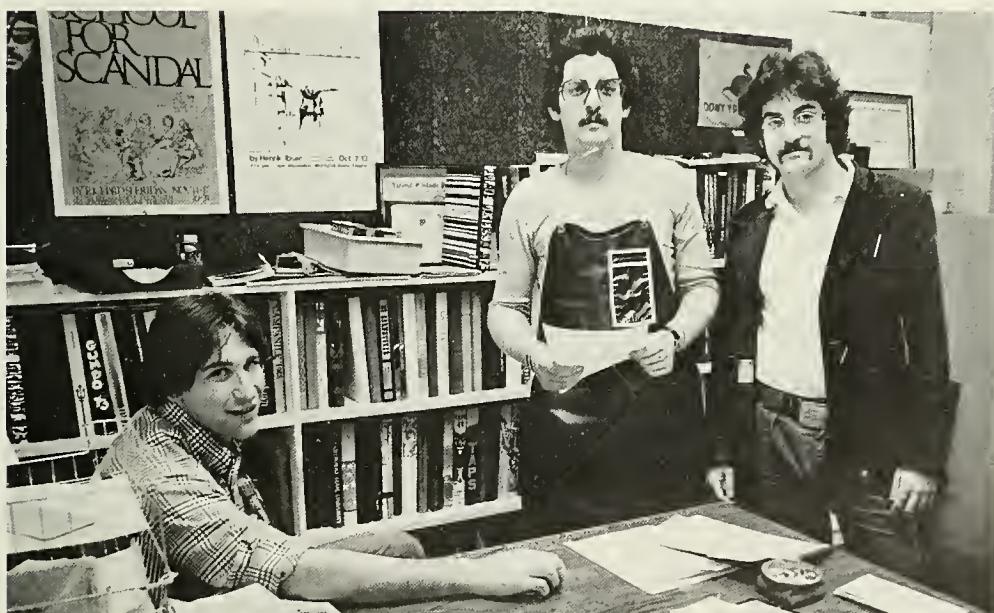
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The Tulane Hullabaloo

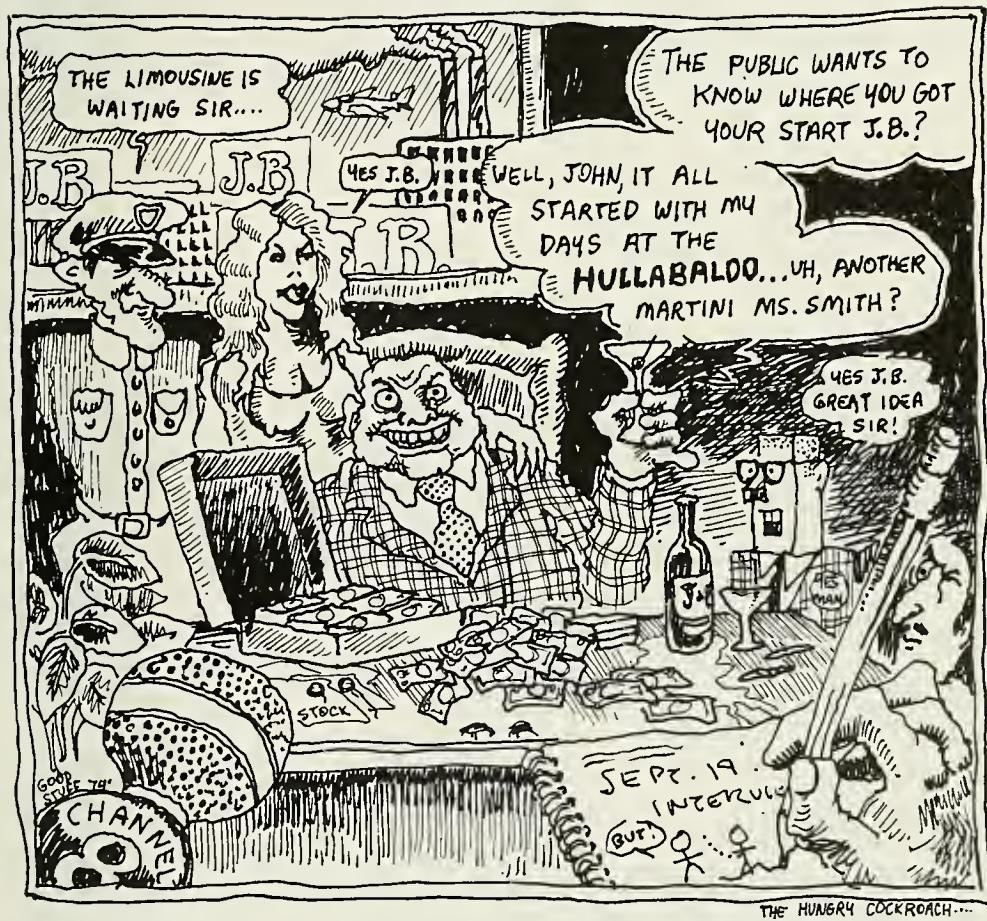


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STUDENT POLITICOS

By Jeff Barter

Tulane Student Government? . . . Typical, yet powerful. Power to revolt . . . or revolting power? What is power anyway? Please choose one:

- a) Creating the Tulane Used Book Exchange (TUBE) as an alternative to our own bookstore.
- b) Allotting LSU tickets we were all entitled to in the first place.
- c) Demanding Gynecological service we had last year.
- d) Making a recommendation for the new university president two weeks after he had already been chosen.
- e) Investigating our own affairs, like the *Jambalaya* or WTUL.

What is a student government? . . . A full time secretary with several hundred bosses? . . . Long meetings?

. . . Officers who are "busy at their desks"? . . . Publicity conscious senators that volunteer for every committee? . . . University Senate meetings, where often is heard a "discouraging word"? (Strangely enough, always from a student member) . . . Hot-shot bureaucrats, like myself? . . . The bearded wonder? (an editorial reference to our president) . . . Is student government stagnant or "sleeping"? . . . No more so than anything else at Tulane.

We keep pace with all that is around us. Are we better off than those that came before us or than we were as high school students? . . . Perhaps the questions should be "are we in better hands with student government than with the composite of state, local, and federal governments?" . . . Reflection will make the heart grow fonder!



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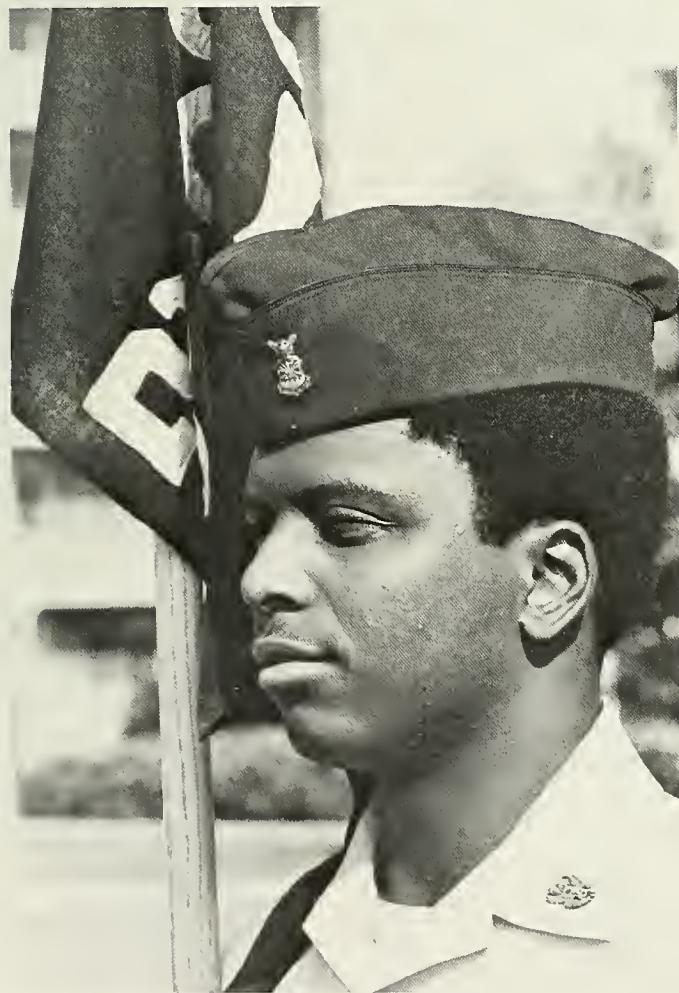


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FRATERNITIES

The fourteen fraternities at Tulane University represent a broad cross-section of students, and, as of September, 1974, approximately 42% of the male undergraduate population was affiliated with a fraternity.

Other than the acquisition of book knowledge, college provides the individual with time for personal growth. Yet, it is within this microcosm of a university that the college student must strive for maturity while constantly being presented with a melange of ideas and situations. Confronted with decisions on precedence and relevance, students get lost in the confusion or caught up with indecision. Some students will choose to sit on life's sidelines and watch the world pass by, while others won't even know what is happening. These people do nothing, and contribute nothing.

Other students, while facing the delusions and pressures of college life, will seek an outlet and a refuge; — the fraternity. This is not meant to infer that fraternities are escapist camps, rather they provide an opportunity to develop one's character through social interaction.

The emphasis has shifted from the primary "social" organization to an ultimate objective, designed to reach each member in ways which will support his personal growth, increase his understanding of his impact on others, permit a greater awareness of who he is, and encourage the development and strengthening of his interpersonal leadership skills. This could not be achieved by just any large, impersonal group of college students. The small size of the fraternity in relation to the entire university population provides an opportunity for personal relationships and the development of lasting friendships.

Tulane's interfraternity council unites Tulane's fraternities, all of them striving for common goals and the promotion of good will. Together, they support university interests. Athletic events between fraternities provides healthy competition and promotes good sportsmanship. The fraternity is not just a place to eat, sleep, and get a beer, but rather an intimate encounter with reality and adjustment.

"There's a law of life as strong as the law of gravity. If you want to live a happy, a successful, and a fulfilled life, you've got to learn to love people and use things. Don't use people and love things."

—Will Rogers, August, 1935

By Diane Hudock



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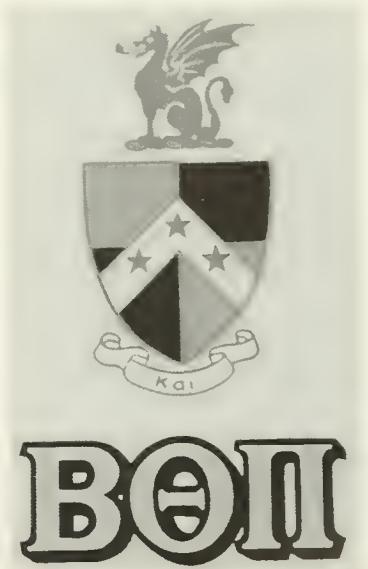
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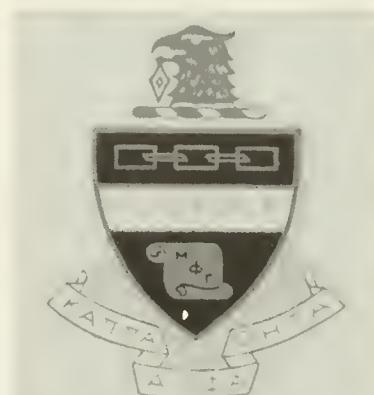
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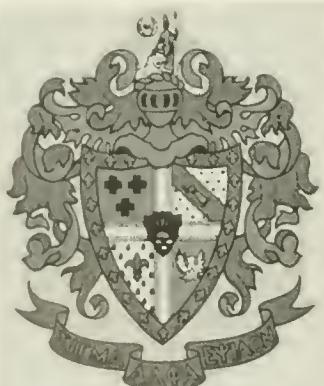


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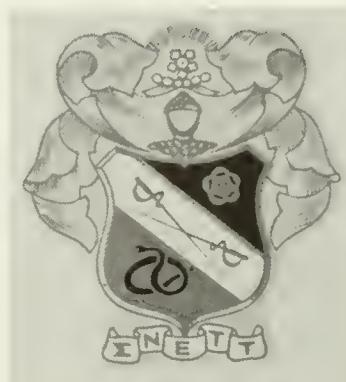
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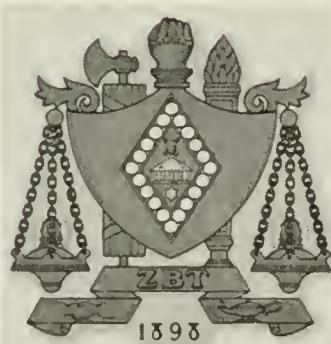


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Julie A. Adler
Mary Alphonse
Hank Anderson



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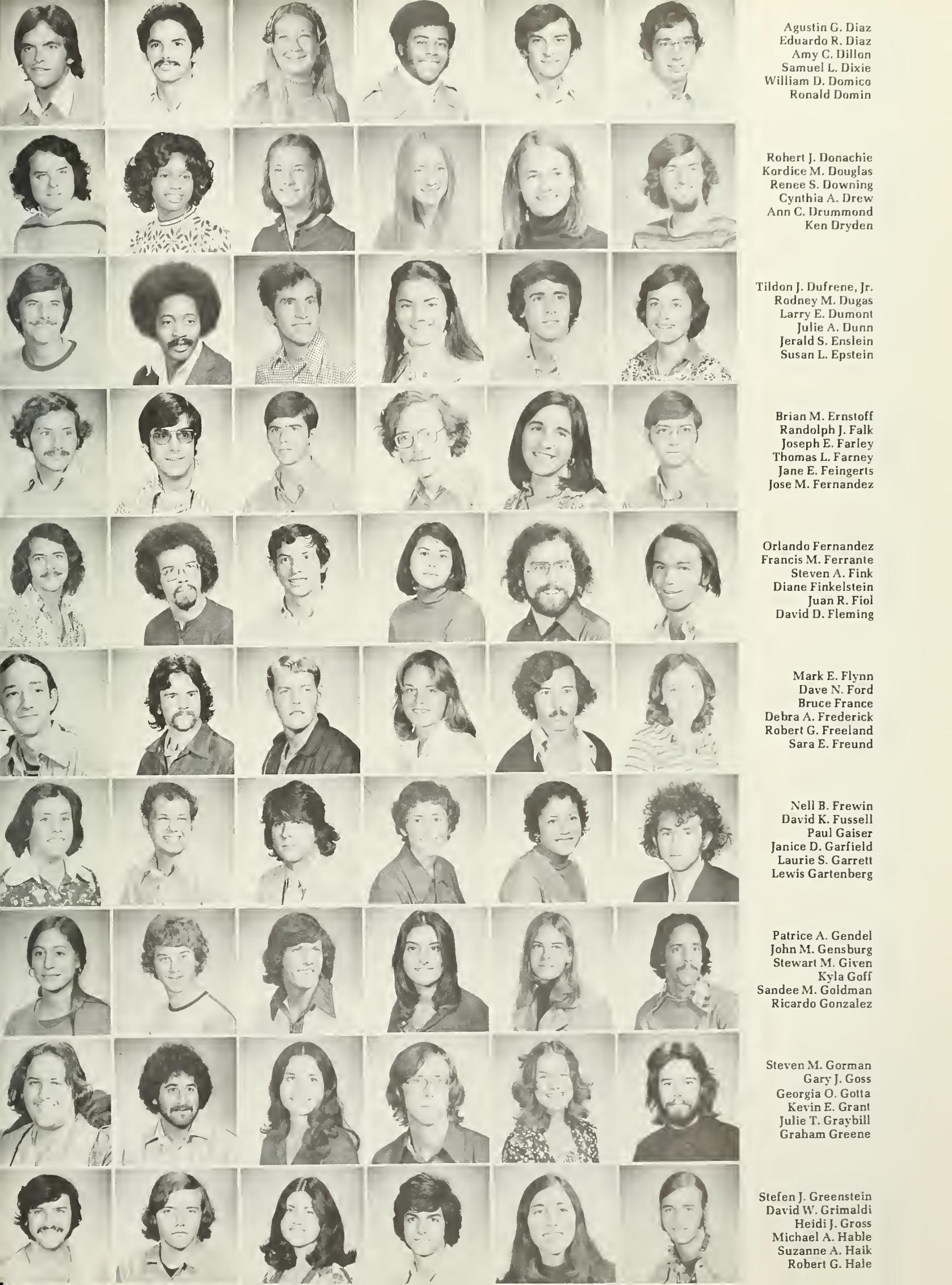


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Samuel B. McGrew
Slylus S. McInch
Karen D. McLafferty
Bill McMullen



Richard D. McShan
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Tim S. Mescon
Jannette S. Mexic
Michael R. Miller



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Gail P. Morgan
Shirley J. Morris



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Maureen A. Murphy
Beverly A. Nachman
Kenneth D. Nash
Davis Nolan
Dlorm H. Norgis



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Markham D. Oswald
Marian A. Paganini
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Christopher Peragine



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Henrietta Perkins
Gail N. Perry
Michael J. Petrakis
Michael J. Pettypool
Dennis J. Phayer

Patricia G. Poe
Cheryl E. Pollman
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Richardson K. Powell
Thomas G. Prosch
Mary L. Puissegr



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Leroy P. Pygmy
Jeffrey Quinn
Juan R. Quintero
Farahmand Rafatjah
Margaret L. Ragsdale



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Michael T. Ray
Vicki Reggie
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Luis E. Remus, III



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Miriam A. Richter
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Sarah J. Roberts
Albert Rodriguez



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Ava S. Rosenberg
Caren Rosner



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Paul L. Rugin
Rebecca Russell
Richard F. Russell
Sara C. Sandrock



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Randy M. Schaffer
Jon V. Schellack



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Catherine Spain
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Paul D. Vanderheyden
Joan Vassilakos
Glenn L. Vereen
Juan J. Vidaurrezaga, Jr.



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Story Vogel
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Robert N. Wagner
Ealine Waldron
Michael Walsh



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Judy J. Weiss



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John L. Williams
Randolph P. Willis
Frank O. Wilson



Gregory S. Wilson
Mitchell A. Wood
William M. Wood
Sheree G. Yablon
Lorenzo York
Paul Yungst

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Amy S. Adlestein
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Muhammad Akram
Carlos D. Alderson
Palmer Alexander
Trish Allen
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Cindy A. Arata
Heather Ashman
Neal H. Attermann
Jane Auzine





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Jaymi J. Bachman
Beryl L. Bachus
Donald J. Bagert



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Bruce H. Baird
Beverly A. Baker
Clifton B. Baldwin
Floyd N. Baldwin
John G. Ballman



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Ran O. Batson
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Mark P. Beidel
Jaime F. Beingolea



Melissa L. Belcher
Melissa J. Bell
Terry A. Bell
Richard M. Benator
Holly A. Berkowitz
Celeste M. Bertucci



Mary E. Beuchert
Nancy R. Bikson
Jan L. Birge
Karen Bishoff
Claire D. Blaine
Ivan N. Blasini



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Bruce P. Bordlee
Brian C. Boutte
David H. Bramson
Whitney X. Branglebush
Frank R. Brannon



Peter A. Breen
Allan B. Breitstein
Gerard D. Brocato
Frances R. Brock
Sandi C. Brosky
Christopher J. Brown



Ellen B. Brown
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Peter S. Brunstetter
Leslie A. Brupbacher
Keith H. Budner



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Denise Burk
Nicole E. Burke
Barry J. Burns
Jack M. Capella



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Domenick Cover
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Rocko Dalton
Kirk D. Dameron
Randy E. Davidson
Kimsey M. Davis



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Linda C. Eichler
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Stephen Ellis
Clifford J. Enten



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Melinda F. Falgout
Philip A. Fant
Robert G. Fately



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Olga S. Feldman
Gail P. Fenton
Daniel L. Ferguson
Antonio F. Fernandez
Timothy J. Ferreri



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Abigail F. Fisher
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Joan Fitzpatrick
Lawrence E. Fleder



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Stephen L. Forrester
Robert B. Founger
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John F. Frederickson
Emil Friedlander

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Linda S. Friedman
Mitchell H. Frumkin
Rebecca H. Furr
Marilynn Galler
David M. Gange

Armando A. Garcia
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Sherri P. Garland
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Mark G. Goldstein

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Parker D. Heffron
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Marshall N. Kanner
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Bonnie Kassal
David R. Katner
Sue Katten

John B. Keenan
Karen A. Keil
Paul D. Kern
Vivisor H. Kerr
Gordon B. King
Laurel J. Kiser

EX

Laurie S. Klayman
Dawn L. Klemow
Fernin C. Koch
Judith A. Kron
George P. Lae, Jr.
Abner M. Landry

Ann Law
Elizabeth F. Lawlor
David M. Leake
Brandon Y. Leeds
Lucy M. Leonowens
Anne M. Lespinasse



Keith A. Levine
Lee Levine
Debra E. Levinson
Alan J. Levith
Marc E. Levitt
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Earl T. Lindsay
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Alan C. Littlejohn
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Howard Marks
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John P. Minihan
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Simon Mireles, Jr.
Scott J. Moore



Terence S. Moore
Barry J. Morris
Joel C. Morris
Charles L. Mowry
Alison M. Mullaney
Stan T. Mulvihill



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Mark A. Murphy
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Edwin K. Nelson
Ford J. Nicholson
Karen M. Noer



Cornelia C. Norman
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Diana L. Northington
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Feargus M. O'Connor, Jr.



David J. O'Leary
Rebecca R. Olivera
Kim P. Orgeron
Victor E. Ovalle
John Page
Jonathan T. Paine





Michael D. Palatas
Peter Parker
Philip P. Parker
Gregory S. Parry
Kathleen A. Paxton
Liz S. Perwin



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J. L. Pettigrew
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Barton C. Ramsey
Nadine M. Ramsey



Keith P. Ranna
John D. Ranseen
Patricia A. Rathbrun
Thomas G. Reale
Ann M. Rebentisch
Michael P. Reilly



Thomas W. Reinsch
Steve J. Reiss
Shirley Richardson
Stephen D. Richardson
June H. Richdale
Bruce D. Rickoff



Paula N. Rinehart
Caroline B. Robertson
Timothy W. Rogan
Wendy R. Roskin
Alan M. Rubin
Peter B. Rubnitz



Susan G. Rudeen
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James R. Sackett
William F. Sadlier, III
Melford Q. Sagus
Adria H. Salow



Jamie L. Sampson
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Shari Scharfer
Janet B. Schendle
Edward J. Schmitt
Steven M. Schwabish



Gary J. Schwartz
Paul Sciortino
Randy H. Segal
Jonathon Shaffer
Cynthia L. Sharer
Edward M. Sheinis



Stanford M. Shoss
Don A. Sibley
Janice A. Simmons
Carol E. Sisson
Dana C. Smith
Gary W. Smith

Mark J. Spansel
Michael R. Spencer
Bruce Spizer
Franklin F. Starks
Victor H. Starz
Richard H. Steele



John W. Stelly
David E. Stevens
Virginia C. Strate
Linda L. Stump
Doreen M. Sullivan
Nancy C. Sullivan



Martha Talbot
Myron Tanenbaum
Hugh Taylor
Nancy P. Thomas
John E. Thompson
Van J. Thornton



Charles L. Tilos
Edward M. Tirpack
Shelly A. Toronto
Julia Treacy
Karen Treuting
Guadalupe R. Trevino



Steven M. Trubitt
Madelaine A. Turegano
Jeffrey J. Turner
Ray Tyree, Jr.
Frances R. Ulmer
Paul B. Van Der Wal



Bill Van Manen
Bradley Vear
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Leonard P. Verges
Charlotte A. Waguespack
Constance M. Walker



Bruce R. Wall
Joseph R. Walsh
Winifred C. Waltzer
Virginia Warren
Walter W. Watson
Owene P. Weber



Michael Weinberg
Nancy Weingrow
Laurie B. Weiss
Richard J. Weiss
Robert S. Wilbourn
Catherine Wilcox



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Oran A. Williams
Richard M. Williams
Gerry T. Wilson
Richard S. Winer
David Wise



Gary D. Wolf
Thomas L. Yearwood
Zeno Yeates
Edwin M. Young
Leigh P. Ziegler
William R. Zilliott



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Mark J. Abramson
Danna M. Acker
Janice Adler
Ruth A. Adler
Leonard H. Adoff
Joann K. Aicklen



Mark M. Alexander
Dale B. Allen
Laurel B. Allen
Amelia H. Amon
Eddie L. Anderson, Jr.
Ann M. Arnoult



Dana D. Austin
Elizabeth H. Austin
Stephen M. Backus
Drew Ballina
Patrice E. Barattini
Marc A. Barinbaum



James B. Barkate
Cornelius W. Barnes
Lora J. Barnes
Evelyn M. Barraza
Nanda L. Barrett
Gene J. Basiliere



Carolyn K. Baudovin
Susan A. Baum
Sylvia A. Bauman
Herbert J. Baumann
Sara E. Beasley
Nancy J. Beck



Richard Bedford
Augustus M. Bennett
Annette M. Bergeron
Kenneth J. Berlanti
Fred V. Berley
Wendy L. Berman



Betsy J. Bernard
Philip Bertucci
David A. Beyer
Chris Bick
Renia P. Biernacki
Laurie A. Bistrow



Solomon T. Blanke
Morris A. Bloom
Emily C. Blum
David E. Blunderman
Jeanne S. Bonner
Andrea E. Bostian

Kevin P. Bourgedis
John R. Bovaird
Frank M. Brady
Edward Breland
Lisa B. Bresenoff
Howard R. Bromley



Blair G. Brown
Marcia H. Brown
Robert A. Brown
Thomas M. Brown
James E. Bruckart
Thomas Bucker



Bruce A. Buckingham
Robert F. Buesinger
Jonathan Buka
Maureen M. Burke
Steven M. Burr
David R. Cahndler



Douglas P. Calderara
Renette M. Cambre
Marc A. Cannon
Enrique D. Carballo
Michael D. Carbo
John B. Casseb



Mary R. Cassilly
Burgess B. Chambers
Sherry A. Chapman
Roman A. Chojwacki
Jimmy K. Chow
Anne Churchill



Philip C. Ciaccio
Sam B. Claytor
Beth Cloninger
Craig A. Cohen
Jonathan Cohn
Stanley J. Cohn



Wendy D. Cohn
Amy Conner
Sharon L. Conyer
Shawn D. Cook
Robert W. Cooper
Andrew Corwin



Rafael A. Couto
James K. Cox
Elizabeth N. Cranston
Aline F. Craven
David Cushman
William Daly



Joyce R. Day
Jennifer A. Dillaha
Kathryn A. Dillon
Thaderine C. Dolliole
Denise D. Downing
Christophr Drew



Charles J. Driebe, Jr.
Keith R. Dugas
Carol L. Duke
Fraser M. Duke
Joan K. Dunaway
Robbin A. Duncan



Steve W. Earle
Charles J. Edelberg
William D. Edwards
Gail A. Ehrlich
Karin E. Elkins
Liz A. Ellahy

Gene B. Elliott
Marina B. Elliott
Gina A. Ello
Morgan G. Earnest
Tobin J. Eason
Jonathan R. Elyachar

Walter E. Entrekin
Mark D. Epstein
Barbara Ernst
Kay Erwin
Christophr S. Ewin
Michael C. Fajgenbaum

Michael J. Farley
Sandra H. Farrill
Jim Fazzino
Bruce M. Fedor
Mary Jane S. Fenner
Betsy Field

Paul T. Finger
Diana L. Fischman
Brian A. Fitzjarrell
Bonni L. Flesher
Tom Focht
John F. Fortier

Ron E. Fox
Larry E. Francioni
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Terry A. Freiberg
Betsy T. Friedt

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Jerry I. Gardner
Lynn S. Garson
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Matthew Geller
Brian R. George

Bruce J. Giaimo
Richard A. Gibson
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Cynthia L. Gili
Betsey G. Glick
Robert S. Gold

Bobbi Gollin
Gay M. Gomex
Bruce R. Goodman
Sharon R. Goodspeed
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Sberrie L. Gordon

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Thomas E. Graham
Gerard Graulich
Allen H. Graves
Robert S. Greenbaum

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Chuck K. Grigg
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Andrew Hague



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Lawrence C. Hamm
Claire J. Hammett
Virginia E. Hammond
Greg Han



Clark T. Hancock
Jonathan S. Harbuck
Chip F. Harris
Joshua B. Harris
Robert Heaton
William A. Heausler



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Barry J. Hickman
Prentice N. Hicks
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Norman D. Hines
Madolyn A. Hingle



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Susan V. Horowitz



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Marsha J. Ingram



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Jewel A. Jurovich
Bettie Kahn



Morris L. Kahn
Christy Kane
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Kevin J. Karl
Cort Katker



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George Koch
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Bina Lefkovitz
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Michael Lender
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Carlos A. Leon



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Danny S. Mandel
Patricia F. Marchand
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Rob E. McNeilly



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Alvaro J. Medeiros
Cary M. Meeks
Karen S. Meister
Lori M. Melin
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Kathleen Miller
Wayne W. Minehart
Carolyn R. Mintz
Robert G. Mitchell
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Yvonne Montes
Susan L. Montgomery
Mary S. Moore
Theresa L. Moore



Steven Morris
Lizette Moschella
Andy J. Moscow
Dana L. Moses
John G. Mosko
Curtis C. Mosley



Kevin M. Murphy
Paul S. Musco
Phyllis E. Nachman
Lawrence Nadel
Clifton P. Nary
Sabina Negrea



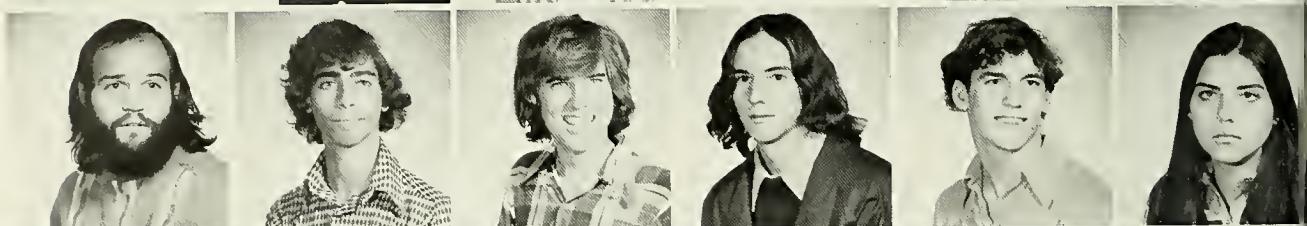
Kenny I. Nelkin
James E. Nix
Scott Norton
Lisa S. Novick
Carey T. O'Connor
Dorothy A. O'Connor



Michael D. Oertling
Thomas A. O'Neil
Charles T. Orihel
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Terrance M. Owens



Lynn A. Parry
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John L. Payton
Tom I. Perkins
Rita A. Perry



Anthony B. Petereit
John R. Peterson
Quentin Phillips
Verre S. Picard
Leslie Pick
Simone Pilie



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Mary Prados
Ben A. Prager



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Greg F. Ptacek
Michael S. Purdy
Donal G. Quinlan
Maureen E. Quinn
Robert F. Quinn



Susan L. Ragde
Rafael A. Ramirez
Allison F. Raynor
Ray M. Reed
James V. Reuter
Julia A. Reynolds





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Rene J. Robert
Elizabeth R. Roberts
Mark Robinson



Peter B. Robinson
Raul P. Rodriguez
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Lisa Rosenstein
Mel S. Rosenthal
David Rosner



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Deirdre M. Rourke
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Muhamed Sacirhey
Luke J. Sanna
Pamela S. Scanlon



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Walter J. Schneider
Arnold B. Schoenberg



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Reid Senter
Deborah L. Server
Cindy R. Shapiro



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Sara L. Shaw
William W. Shea
Daine I. Shelton
Eric K. Shepard
Sonny Shields



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Pieter A. Sloterdijk
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Marcia C. Smith
Rem Smith
Thomas P. Smith



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Arlene R. Stanton
James R. Staten

Craig Stephens
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Michael A. Storm
Gerardo Suarez
R. Scott Sullivan
Cathy Supman



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Stuart Tobet
Kathy J. Townley



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Franklin W. Waller
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Parker F. Waters
Mark L. Watson
Stewart L. Wechsler
Susie J. Wedlan



Amy J. Weil
Bob M. Weingrad
Bettsie D. Wershil
Ann M. Wierman
Mike M. Wilkinson
Elizabeth H. Williams



Pat Williams
Robert A. Williams
Ray B. Willie
Elizabeth D. Willis
Jessalyn A. Wilscam
Warren G. Windsor

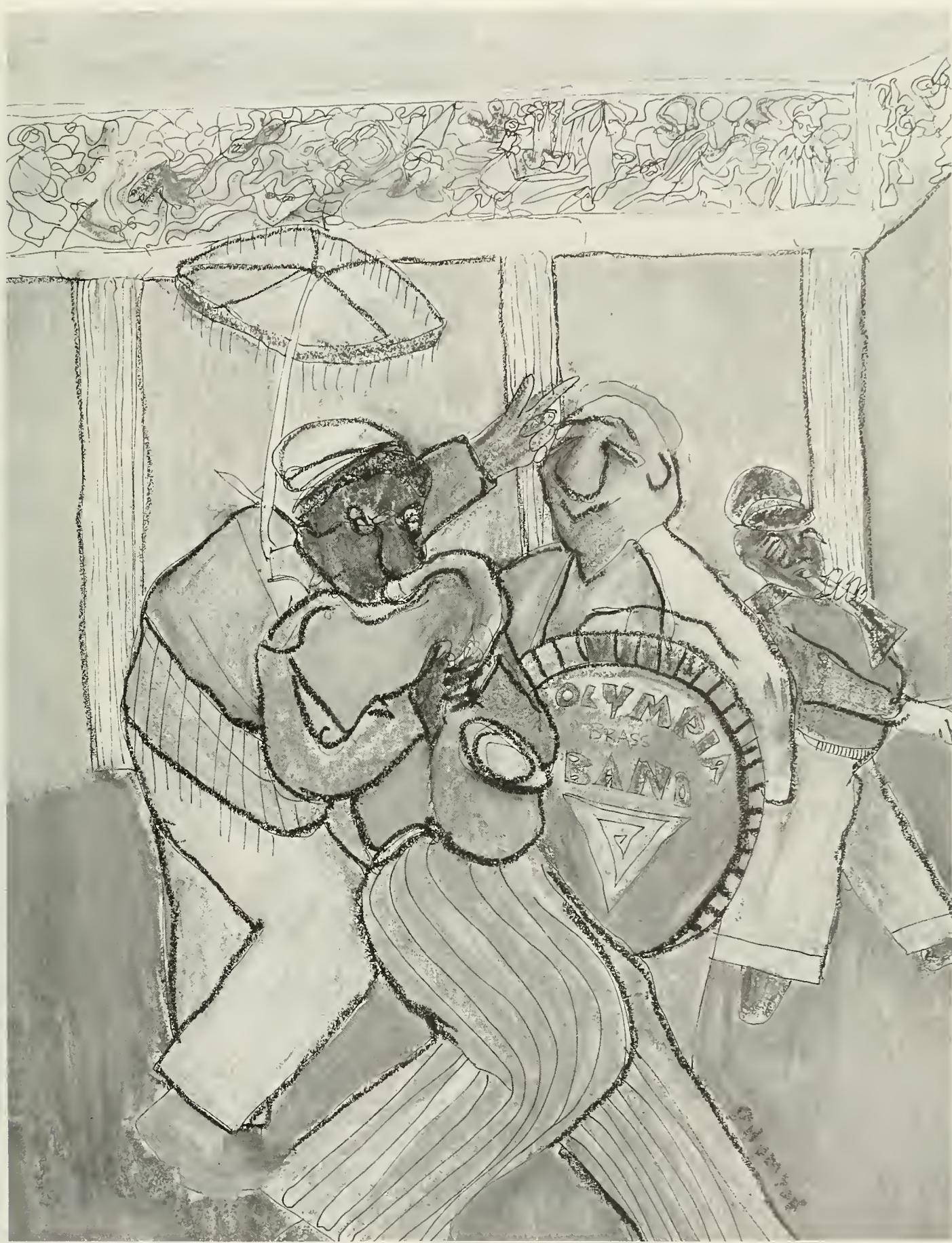


Larry D. Wink
James E. Wisner
Michael J. Wiss
Keith L. Wolfe
Richard C. Wong
Kam B. Yap



Lawrence M. Yore
Philip A. Zellner
Deborah C. Ziegler
John P. Zimmerman
Robert J. Zito
Juan M. Zuniga, Jr.





JUNIOR YEAR ABROAD

The Junior Year Abroad (JYA) Program offers to qualified third year students at Tulane and Newcomb the opportunity to live and study in a foreign country for one year. The Program allows students to broaden and enrich their education while still pursuing their college career. Among the many advantages that accompany a change of scenery, living abroad adds a new dimension to a student's outlook. Americans abroad can gain new perspectives for self-evaluation and the evaluation of American culture.

The countries included in JYA are Great Britain, France, Germany, and Italy. Although candidates are selected on the basis of fairly high academic standards (a 3.3 average for England, Scotland, and Wales, and a 3.0 average for the other countries) it is something that is well worth

trying for. If anything else, JYA provides a break in the monotony of spending four years in one place. Also, one must not forget the fringe benefits: skiing in the Alps at Christmas; the availability of cheap transportation, good food, and sophisticated people throughout Europe; and the close proximity of the greatest cities in the world, London, Paris, and Rome.

The most challenging and entertaining program Tulane University has to offer "are the words of one JYA student." The cost of the Program is equivalent to the Tulane tuition, and the lower cost of living offsets the expense of travel.

Next year's JYA students going to Great Britain are crossing over on the Queen Elizabeth II. It is hard to imagine a better bargain, and it sure beats sitting on the steps of the U.C.

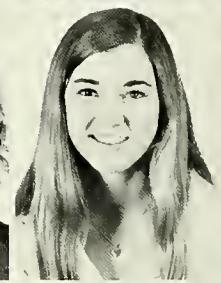
James R. Adams
Marne Anderson
Mark Beuhler
Patricia Bowen
Sharon Buchalter

Scotland
England
England
France
England



Emily Clark
Cindy Cloninger
Richard Cranford
Karen Curtin
Stuart Dean

England
England
France
England
Scotland



Gary Dent
Ivan Diaz
Mary Dierdorff
Andrew Ericson
Susan Folse

England
England
France
England
England



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Arthur Gerber
Richard D. Goldblatt
Susan Gordon
Tommie Graham
Michael Giuliani

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Scotland
Scotland
France
Wales
England



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Clare Hooper
Billy Huey
Regina Inniss

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England
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Sheree Kornman
Dennis Newman
Libby McLean
Lorna McMullen

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France
England
Spain
France



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Jane Pace
Jeffrey Pauldine
Patricia Prieto
Lamar Riley

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France
Spain
Spain
England



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Scott Salk
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J. S. Sheth
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France
England
France



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Summerlynne Solop
Ann Stewart
Anne-Marie Sweeney
Kathleen Van Buskirk

Scotland
England
Germany
Wales
England



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Alina Washington
Mosteller M. Wheeler
Billie V. Willis
Billy H. Wilson

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Spain
France
Spain
England

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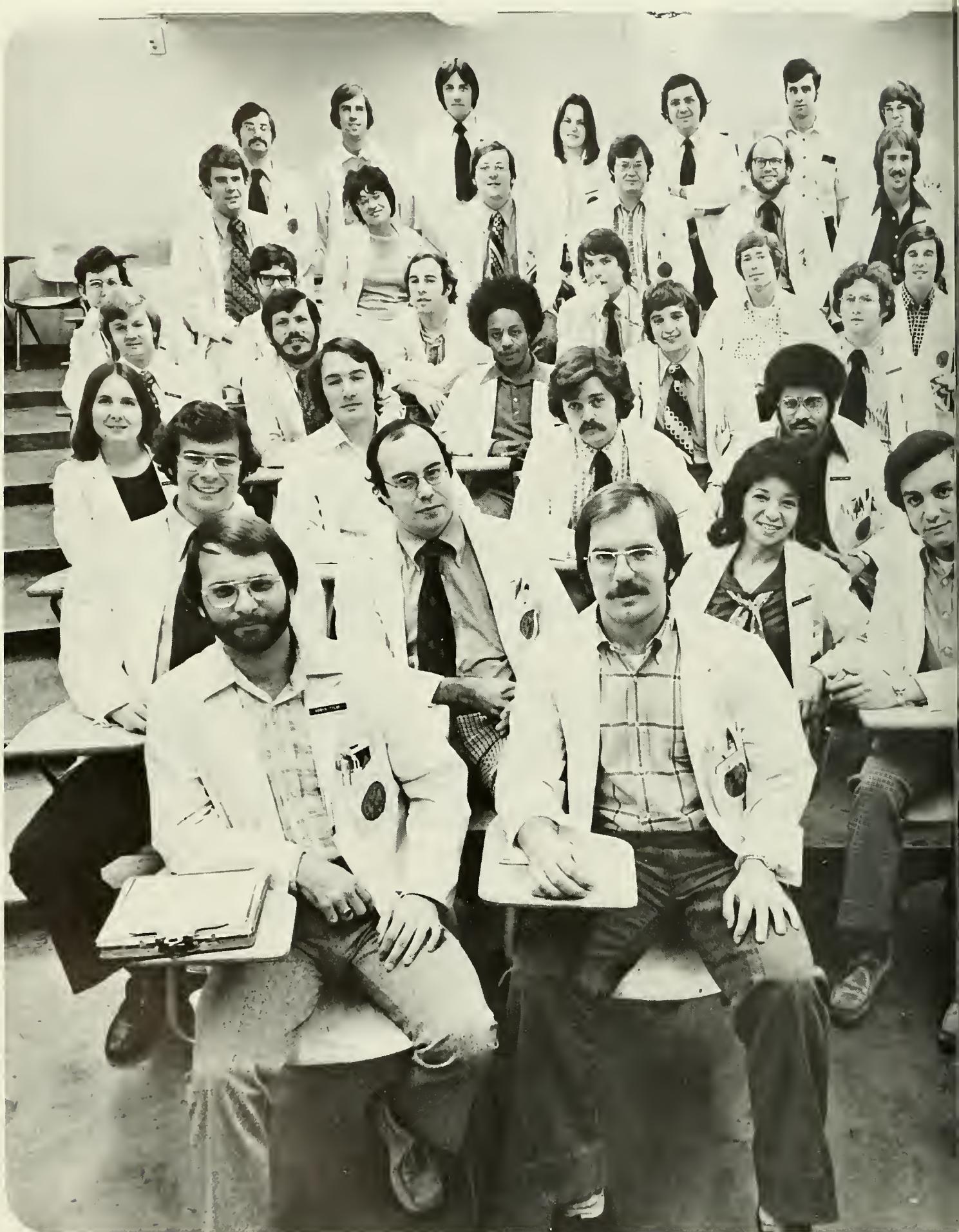
On The Boat

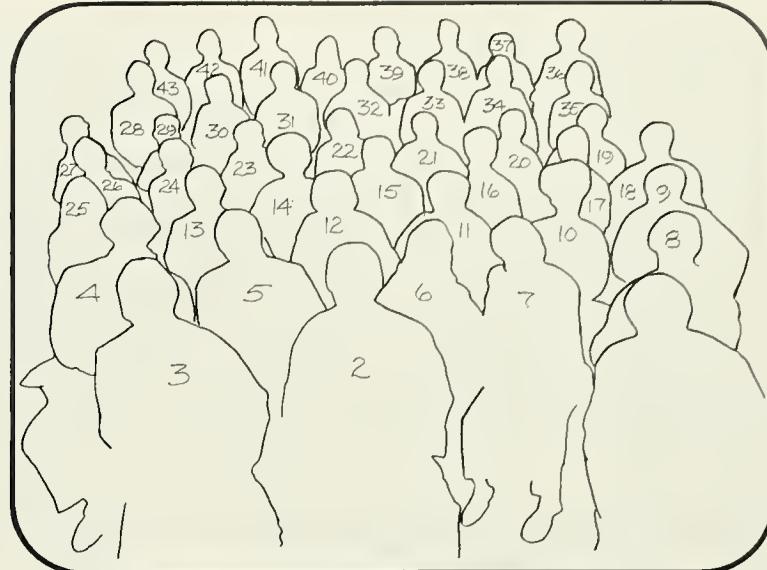
Andrew Bagon
Claudia Baumgarten
Guy Cannata
Elise Dunitz
Marilyn Gillespie
Margaret Innis
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Nancy Kistler
Edward Mogabgab
Richard Wiggers

England
Germany
Wales
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Spain
Spain
England
France
England
England



MED SCHOOL JUNIORS



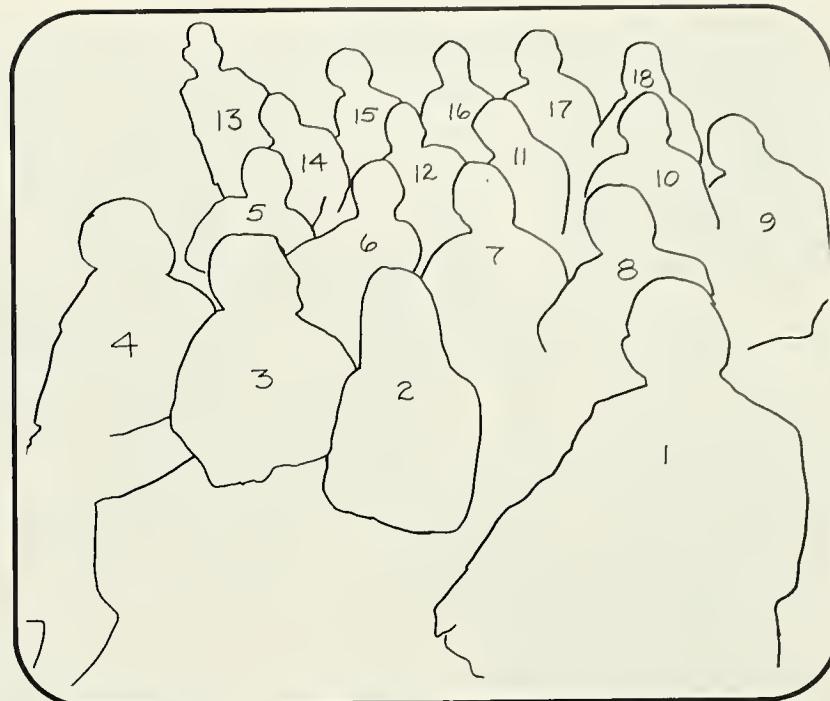


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20. Phil Henderson	Greg Dwyer	Marleta Reynolds
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25. Katherine McArthur	Leonard Gately	Katherine Royer
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28. David Ferriss	Jim Gosey	Rick Sands
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30. Ann Price	Rich Guess	Norman Scott
31. Dennis Shoff	Steve Harkness	Cecile Sherrod
32. Ron Tompkins	Mike Harris	Flo Shoaf
33. Bill Gottwald	Roderick Harris	Candy Smith
34. Pat Herrington	Glenn Hedgpeth	William Smith
35. Paul Anderson	Mike Hewson	Gary Snell
36. Jeff Kupperman	Mike Hickey	Jeanne Stangle
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38. Dave Spencer	Jan Johnson	Lou Steplock
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42. Thom Franklin	John Kelly	Robert Townsend
43. George Rodgers	Bill Kepper	Eliane Uninsky
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John Agnone		
William Anderson		
Allen Ball		
James Barron		
Dave Bauman		
Barry Leader		
Jim Lemire		
Lillian Lesser		
Tom Levy		
Robert L'Hoste		
Stan Longenecker		
Laurence Lotz		

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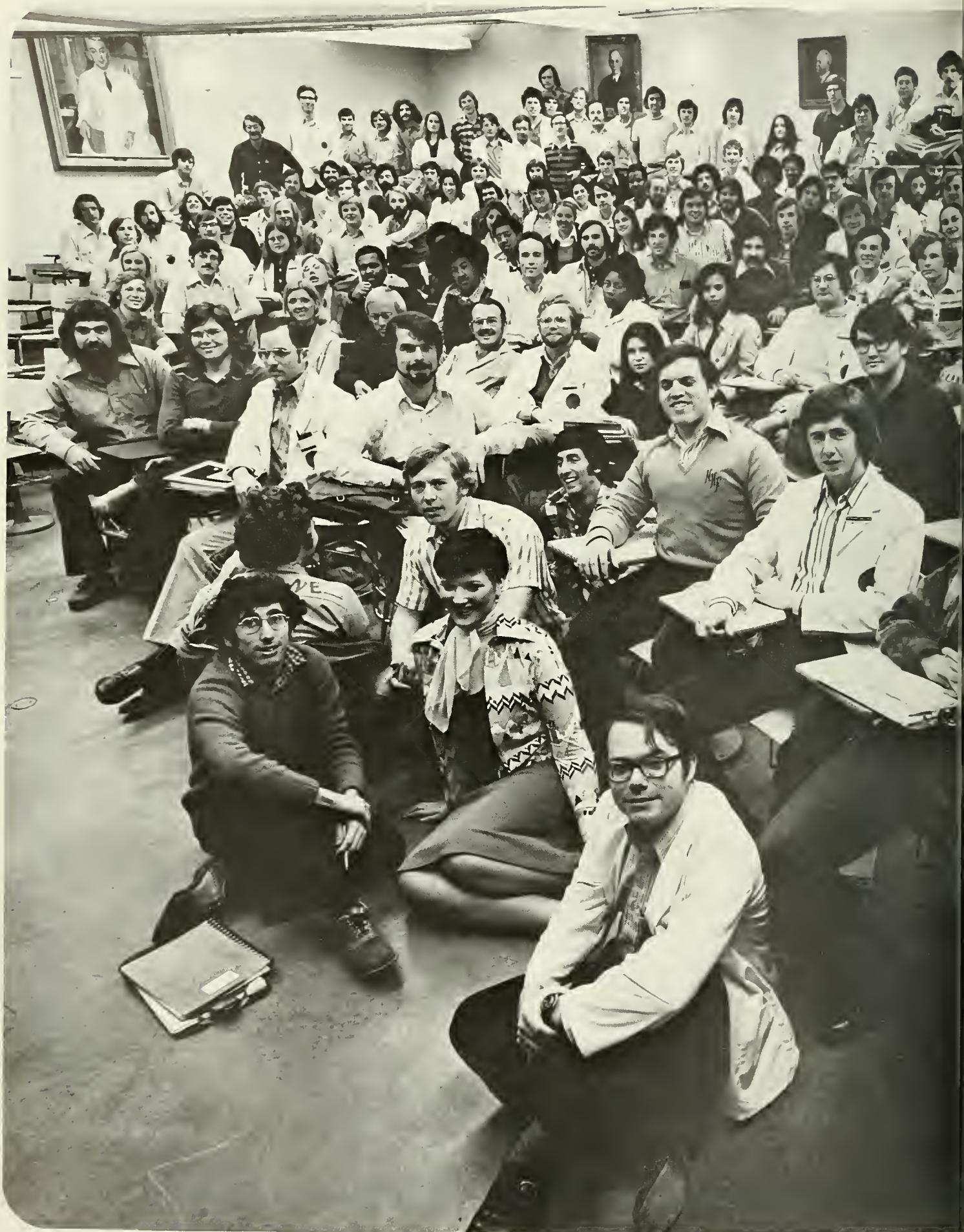
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2. Julianne Huber
3. John Meyers
4. Mike Moses
5. Chuck O'Brien
6. Cary Robertson
7. Larry Kaiser
8. Steve Cavalier
9. Annie Graham
10. John Reinsch
11. Glenn Morris
12. Roger Orth
13. Bozo Moses
14. Loyd Whitley
15. Dave Golden
16. Charles Pucevich
17. Douglas Johnson
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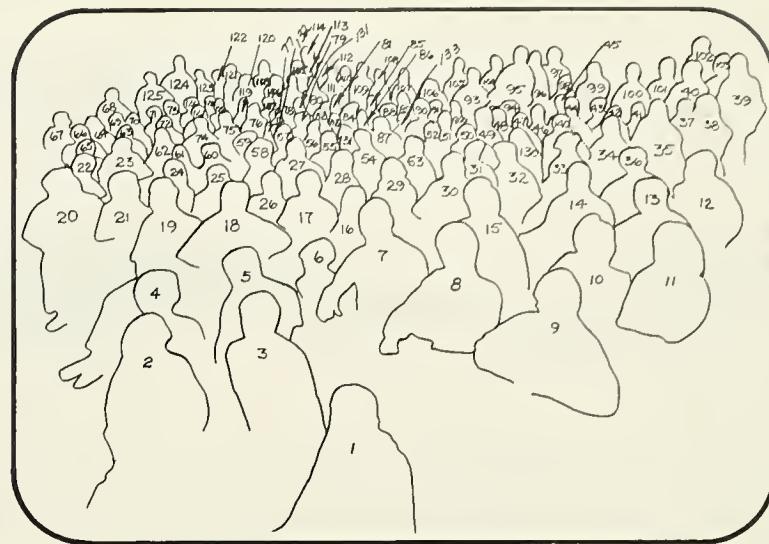
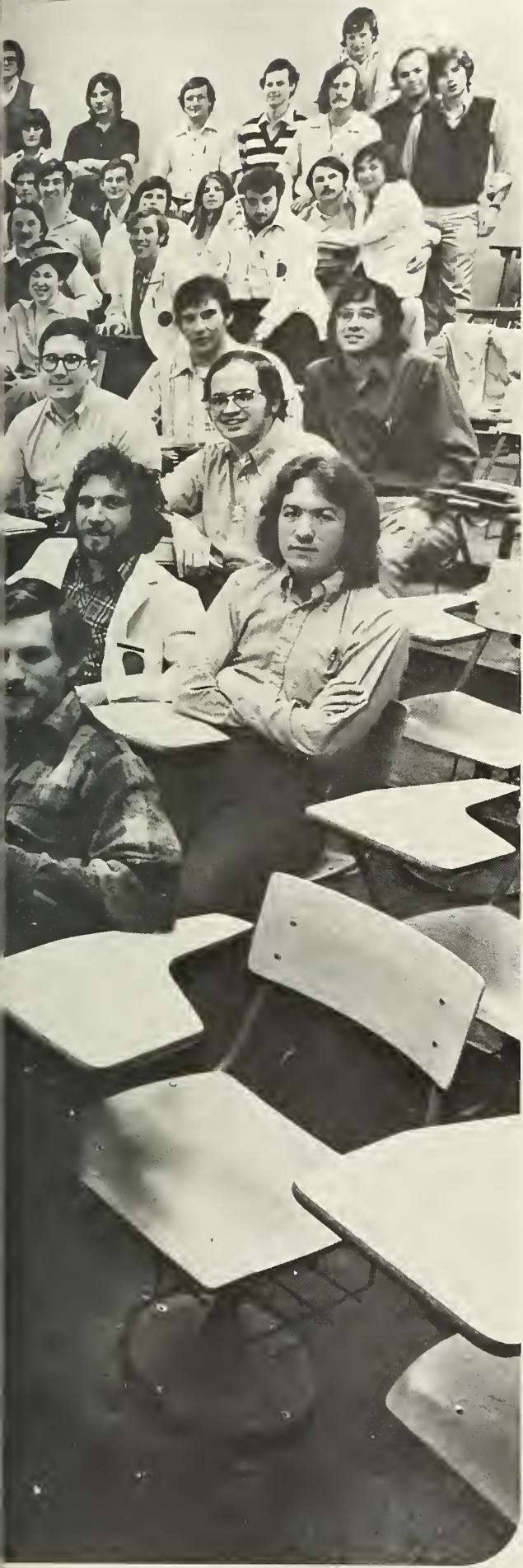
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 Genaro Arriola
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 Susan Baker
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 Bruce Berger
 Larry Bonham
 Steve Boudreaux
 Mike Boulter
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 Benny Camel
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 Idah Cannon
 Kimbroe Carter
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 Richard Davis
 Adejunti Dawodu
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 Wayne Julian
 George Kantor
 Rich Kay
 Kevin Krane
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 Michael Rooney
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14. Andre Lapeyre	65. Kathy Posey	116. Gerald Hickson
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31. Rusty Pierce	82. Lolia Gonzales	133. Mike Maloney
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33. Lisa Brothers	84. Larry Wooden	
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37. Hud Allender	88. Gary Jones	
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50. Gary Ripple	101. Bob Brock	
51. Mark Johnson	102. Roy Lambert	

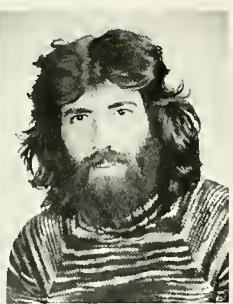
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 William Kelly
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Michael Cavagrotti
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There's not much knowledge left in books.
It's in our heads - can't you tell by our looks?

1901 Illustration

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John Kelly Charlton — 73; 124a,c.

David Levy — 247a.

Grant Bagan — 85; 138b; 139c,e; 140d.

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SPECIFICATIONS

The 1975 Jambalaya was prepared by the students of Tulane University and printed by offset lithography by Delmar Printing Company, Charlotte, North Carolina.

The cover material is a special order Dark Maroon #78208 (Windsor Red), on 160 point board embossed with two hand-tooled dyes, and top-stamped in gold mylar foil.

Binding is smyth sewn, rounded and backed with head and foot bands.

Endsheets are Simpson Lee Teton, 65 pound cover bases, pale ivory.

The paper stock is 80-pound Westvaco Coronation dull offset enamel.

Display headlines are Busorama Bold in sizes varying from 24 to 84 point. Headlines are Melior, 24 and 36 point. Body copy is Melior and Melior Bold, sizes 10 and 12 point.

Duotones are with Pantone (PMS) 403 plus black. Pressrun was 2300 copies.

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This year's Prologue was originally printed in the 1914 Jambalaya.

Portions of the History section were taken from the 1934 Jambalaya.

Special thanks to Pat Trivigno, of the Newcomb Art Department, for his pencil portraits of the retiring Administrators.

The building photographs which appear on pages 12, 14, 16, and 18 are courtesy of the Howard Tilton Memorial Library's Rare Book Room.

The Theatre rendering on pages 88 and 89 was graciously submitted by G. Carr Garnett.

Jon Hutchinson designed the Direction Logo.

The artwork on page 204 was first printed in the 1900 Jambalaya. The Medical School article was reprinted from the March, 1921 "New Orleans Medical and Surgical Journal". This piece was originally entitled "Reminiscences of Dr. Andrew W. Smyth of Subclavian Aneurism Fame."

The photograph of Tulane Stadium on page 209 is courtesy Mid-Winter Sports Association.

Mechanic's Institute photograph on page 214 is courtesy of the Rare Books Room of the Howard Tilton Memorial Library.

Storyville photographs which appear on pages 228-231 are courtesy of Al Rose.

The Jambalaya logo illustrated on page 258 was first printed in the 1899 Jambalaya.

Student portrait photography was furnished by Rappaport Studios, New York, New York.

Some display type faces were excerpts from *Art Nouveau & Early Art Deco Type & Design*, edited by Theodore Menten, Dover Publications, Inc., New York.

Borders and design faces from Graphic Products Corporation, Rolling Meadows, Illinois;

Special thanks to Armand Burton, University Relation's photographer, for photographic works submitted.

A hearty thank you to Patty Hymson for her pen and ink drawings which magnificently adorn pages 87, 225, 239, 251, 252, 253, and 327.

And special thank you's to the other members of the staff whose time and patience made this year's annual possible. These people include Sydney Whitaker, Linda Lee Stump, Craig Cohen, Paige Golde, Diane Hudock, Rick Monat, Doug Vincent, and Lee Schuman.

Best of luck to next year's Jambalaya editor, Gordon Sokoloff.

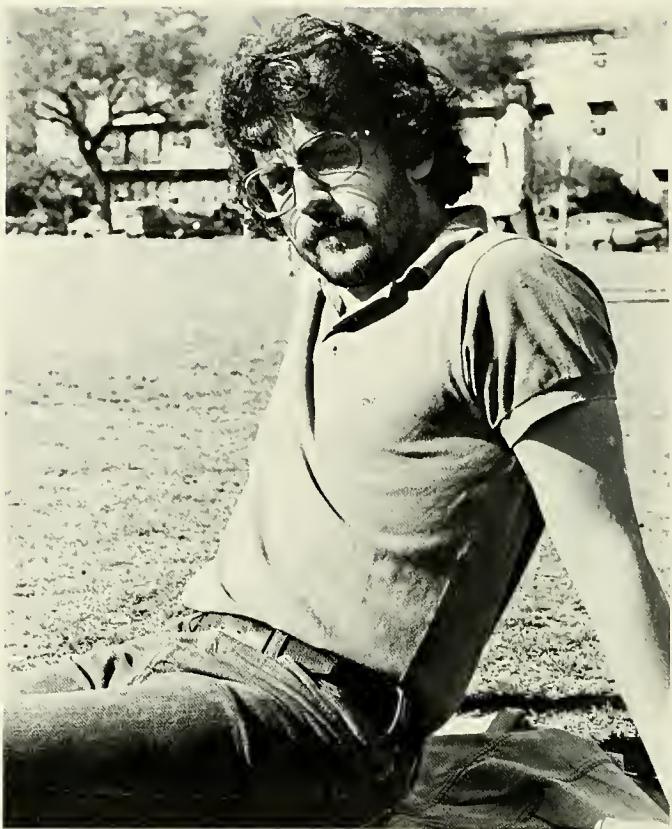
And to the people who made the 1975 Jambalaya possible, many thanks to the Delmar Printing Company, Charlotte; in particular Larry Marshall, Bob Anderson, Ralph van Dyke, and Gary McCullough.

From The Editor:

The Jambalaya staff takes great pride in the production of this years' annual. Although in many cases changes had to be made due to financial restrictions, we have done our best to remain faithful to the words stated in our Prologue. I hope you find the book a Jambalaya of Jambalayas.

Oh yes, should you develop a craving for Jambalaya after looking at the photograph of its ingredients on page two, just look below. Enjoy.

Richard Paddor



JAMBALAYA

2 onions, chopped
4 tablespoons butter
2 fresh tomatoes
1/2 can of tomato paste
4 cloves garlic, chopped
2 pieces of celery, chopped
1 bell pepper, chopped
1 teaspoon of chopped parsley
dash of McIlhenny's tabasco

1/2 teaspoon thyme
3 cloves, chopped
1 pound boiled ham, diced
2 pounds shrimp, peeled and boiled
3 cups cooked rice
Salt and pepper
1/2 teaspoon cayenne
plenty of hot french bread

Sauté onions in butter 5 minutes. Add tomatoes and tomato paste and cook 5 minutes, stirring constantly. Add garlic, celery, bell pepper, parsley, thyme, and cloves. Cook 30 minutes, stirring frequently. Stir in ham and cook 5 minutes. Stir in shrimp and cook 5 minutes. Stir in rice, season to taste, and simmer 30 minutes, stirring often. Serves 8.



